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The autobiography and journal of Rev. He



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Presented to Mrs. Mary Cole
By her Daughter Mrs. A. W. Putnam
On her eighty eight birthday,
August 24, 1889.

Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

We asked them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the LAMB,—
Their triumph to His death.

WATTS.

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
AND JOURNAL
OF
REV. HEMAN BANGS;

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
REV. BISHOP JANES, D. D.

He being dead, yet speaketh.—ST. PAUL.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTERS.

NEW-YORK:
N. TIBBALS & SON.
37 PARK ROW,
1874.

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PAPER AND BOOK MANUFACTORY
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INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume is the Diary of an Itinerant Methodist Minister who entered upon his work nearly sixty years ago. At that time, such a minister's life was full of incidents and thrilling events. Mr. Bangs was a close and careful observer of men and things. He also held a graphic pen, and his descriptions and statements are full of spirit and interest. He notes with considerable particularity his religious experiences. His account of his conversion, and of his call to the ministry, is vividly narrated. His conviction of his duty to preach was clear and strong—and yet, strange to say, his reluctance to enter upon the work was equally strong. The conflict in his mind was very sharp and protracted. It was not until God, as he believed, chastised him by losses in his business, and by taking away his children, that he consented to enter upon the full work of the Christian ministry.

Among us, as a denomination, the belief has always been entertained, that no man should take this office upon himself, unless he is called of God

as was Aaron. Two questions are always asked of those who are admitted to the ministry among us. The first question is: "Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you the office of the ministry in the Church of God?" Sometimes men's minds are constrained thereto. It seems to them such a great privilege to bring men to Christ, that they cannot be withheld. Others feel; "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." Our brother felt that this woe was upon him.

The other question to candidates for admission into Conference is: "Are you determined to employ all your time in the work of God?" Having once given himself to this service, all who knew him can testify how sacredly he kept that vow.

During his ministerial life he spent thirty-three years in the strictly pastoral work. Three years he was agent for the Wesleyan University, and eighteen years he was Presiding Elder—which office is but an enlarged pastorate. In all his appointments he was adequate to their claims; fully equal to their responsibilities.

In his preaching he adopted his own course, he made his own homiletics. He was simple, practical, and earnest. Sometimes, in his expositions of Divine truth he would let in great floods of light upon Gospel doctrines and principles.

In his pastoral work he was ever faithful and kind, and accessible to all. How he sympathized with every one! In my judgment few men ever come nearer to "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom." If there was any exception to this, it was in the wisdom of the schools. He did not profess to be a classical scholar; yet he was well read in general literature, and fond of research and analytical knowledge. He understood the Bible, and the books that help to elucidate its truths.

He was a very close observer. He found books in stones, in circumstances, in the incidents of society, and in the providences of God. He understood human nature. Few men ever studied it more carefully, or understood it more perfectly. He was prepared to address men with such motives, and in such modes as would affect them. Some were to be stormed, some outflanked. He was wise in winning souls, and had himself a deep experience in Divine things. He knew Jesus Christ personally; He was his Saviour. He knew what repentance was; he had tasted its bitterness. He knew what faith was; he had exercised it, lived by it. He knew the way of the Cross; he had traveled it. He knew the power of the Cross; he had been converted by it. He knew the office and

work of the Holy Ghost; it had worked in him mightily. He had the unction of the Holy One, and knew the deep things of God; and what he knew clearly he was able to make plain to others.

Such was his ministry, and how rich were its fruits! During his pastorate he enrolled ten thousand converts. We are not justified in expressing a positive opinion that they were all truly converted, that they are all saved; but thousands have died in triumph, and thousands are living now, ornamenting a Christian profession.

He was eminent in his natural gifts, eminent in his social qualities. How happy he made his family! How rich his domestic excellencies! How sweet, in his household, the intercourse of husband and wife, father and children!

He was a good citizen. He exercised the prerogative of thinking for himself upon questions of political economy. That prerogative, maintained in the practical way our Constitution guarantees, is the only way that Protestantism, and a Republican form of government can survive. Although in his later years he differed from a majority of his brethren in his political views, no man who knew him could doubt either the sincerity or fervency of his patriotism.

He was a noble friend. Happy the man privi-

leged to be admitted to his society, to have his counsels and sympathies.

While his life and character call for so much admiration, and are calculated to inspire thankfulness, and high purpose, his death was one of the happiest that good men are permitted to enjoy.

Heman Bangs *was a child but once*. Though nearly eighty years of age, he died in the strength of manhood. His mental vigor and cheerfulness were undiminished. He did not fall as unripe fruit. His death was not like a shipwreck at sea, but as a vessel freighted with a rich cargo from a successful voyage glides peacefully into the desired haven, so he entered into his rest.

His labors, his difficulties, his sufferings, and his success are plainly and characteristically set down in his Journal. The narrative of his religious life and experience will profit all who are "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," or are contending with the buffetings of Satan, and the various hindrances to a spiritual life.

The account he gives of the manner of his seeking to gain knowledge, and to qualify himself for his holy work, will be suggestive and encouraging to young ministers who feel the embarrassments which he overcame. Older ministers will find in his Journal incidents and experiences that will

bring vividly to their minds scenes and events in their own history, which they will review with pleasure.

Mr. Bangs also records many things of great historic interest to the Church. He gives, quite fully, its history in several portions of the Troy, New York, and New York East Conferences.

He shared largely in the different kinds of service in which his brethren are engaged, not only in the rural portions of the Conference, but in our largest cities.

The book will be read through by those who commence it. Even children will read its incidents and descriptions with eagerness.

I deem it better that the reader should learn the excellencies and greatness of the author, from the Book, than from the Introduction; so I will not attempt a further delineation of his merits or usefulness. Those who were his associates, during his long and blessed ministry, esteemed and loved him. Those who read this work will admire him, and affectionately cherish his memory.

The volume has been edited and prepared for the press by his daughters—a work of filial piety, well performed.

“The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”

E. S. JANES.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WE take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to REV. E. L. JAMES, for valuable assistance in preparing the Manuscripts for the Press.—EDS.

PART I.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
REV. HEMAN BANGS.

CHAPTER I.

1790-1808.

His Birth and Parentage.—Childhood.—Early Convictions.—Conversion.—Departure from God.—Six years of Sin and Folly.—Bound as an Apprentice.—Conversion of his Brother John.—Attends a Camp-Meeting in the neighborhood.—The Strivings of the Holy Spirit.—The Prayer of his Brother Joseph.—A Broken Heart.—Decision.—An Unexpected Trial.—“Heman among the Mourners.”—Surrender and Consecration.—Burden removed.—Failure in Duty.—Distress of Mind.—Relieved by bearing the Cross.—Treasured Words from his aged Father.—Attends a Methodist Prayer-Meeting.—Trembles under the Cross.—Witness of the Spirit.—A Time of Great Power.—A Ploughman in the field Awakened.



WAS born on the fifteenth day of April, 1790, in Fairfield, Connecticut. I have heard my father say that his grandfather, Edward Bangs, came from the Isle-of-Man, and was among the first Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth from the ship Anne.

My father, Lemuel Bangs, was the son of Joseph Bangs of the town of Harwich, in the County of Barnstable, Massachusetts. He married, for his

first wife, Miss Hall, by whom he had five children. I knew but little about them, as they were all grown, and had removed from home before I was born; but with many of their children I have, in later years, become well acquainted, and highly esteem them for their virtues and piety. His second wife was Rebecca Keeler, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, by whom he had nine children.

When my father came to Connecticut, I know not—probably about the close of the old French war; as, during the Revolutionary war, he was among the Connecticut troops. When I was about three years of age he removed to Stamford, Delaware County, New-York, then quite a wilderness, where there were no means of education, nor of religious instruction, and where we endured all the hardships and privations incident to a new country. My father had a large family, and, being poor, was obliged to support them by his own industry. We had frequently to bring our grain fifteen miles on horseback, and were five miles from the nearest mill. These were hard times; but I never heard my parents complain.

Joseph, the eldest son, was a farmer. Nathan taught school and surveying, and early went to Canada. Elijah Keeler became a sailor, and, like Joseph of old, was separated from his brethren. John was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Sarah married and removed to Canada, thus leaving at home the three youngest children—two sisters and myself.

My father was, for that day, a man of considerable learning. He was a great reader, and, having a retentive memory, carefully treasured what he read. He was strongly attached to the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which all his children were baptized. He would sometimes, (as we had no minister), call the neighbors together and read the Service of that Church; and often on the Sabbath read them a sermon, though he made no profession of experimental religion. He was a man of strict integrity of character and trained his children to be truthful and honest. I never recollect seeing him angry but once, and then it lasted but a moment.

In my childhood I had no thought of God, nor of religious truth; when in trouble or pain I have wished myself dead that I might be freed from them, not thinking of a hereafter. In my tenth year, the Methodists came into our neighborhood and began to hold religious meetings. They were not regular preachers, but exhorters, and men of piety, faith and prayer. The novelty of the thing drew most of the neighbors to hear them, and the meetings made a deep impression on the minds of many, some of whom professed religion. My father was strongly prejudiced against them, because they were unlearned men. He thought no man was duly qualified to preach, who had not a thorough Academic and Theological education, hence he would never go to hear those "ignorant fanatics."

One evening, after I had retired for the night, they were holding a prayer-meeting at a neighbor's house. I heard them sing and pray, and became so interested and so alarmed in my conscience that I could not sleep nor lie quietly in bed. At length I rose and dressed myself, and went off alone to the prayer-meeting. From that time my mind was sorely distressed on account of my sins, and I became a constant attendant on their meetings.

Soon after, the regular Circuit preachers, who were going everywhere through the settlements, "preaching Christ and the Resurrection," visited our place. The Word of the Lord had free course and was glorified, and many were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. Among others I was brought to know my Saviour's dying love in the forgiveness of my sins, and made to rejoice with exceeding great joy.

On one occasion the power of God came upon me to such a degree that I lost my strength, but not my senses. My limbs were rigid, but there was no bodily pain—I could see and hear, but could not speak; at the same time my soul was very happy in the knowledge that Jesus Christ was my Saviour, and I rejoiced in God with all my heart. Now, my whole life was changed; I cheerfully relinquished my childish plays and playmates for the class and prayer-meeting; and the society of Christians became endeared to me. There was a powerful reforma-

tion among the children of the neighborhood; a great number from seven to fourteen years of age were converted to God, and we met frequently, not for sport, but to sing and pray. Some of these children held fast their profession, and by their holy lives evidenced their sincerity. Some are still living in the faith of Christ (it is now more than fifty years); one of them is my own sister, the youngest of the family. She was then only seven years of age, but the Lord preserved her, so that she did not mingle in the follies of the world, but has maintained a consistent Christian character to this day.

I continued in the way of Christian fidelity for about two years: after this I gradually declined in religious enjoyment, and ran into all manner of youthful follies. What contributed to this, more than anything else, was my parents forbidding me to join the Society. The hedge of discipline was needed, but it was not thrown around me. When I began to mix with the thoughtless, my mother—though the best of mothers in every other respect—would applaud me, and call me a much better boy than I was before.

Here I would enter my most solemn protest against parents putting stumbling-blocks in the way of their children. Not that I would charge my dear parents with the deliberate design to injure me,—they loved me as tenderly as ever parents loved a child—but they knew nothing of experimental godliness; therefore they could not

understand those religious feelings which actuate the true Christian, and lead him to love religious duties more than worldly pleasures. But, thank God! they lived to see their error, and believed to the saving of their souls. They both died in the faith, and I hope to meet them in Heaven.

In this vain, ungodly course I lived for six long years. I knew that I was unhappy—that I had awfully fallen from God. Sometimes I longed to return, and never fully lost the fear of God. This had a restraining influence over me, keeping me from gross sins, and enabling me to preserve a fair outside. Yet I was too proud to confess, and too stubborn to forsake my sins. I loved gay company, the ball-room and the dance—the pleasures of the world fascinated my imagination, and sin had complete dominion over my heart.

When in my fifteenth year, my father bound me as an apprentice until the age of twenty-one, to my brother John, who had just completed his apprenticeship, and commenced business for himself. So I soon learned to work iron and steel, if not “brass and iron,” like Tubal-cain.

My brother was not married, nor did he profess religion at this time, but he soon after commenced house-keeping, and both he and his young wife sought and found the Lord. The Lord spoke peace to his soul while he was endeavoring to pray in the family. His conversion was clear as the sun, and he became one of the most zealous Methodists in those parts. After a while they

gave him license to preach, and he improved it well as long as he lived. John now became very strict, and wished to make us all Christians—if not by Gospel-suasion, by Law-compulsion. This sometimes brought us into collision, and caused some friction in the machinery of family government. I was exceedingly fond of gay company, and John had just seen its folly and left it. Sometimes good-natured quarrels ensued, and once an open out-break—had it not seemed dishonorable, I should have run away. John was generally in the right as to the matter, but not always judicious in the enforcement of his views. He was too arbitrary for my proud and independent spirit. I could be drawn by kindness, but I could not be frightened by threats—however, we generally lived in great harmony. I endeavored to serve him faithfully in his business. I was honest, truthful and diligent, from a sense of honor, but not of religion. His excellent wife, I loved almost like a mother, and when I sought and found the Lord, we were ever afterward of one heart and mind.

I had long felt the need of religion, but to set about the work of seeking it was a difficult and self-denying act; hence I put it off, under one excuse and another, until July, 1808, when a Camp-meeting was to be held in our neighborhood. They had been held, years before, in other places, but were a novelty here. This one attracted great attention, multitudes attending from mere

curiosity. My brother and his family went to the meeting, and I had to take them to the ground, put up their tent, assist them in getting settled, and then return home to attend to my duties there. As soon as I came on to the ground my mind was filled with a solemn sense of the Divine Presence.

My feelings and interest in the meeting became more and more deep, so much so, that I began to show it in my countenance, and some of my friends thought me sick. So indeed I was, but I was heart-sick. In the evening I was so much affected, while I stood outside of a prayer-circle, that I wept and fell upon my knees. But still my proud heart refused to surrender to the powerful drawings of the Holy Spirit. I returned home that night, sorrowful, but not decided. Some of my young friends had seen me on my knees and rallied me about it. I plead as an excuse, that I had been standing all day, and so knelt down to rest myself. Thus by falsehood, I grieved the good Spirit. One remarked, jeeringly, that he believed I would be a Methodist in less than one year. This, at that time, was saying all the evil that could well be said in few words, in such estimation were the Methodists held by worldly men. I replied with a forced laugh, that I hoped I should. This was the real purpose of my heart, but was said in a manner to make it appear as a joke.

The next morning, July 3rd, I was early on the ground. A young man met me, and said, "I heard that you fell to the ground last night."

Oh! the foolishness and wickedness of the human heart: instead of ingenuously confessing the true state of my feelings, I denied it with an oath. Such language I had never suffered myself to use, for I abhorred all profanity as unworthy of a gentleman; but, like poor Peter, I thought I must swear to it, or he would think me serious. How good was my adorable Saviour that He did not take the Holy Spirit from me! But He did not; He strove more powerfully than before. I endeavored all day to shake off my sorrow, but in vain. I retired to the woods to pray alone, but was disturbed by some one coming where I was. I returned to the Camp again and stood, and heard, and gazed. I thought I would give the world, if I had it, to feel as those happy Christians appeared to feel. I began to see a beauty in religion, and sincerely to desire it: my feelings were painful and oppressive, yet I endeavored still to conceal them.

After the afternoon sermon, and while the people of God were earnestly engaged in a prayer-meeting, I was standing at a short distance in the midst of a large circle of the gay and thoughtless, when suddenly I was arrested by the prayer of my oldest brother, Joseph. He became very fervent, and at last broke out in such a strain of heavenly eloquence as I never heard before. Calling me by name, he cried to God to have mercy on his brother Heman. He did not, he could not see me where I stood, but God heard and answer-

ed. It went like a thunder-bolt through my heart, and broke it to pieces. I could resist no longer. I felt that it might be the last call, and that *now* was the day of salvation. God enabled me to decide the question on the spot, and I said in my heart, if there is mercy to be found I will never rest until I find it. I did not hesitate another moment, but left the gay group where I stood, and approached the prayer-circle.

As I passed around the stand, I met an old pious friend who held out his hand and asked **how** I did. In attempting a reply, my heart was too full to speak, and I wept aloud. As I approached the railing that enclosed the circle, and served to prevent the crowd from pressing too closely, I met my brother John, who was keeping order. He said, "Stand back, do not crowd upon us." This was a new trial, and the enemy took advantage of it, suggesting to me, "See, this is your own brother, and he a preacher; he bids you go back, you know now what treatment you may expect." But I said to myself, "Brother or no brother, I will go forward, for I must have religion or perish forever." So I pushed myself within the circle, and sat down upon the bench in deep sorrow.

It was soon rumored that "Heman was among the mourners." My brother Nathan came and prayed for me, and brother John soon learned, to the joy of his heart, that Heman had come to pray, and not to trifle. There was one man of God, an entire stranger, who took a deep interest

in my case. He came and prayed again and again, encouraging me to pray for myself, and never left me until the Lord spoke peace to my soul.

I confessed my sins and surrendered my heart, my whole heart, to Jesus Christ. I was enabled by God's grace to consecrate myself without any reserve, soul, body and spirit to God—to lay hold by faith upon the Almighty Saviour. Praise the Lord, O my soul!

He heard and answered my poor, feeble prayers. He rolled the heavy burden from my heart, and I wept for gladness. My friends came and rejoiced with me.

But now I failed. I should have made public confession with my tongue; but the cross was so heavy I thought I could not open my mouth, and I soon lost my peace of mind. It was just as the sun was setting, that I found comfort from the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness; but not confessing it as I should have done, I was thrown into great darkness and deep distress of mind. I could find neither rest nor sleep, but spent most of the night in wandering over the Camp-ground, now almost as silent as the graveyard, the people having retired to their tents. A few watchmen patrolled the ground—the night, the darkness, the quiet of the place, all were in harmony with my gloomy feelings. As I was passing along, I discovered a group of persons sitting around an expiring fire. Unperceived by them, I drew near and found they were relating to each

other their Christian experience. I listened with almost breathless attention, and with the deepest interest. One man drew an exact picture of my own feelings, and I thought if I could only say "that is my case exactly," I should find relief. But here again my courage failed, and I withdrew with my heart as sorrowful as before: so I spent the whole night. The morning came at last—family prayers and breakfast over, the horn sounded for the people to gather around the stand for a Lovefeast, which was to be the closing scene in this, to me, deeply interesting meeting. I crept up close to the stand. The meeting opened, and the people of God related their experience with great power and freedom. But, poor me! I stood and looked on, feeling like death. Something whispered to me, "Speak, and let your feelings be known;" but another something whispered,— "You speak! a wretch so wicked, so hard-hearted—what would you say? You would be a hypocrite, you would blaspheme." The thought was terrible. I shuddered and trembled.

Soon after, an old Christian, well acquainted with the workings of the human heart, came to me and said, "Shall I pray with you?" I said, "Yes, if you please." We knelt down, he prayed a few words, then turning to me, asked, "What do you want? Do you want God to convert your soul? I replied, "I believe He converted me last night." No sooner had I made this confession than my heart softened. He said, "Get up and

tell of it; all you need is to tell of it." I arose and spoke; what I said I never knew, but it was enough. God accepted it, and I wept like a child.

The meeting closed. As I was leaving the ground I met my dear father, who took me by the hand and said, "Be faithful, my son, and hold out to the end." O how sweet and precious were these words from the lips of my dear old father! I treasured them as if they had been costly pearls; for they were the only encouraging words he had ever spoken to me on the subject of religion. I returned home determined, by the grace of God assisting me, to lead a new life and serve Him as long as I lived, whatever might be the sacrifice required.

The following Wednesday there was to be a prayer-meeting about two miles distant from our house. My brother and his wife were going, and I obtained leave to accompany them. I hung down my head as we passed through the village, for I had never attended meeting on a week-day before, and it was no small trial to be seen going to a Methodist prayer-meeting.

I had not yet as bright an evidence of my acceptance with God as I desired. I longed for a clear witness of the Spirit testifying that I was born of God. Just before we entered the house, John said to me, "If you intend to keep religion, you must take up the cross and pray." "Well," I said, "if that is the only way, I shall endeavor to do it, for I intend to keep religion." The meeting

opened and they all prayed. I thought I must pray also, but the cross was heavy—my frame trembled from head to foot. How shall I stand up? was a question more easily asked than answered. I made several attempts before I succeeded, but when I finally gained an upright position, my mouth refused to open, I could not speak a word until an old brother helped me by saying, "If you have anything to say for the Lord, speak and let us hear." I spoke a few words,—then fell on my knees and began to pray, when I was so overwhelmed by the power and love of God, that I was unable to rise or move. Unutterable joy filled my soul. The Spirit itself now bore clear and direct witness with my spirit, that I was born of God. Every fear, every doubt was gone; Christ was all the world to me, and I praised Him with my whole heart.

Our meeting lasted several hours; it was a time of great power; some fell to the floor as dead, and others shouted for joy. A man ploughing in the neighboring field heard the sound, was awakened, dropped his plough, came to the meeting and soon found peace in believing.

All the way home my mouth was filled with praise. I no longer hung my head as we passed through the village, but felt willing the whole world should know that I had been to a Methodist prayer-meeting.

CHAPTER II.

1808—1811.

He joins the Church on Probation.—Seeks the Conversion of old Companions.—A powerful Revival.—A Point of Duty.—Running to Meeting.—Circuit Preaching.—In charge of a Class.—The Brethren pleased with their young Leader.—Exercised on the Subject of Preaching.—End of his Apprenticeship.—His Worldly Possessions.—Employed by an Innkeeper.—Shows his Colors.—No Swearing nor Drinking allowed in the Shop.—Prayers in the Bar-Room.—Remonstrates against the desecration of the Sabbath.—Of Age.—Forty dollars in Hand.—A Question about the Future.—Continues with his old Employer.—Fills the Preacher's Appointment.—Licensed to Exhort.—His Marriage.—Prosperes in Business.—A Home of his own.—Hospitality.



FOR about two weeks I gave my name as a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church. As soon as I found the Pearl of Great Price, I began to feel for others. I frequently spoke to my old companions, and urged them to seek the Lord. They made several attempts to ensnare me, and draw me back; but the Lord watched over my steps, and kept my feet from falling. By a steady, uniform, religious life, I gained their confidence in the honesty and sincerity of my profession, and soon a powerful revival commenced, in which about ninety of my old friends and companions were converted. As occasion offered I would pray and exhort in our little meetings. I made it a point of duty, whatever my

feelings might be, never to leave a prayer-meeting without bearing the Cross,—and a great cross it was. Sometimes I would begin to speak or pray, and end in weeping. I had to walk two miles, but for two years, by the grace of God, I never missed a prayer-meeting nor a class-meeting—night or day, summer or winter, hot or cold, wet or dry. Sometimes business would press me so much that I was likely to be late for the commencement of the meeting, which I could not well endure. At such times I would run every step of the way, up hill and down; so I seldom went in after the beginning of service. After two years, we removed much nearer the place of worship: this saved me many a weary walk.

Once a fortnight, on a week-day, we had a sermon from our Circuit-preacher, which we attended without fail, for the Word of God was precious in those days. I remember it so happened at one time that all the family went but myself—for some cause I must stay at home. When I looked out and saw them on their way to the “feast of fat things,” I wept like a child; but God blessed me at home, and I had a happy day, after all.

When I had been about nine months in the Church, the preacher put me in charge of a class, of which my brother John and his wife, as well as several older persons, were members. This was a severe trial of my faith, for I was naturally very bashful, and young in years as well as in religion. Sometimes I felt like death, and so little in my

own eyes, that I could willingly have crept under the seats, or laid myself down to be trodden upon. I generally spoke with my eyes shut, for I had not courage to open them. But the brethren, being full of kindness, and believing me sincere, professed themselves satisfied and even pleased with their young leader. We were all of one heart and mind, and had blessed seasons in our class and prayer-meetings. The Lord was with us, and added numbers to our little band.

My mind was greatly exercised on the subject of preaching the Gospel; and, somehow, I hardly knew why, the brethren seemed to think I ought to preach. But my diffidence, my youth, my ignorance, my lack, indeed, of every necessary qualification—the greatness of the work, the awful responsibilities of a minister of Christ, not only held me back, but kept me from opening my mind to any one on the subject. For nearly seven years I kept the secret shut up in my own bosom. Others often spoke to me about it, but I would always evade the subject, and turn the conversation to something else. The brethren offered me license to exhort, but I refused it, fearing to what it might lead, though I suffered much in my own mind on account of the refusal. As class-leader, I often spoke in public, and held meetings in different places with other brethren; but the word “preach,” when applied to myself, was too great a word for me to use; and long after I commenced preaching, I could not bring myself

to say that I would, or had preached—but I had “talked,” or would “try to talk a little.” I would willingly have been a local-preacher, and remained at home, bearing my own expenses, and supporting the traveling preachers; but that was not my calling. “Go ye out into all the world,” was my commission—this was what I dreaded, and yet knew in my own soul that it was my duty. What shall I do? was a question I often revolved in my mind, and so momentous did it appear, that it took me years to come to a decision.

My time of service as an apprentice was now nearly at an end. There being an opening to commence business for myself, I bought my time of my brother, and on the first of March, 1811, with a pack on my back containing all my clothes, and with twenty-five cents in my pocket, all the money I had in the world, I started on foot for a journey of thirty miles through the spring mud. I arrived at my place of destination, too weary to eat or sleep, and in the morning entered upon my regular duties. The man for whom I had engaged to work was an innkeeper with no religion. Being young and unacquainted with the ways of the world, and living in a tavern, where they sold and drank liquor, I was fearful I might be drawn into the snares of the devil. Therefore I thought it safest to show my colors at once, and let them all understand that I was a Christian. I proposed to the landlord that he should allow me to pray at night in his family, and ask a blessing at his

table. To this he readily consented. I then made a rule that there should be no swearing, and no drinking of intoxicating liquors in the shop. This brought me into direct contact with sin and Satan, for the entire place was a real devil's den. Scarcely a man, woman, or child made any pretensions to piety. I found full employment for faith, patience, and the whole panoply of God. But grace sustained me, and gave me a "mouth and wisdom" which none of my enemies could "resist or gainsay." I felt it my duty faithfully, but kindly to reprove sin whenever occasion offered. One of the wealthiest men in the place was the first to violate the "rule" of the shop. He was a very profane man, and began to curse and swear—I remonstrated—he was silenced for a moment, but went into the tavern, and renewing his courage at the bar, came back and sprang like a tiger upon his prey. God enabled me to stand steady, and by His grace to conquer. This man became my firm friend, and I never heard him swear afterwards.

Sometimes a large number of travelers would put up for the night at the tavern. On such occasions I uniformly invited them to attend family-worship with us, and sometimes we would all collect in the bar-room for prayers.

There being no meetings in the place, it had been the practice of the idle and wicked to flock to the tavern to spend the Sabbath. I remonstrated with the landlord on the wickedness of

allowing such a desecration of the Lord's Day in his house; but he cared no more for the Sabbath than for any other day. I then began to reprove those who came. At first it gave some offence, but in the end it produced an entire change, so that if I were at home, we had no loungers on Sunday. Sometimes, while I was at meeting, they would come, but keep watch, and were pretty sure to be off before I made my appearance. All these things contributed to keep my armor bright. I had to watch and pray continually; but such was the goodness of my Divine Saviour—so greatly did He strengthen and comfort me, that I never enjoyed myself better anywhere, than in that hive of sinners.

We had no meeting nearer than three miles. I sought, and soon found a little company of disciples with whom I united in class. We usually had prayer-meeting and exhortation on the Sabbath; preaching once in two weeks, and on the alternate week a prayer and class-meeting. In these means of grace I took great delight, never willingly neglecting them; and they proved times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Thus I lived until my birth-day, the 15th of April, 1811. On looking over the past six weeks of labor, I found that I had earned sufficient to pay my brother for my time, and had forty dollars balance. Thus had God blessed me temporally as well as spiritually.

I was now of age, and had to act entirely on

my own responsibility. The inquiry naturally arose, what shall I do in the future? I was ready to serve God in any way He should point out *at home*, but was unwilling to travel and preach. While thus deliberating, my old employer made me a favorable offer to continue at my trade. He was to find shop, tools, stock, apprentice, board, and all other expenses—allow me one half day each week to go to meeting, and pay me nine hundred and thirty-nine dollars for three years. I accepted the offer, and went again to the hammer and anvil.

I felt a deep concern for my neighbors—they seemed like sheep having no shepherd. There were no meetings held in the place, the Sabbath was grossly profaned, drinking was common, and vice stalked abroad with none to rebuke. There was one man and his wife who were members of the Methodist Church. I persuaded him to open his barn for meeting, and went sixteen miles to get a local-preacher. He made an appointment, and I published it through the neighborhood. The day arrived, the people flocked together, but no preacher came. Here was a dilemma. An exhorter was present, but he had not courage to speak to so large a congregation. I was no preacher, no exhorter, no class-leader—indeed I had no authority from men to either speak or pray in public. But how could I let the people depart without a word of prayer? I was young and timid, yet I knew God could help me. The few

brethren present urged me forward, and I arose and told the people that the preacher having failed to keep his engagement, if they would consent to remain, we would sing and pray. I gave out a hymn which they sang, and then, having addressed the Throne of Grace, I arose and said, if they had no objection we would sing again, and I would read a chapter in the Bible. While reading, a verse impressed my mind with great force, and without saying anything about a text, or preaching, I spoke for nearly an hour with great freedom, and the people listened patiently. Thus, without premeditation or design, I had preached, and was fairly launched. What shall be done next? I knew not, but a brother who had heard me went to the Quarterly Conference which I did not attend, and without my knowledge or consent brought me license to exhort. I dared not refuse, and afterwards frequently held meetings for prayer and exhortation.

On the 20th of August, 1811, I married Sally Burritt, with whom I had been acquainted from childhood. I bought a little house, and in November following we commenced housekeeping. After a time, my employer offered to sell me the shop, tools and stock, and allow me to work on my own responsibility. I bought him out, and God gave me good health, plenty of work, and good customers. In one year, by the blessing of Providence, and by diligent attention to business, I was able to purchase a house, and ten acres of

improved land. Here I built me a shop and barn, and added eighteen acres of wood-land.

Having now a home of my own, I began to use hospitality, and opened my house for the preachers, and any one else who chose to call. It was supposed that I gave away more meals than my neighbor, the innkeeper sold, and he went down, while I went up. I determined, from the first, not to deny any person a meal, or a night's lodging; and have held fast to my purpose more than fifty years.

CHAPTER III.

1811—1817.

Holds Meetings at a Distance.—The Call to Preach ringing in his Ears.—A Secret for Seven Years.—“Made Childless.”—Shop in Flames.—A Conditional Promise.—Reveals his Call to Preach to a Friend.—How his wife learned the Secret.—The only Question.—Advice of the Presiding Elder.—Sells House, Shop and Tools.—Goes forth, not knowing whither.—Attends Conference at Albany, N. Y.—Admitted on Trial.—Appointed to Delaware Circuit.—Six of his Old Companions Converted under One Sermon.—Happy in his Work.—Conference in New-York City.—A remark by Bishop McKendree.—Appointed to Sharon Circuit.—A Log Hut for a Parsonage.—No Complaining.—A Small Congregation.—A Powerful Awakening.—Conference at Middlebury, Vt.—Ordained Deacon.—The Course of Study.—What he knew, and what he did not know.—Christ not dependent on Learned Men.—Illustration.—A Strange Question.—Sent to Newburgh Circuit.—A Successful Financier.



MY business continued to prosper, but I was sorely troubled about entering the Ministry. An appointment was made for regular Circuit preaching at my house once a fortnight. I traveled sometimes twenty and thirty miles to hold meetings, often three on the same day. I never thought of pay, nor even of having my expenses paid, although I was obliged to hire a horse. If the people would consent to hear me patiently, I considered myself sufficiently rewarded. In this way God enabled me to form several classes in new places never before visited by our

preachers. But all this did not satisfy my mind. "You must travel and preach," was constantly ringing in my ears; yet I never mentioned the subject to any person for seven years after my conversion, and for four years after my marriage.

Children were given us, and I tried to excuse myself on the ground that it would be impossible for a man with a family to travel a Circuit—but in one day we were made childless. In a short time another was given, and in three days it was taken away.

One morning I awoke from sleep, and behold! the house was full of light. At first I thought it on fire, but looking out, saw that my shop was covered with a winding sheet of flame—a new shop, and a new set of tools all gone beyond hope! I acknowledged in my heart the hand of God, but held my peace, and said to Him Who had thus smitten me, "Help me to get another shop, and pay for my place, and *I will go*." My mind at once became calm and peaceful. God accepted my resolve, and in four weeks I had another shop, and a new set of tools.

The time arrived. My place was paid for, and I owed no man anything. I saw no way to escape, and save my soul—the vow of God was upon me.

In the summer of 1814 I made a tent, and invited all I could, to go with me to a Camp-meeting: there my soul was wonderfully blest by the Lord Jesus Christ. I felt that the time had fully

come when I must unbosom myself to some one on the all-absorbing subject that pressed upon my mind. On returning from the Camp-meeting, I took a beloved friend with whom I was very intimate into my orchard, and under the shade of a tree, I unburdened my heart with reference to preaching. He answered me kindly that he was not surprised, but had been expecting it for a long time.

Now the long pent up feelings had found vent; I had gained a great point: but my wife, how shall I make it known to her? What will she say about leaving a comfortable home, and becoming a wanderer? If she should oppose me I fear my courage will fail, after all. However, she must know it, so that night, with a faltering voice, I related my exercises of mind. When I had done, she laughingly said, to my utter surprise, "It is no secret to me, I've known it a long time." "You knew it," I exclaimed, "how in the world did you learn it, for I have never spoken a word to any person about this matter until to-day." "Oh," she replied, "I know all about it, for at night, as soon as you fall asleep, you are constantly talking about preaching and traveling!" So my secret was out before I was aware of it, and in a way I little expected. "Well," said I, "what do you think of it?" She replied, "I am fully persuaded that God has called you to preach, and that it is your duty to go. I shall put nothing in the way of your duty." This was comfort and encourage-

ment indeed! Nobly spoken, thought I, and nobly did she fulfil her promise.

Judging by my own convictions, and all I could gather from others, I came to the solemn conclusion that God had moved me by the Holy Ghost, to preach the Gospel. Notwithstanding the hardships of a traveling preacher's life in those days, and the small support received for their families, when I had once decided to enter upon the work, I allowed none of these things to move me. I never once thought about getting a living, or whether I should do any good—it was duty only that I consulted. Was it the will of God? Was one so weak, so unworthy, so ignorant, called to so great a work?

This was the question, the only question that had any influence with me. I was willing to labor, to suffer, to be poor, if I could only do the will of my Father in Heaven. I knew that my motives were pure, that I was prompted by no other interest than love to God and souls. Thus my eye was single before the heart-searching God, and I was full of light, comfort and love.

The way was now fully open for conversation on the subject, having no longer any reason or desire for concealment. I talked freely with the preachers, who encouraged me to go forward.

At a Quarterly Meeting held at my own house shortly after this, I spoke to the Presiding Elder, Rev. Daniel Ostrander, on the subject. He said but little to me at that time—rather cautious and

cold, I thought. But afterwards he fully explained himself, advising me to enter the ministry at once.

From this time I began to arrange my business to leave. I gave my apprentice his time, about fifteen months—sold him my place, shop and tools, and let him take all my customers. I bought him a full assortment of stock to begin with—settled all my accounts, and made my preparations to go forth, not knowing whither—nor did I care much, so that I could please God.

At our last Quarterly Meeting before the Conference of 1815, I received a regular license as a local-preacher, and a recommendation to the New York Annual Conference, which was held that year in the city of Albany, N. Y. I attended it with my two older brothers, Joseph and John, who were both ordained Deacons by the venerable Bishop Asbury. This was the last time the good old Bishop attended the New-York Conference.

I was admitted on trial, and stationed on the Delaware Circuit, with Stephen Jacobs as my colleague—a zealous, faithful brother.

Our Circuit, which we traveled once in three weeks, was more than two hundred miles around. We preached thirty times, and met about thirty Classes. The circuit included my old home where I was converted. Here I was among my old associates. This was a cross, but God gave me confidence. As I had lived in charity with all men, I had nothing to fear but sin. Under my first sermon in the place God smote six of my old con-

panions to the heart; and before the year closed, about two hundred persons were converted and added to the Church.

My soul was on the mountain-top of holy enjoyment. I could and did labor day and night to win souls to Christ. The work filled my whole soul; I was never more happy, though we received but little money—only one hundred and thirty dollars for the whole year.

The Conference of 1816 was held in the City of New-York. In company with my colleague, I started for the city, holding meetings and preaching by the way. At Conference all was new and strange to me. They sat with closed doors; no one but members being permitted to witness their deliberations. I could not understand the reason for such a course, and from that day conceived an undying opposition to the custom.

At this time I first saw and heard Bishop McKendree. One remark in his sermon to the preachers I never forgot. It was this: "Never go into debt, but always bring your wants within your means." I felt its force, and from that time adopted it as a rule of conduct.

At this Conference I received my appointment on Sharon Circuit, with Rev. John Goodsell as my colleague. It embraced a part of my old ground, and was about one hundred and fifty miles around, which we traveled once in four weeks. I went quite around before I could find a house for my family, and finally was compelled

to take a log hut with but one room. It had long been abandoned as a dwelling, and been used as a sheep-cot, and then as a cooper's shop. I took mud from the road and filled the cracks; and whitewashed the inside. Here I put my young wife and one child, frequently leaving them for two weeks at a time: but there was no complaining; we had given all for Christ, and were content.

God gave us good health and good times on the Circuit. About one hundred and fifty souls were converted during the year. On my first tour around the Circuit I came to an appointment that was on my plan, but for some time could find no lodging-place. At last I secured one with a man who lived in a shed with only one room, and that a very small one. I hired my horse kept at a neighboring farmer's, and announced preaching in the afternoon at the school-house. My congregation consisted of the man at whose house I staid, his wife, a young lady who taught the school, and a few of the children. I preached from Amos iv. 12: God owned His word, and the school-mistress was awakened. When I came around the next time, I found the young woman happy in God, and bold to declare what God had done for her soul.

A powerful awakening spread through the place and about forty souls were converted. I had a full congregation of hearers, and plenty of lodging-places were offered for my accommodation.

On this Circuit, for the first time, I had the

charge, and deeply felt the responsibility; but I put my trust in the Lord, and He sustained me. We went through the year very pleasantly, though we received only about one hundred and forty dollars for our support.

Our Conference this year, 1817, was held in Middlebury, Vt. Here I was ordained Deacon by Bishop George. I was not examined by any committee as to my studies, this being the first year they acted under the new rule. The Presiding Elder told the Conference that the course of study had not been given to me, so they let me slide through easily. If it has been any blessing to the Church that I ever came into the Conference, it is well they did, for I doubt if I could have passed muster before any committee that was at all critical.

As to Theology—from my own experience I knew what conviction for sin was. I knew my sins were forgiven, through the Infinite merit of God in Christ Jesus. I knew the spirit of adoption which cries, “Abba Father!” I knew that I loved God and all mankind. I knew that my motives in entering the ministry were pure and sincere. I knew that I sought not my own ease, honor, power or wealth, but to do the will of my Heavenly Father. I knew my Bible, and believed it to be God’s own Revelation to man. But I knew nothing, at that time, of Stackhouse, or Watson, or Adam Clark, or Dwight—of Calvin, Luther, Knox, or Arminius—nothing about Logic,

or Rhetoric, Moral or Natural Philosophy as taught in the schools; yet the Conference admitted me, and God blessed my feeble labors among the people.

I am not an apologist for ignorance. I have no objection to our ministers being learned; the more learned the better, if all be sanctified to God, and laid at the feet of Christ: but I do not believe that Jesus Christ is dependent upon learned men for His ministers. He sometimes chooses the ignorant, and makes them more abundantly useful, to teach us not to think more highly of men and learning than we ought to think; and to show that the excellency of the power is of God, and not in human instrumentality.

At this Conference a circumstance occurred which, to some extent, illustrates these remarks. My wife had a brother living in Vergennes, Vt., a short distance from Middlebury, where the Conference was to be held. Not having seen him for many years, she accompanied me to the Conference for the purpose of visiting him. We found him a highly respectable and wealthy gentleman, strongly attached to the doctrines of the Calvinistic faith. His wife was a member of the Congregational Church; consequently greatly prejudiced against the Methodists, though they knew very little about them, except from reports made by their enemies. The minister of the place boarded at their house, and another minister was there on a visit. We arrived on Saturday about noon.

and found the family at dinner. I went in and announced that a sister of Mr. B. was in the carriage at the gate. He went out, and she introduced me as her husband, and a Methodist preacher. He gave us, I thought, a rather cool reception. I, with my "straight-bodied" drab coat and white hat, and Sally with her plain Methodist bonnet, did not present a very stylish appearance. We were not introduced to their company, but into another room. When they had dined, and the company had left, some dinner was served to us.

There was but one Methodist in the place—a lady who, learning by some means that a Methodist preacher was there, came to inquire if some arrangement could not be made for me to preach the next day. There was no church, but public worship was held in the Court House, where the Congregational minister preached to the exclusion of all others. Our new friend was very desirous that he should give way and let me preach one sermon. But my sister-in-law made the excuse that the morning sermon was to be on a special subject, and in the afternoon a funeral discourse was to be preached.

I cared little about it, for I had made arrangements, while coming up, to preach about a mile out of town, at ten o'clock. When the lady heard this, she was content to go there—so the matter stood on Saturday.

Sunday morning came. Mr. B. said to his

sister: "Sally, you must go with me to-day, and when I visit you I will go to your meeting."

Sally felt a little disturbed, thinking her husband had not been very cordially received, and she replied: "I think I shall go with Heman."

I said: "By no means, Sally—go with your brother, and I will come back at noon, and go with you in the afternoon."

So off I went and preached in a school-house to all who came; and in the afternoon went with the family to their meeting. The preacher went through with the services, taking no notice of me. On our return to the house he introduced a subject which led to a spirited debate on doctrinal points. I felt that my time had come. God wonderfully helped me. He opened the Scriptures to my mind, and enabled me to speak forth His truth with such freedom and power as forced my opponent to the wall.

In the midst of the debate the bell of the old Court House rang for Conference Meeting. Mr. B. said to his minister,

"Are you going to the meeting?"

He replied: "I think not. Deacon —— will be there, and can conduct the services. I have preached twice to-day, and am very weary."

Mr. B. then asked if I would go. I said I thought not; I would as soon stay at home, and converse with Mr. L.

Mr. L. replied: "It is as hard work to talk at home as in meeting—I think I will go."

I then said : "If Mr. L. goes, I will go, too."

So, off we all went to meeting. On the way Mr. L. invited me to take a seat with him on the platform. I made no objection ; so here I was in my plain garb, seated by the side of the minister. All the great ones of the place were at the meeting ; but no one, except the family, knew who I was. Mr. L. was very attentive—asked me to select a Psalm to be sung ; but I declined. After singing he invited me to make the prayer ; but I declined this also. He prayed, and then remarked, that it was customary to read a chapter, and make some comments upon it ; and asked if I would select a chapter. I referred him to the Fifth of Romans. He read it and made a few remarks, then said if I had anything to say, there was liberty. I replied that I did not wish to occupy the time of others. He then gave permission to any one to speak. One of the Deacons arose and confirmed what the Minister had said. Mr. L. again turned to me and invited me to speak.

The Spirit of the Lord came upon me—I arose, and from Romans v. 18, preached, with great freedom, the doctrines of Christ, for about forty-five minutes.

It was surprising, what a change those few words produced. Mr. B. was all wonderment and said, "We should like such preaching here." I told him that was Methodist doctrine—that he had been misled by false reports.

Mrs. B. was all love and kindness ; and, for

the first time since my arrival, called me "brother." Mr. L. was all sociability, and invited me to preach for him the next Sabbath—but the next Sabbath I must be at Conference.

They all concluded that I was some college-bred clergyman. Mr. B. said: "I think you had the best of the argument with Mr. L., except on falling from grace; and I don't know but you are right even there; for you have the most Scripture on your side. But we never heard these things before."

I gave him a copy of our Church Discipline, and left in great friendship, never more to meet, until we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Thus we see that it is not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord. The Holy Ghost can do the work by the feeblest instrumentality.

At Conference the Presiding Elder asked me where I would like to go next year. A strange question, I thought, to put to a traveling preacher; for I supposed he belonged to the Church, soul and body, and must be willing to take any part of the work assigned him, without questioning the propriety of the appointment.

I replied: "Anywhere but back again to the same Circuit; for we had good times the past year, and I fear if I return all will be spoiled."

I have very seldom been asked the question since. They generally send me just where they please.

I was sent to Newburgh Circuit, with two colleagues, Brothers S. J. and E. B. One was with me on my first Circuit; the other had been the same length of time in the Conference as myself.

Our Circuit was large—about three hundred miles around. At the third Quarterly Meeting both my colleagues broke down under the arduous labors we had to perform, and never preached another sermon that year. The Presiding Elder gave me the charge of the Circuit. Having procured the assistance of a young man, we managed the best we could. With the exception of the Sabbath duties, I performed the labor of two preachers, for the remainder of the year.

One thing I learned at this time—that there was no necessity, if proper means were adopted, of so great lack in the support of our preachers. Having a little means of my own, I had heretofore thought or cared little about money. I only thought of saving souls. But now, both of my helpers being prostrated by sickness, they were in want of the necessaries of life; especially Bro. S. J., who had a family, and nothing of his own to depend upon. I waited upon the Stewards of the Circuit, and found that there was a great deficiency—three hundred and eighty dollars—to be raised during the Quarter. I arranged my plans, and presented them to the Societies. When I came to the next Quarterly Meeting I brought with me three hundred and forty-eight dollars. More was added afterwards, so that at the close

of the year there was a deficiency of only twelve dollars to be divided among the three claimants.

This was considered a wonder, at the time : but from that day to this, when I have had the charge myself, I have never had a deficiency in my allowance.

PART II.
JOURNAL

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1817-1820.

The Itinerant's Rest-Week.—A Point of Conscience.—The Arrow hits the Mark.—Infant Baptism.—A "Mighty Shaking among the Dry Bones."—Stormy Weather; Long Rides; Few Hearers.—Plain Preaching self-applied.—One who had Located to make Money.—Doctrines and Usages of the M. E. Church.—Newburgh Circuit divided.—Motive for continuing his Journal.—Conference at Troy, N. Y.—Ordained Elder by Bishop Roberts.—Appointed to New Windsor Circuit.—Election and Reprobation.—"God with us in Affliction."—An Act of Consecration.—Secret Prayer Five Times a Day.—A Mite Society, for Superaunuated Preachers.—Dangerously Ill.—The Holy Sabbath.—Christian Perfection.—Conversions at Camp-Meeting.—Lost in the Woods.—The Happy Itinerant.—"A High Day of the Lord's Power."—The Baptist Deacon.—A Short Debate with a Calvinist.—Temptation not Sin.—Intense Desires.—The Right Spirit in Controversy.—"A Presbyterian Pot stirred with a Methodist Stick."—A Charitable Spirit.—Thanks God and takes Courage.



AUGUST 18. Preached to a few loving people, and the Lord was with us. After preaching, rode five miles over the mountains—no road, only a path over rocks, through the brush and mud to Bro. R's.

August 20.—Rode home and found all well. This is called our "rest week," but there is not much rest for me. Monday, Tuesday, until Wed-

nesday noon, worked hard to provide for the family during my absence, then rode fourteen miles and preached in the evening. On Thursday, rode sixteen miles and preached again—one backslider was reclaimed and joined society. Friday, rode five miles and preached to a crowded house on the necessity of a change of heart. Saturday, rode seventeen miles home in the rain.

August 27.—Visited the people. I find it requires great wisdom and grace to visit profitably. On Saturday, rode through the rain to my appointment and found no congregation. I make it a point of conscience never to miss an appointment, storm or no storm.

November 2.—Still raining, but few to hear. On Monday, came to my appointment at Esopus—preached in the evening to about three hundred people. The LORD is working powerfully among them. I spoke until too hoarse to be understood: then Brother M. exhorted. We dismissed the congregation and held Class-meeting. About one hundred staid to the Class—many wept, others shouted for joy. O, my God, carry forward Thine own work! This is the delight of my soul. Would we could see it thus, all around the Circuit! I feel more and more like devoting myself wholly to the service of Jesus, my Divine Lord and Master. O, what am I, that such great honor should be bestowed on me, to be called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to sinners!

November 7.—Rode nine miles to my evening

appointment. Spoke strong words, and to some purpose. One old man, after meeting, informed me that he believed some one had been telling me all about him, for I had preached the entire sermon to him. In this he was greatly mistaken—we bend the bow, but God directs the arrow. There was once a flourishing society here, but it has melted away to almost nothing. Want of prudent management is the cause. O, how much wisdom and judgment is required to govern the Church of God!

November 8.—Rode to Brother B.'s—a new place, but the congregation is increasing. One found peace and two joined Society. Brother B. is a good man, but has neglected to have his children baptized. When I was here before, I talked with him and his wife on the subject, but they did not think it necessary. Afterwards, light broke in upon their minds, and they became so troubled as to have no rest; so now they brought their children all forward, six in number, and gave them to God in Holy Baptism. I wonder how any parent can keep his children from Christ. “Suffer them to come unto Me,” says the Saviour, and every parent who keeps them from baptism, in effect, keeps them from Christ; for how shall we suffer them to come to Christ, if not in His ordinances? He is not here in person to take them in His arms, but His true ministers are here in His stead, and should take them in their arms in the name of the Lord. I rode through the woods about five miles,

to my evening appointment in a new place. I love to look up new places. It was dark and muddy, but I found a few souls to whom I explained the New Birth.

November 10.—Spent the day among friends to some profit, I trust. Preached in the evening to a large and attentive congregation from 1 Tim. iv. 10. There was “a mighty shaking among the dry bones”; and in the Class-meeting that followed, they fell like men slain in battle. Some wept aloud for mercy, others shouted for joy. How many professed conversion at this meeting I know not, but twelve joined Society, and one young woman found peace after the meeting was closed. My soul was on the wing. I have no greater pleasure than to see the work of God prosper.

November 11.—Rode home twenty-four miles, and found my wife ill. At two o’clock, met and catechised the children. May they remember their Creator in the days of their youth!

November 14.—Started for Quarterly Meeting. Stopped by the way and held Watch-night at Platterkill, and the following day rode twenty miles through the rain to Quarterly Meeting. Brother S., the Presiding Elder, preached an excellent sermon, and we held a rich Love-Feast.

November 17.—Rode twenty-five miles through the rain which froze as it fell, so that when I reached my appointment I was nearly frozen myself. I found no congregation, had prayers with the family and retired. O, how much grace and

fortitude a Methodist preacher needs to keep him from despondency.

November 18.—Still raining, and rivers high, but duty calls, and I must go. Through the mercy of Divine Providence I reached my appointment, but the freshet being so great, the people did not expect me; so but few were present. However, duty is done, and I am clear.

November 20.—I feel great need of more grace. The rides are long, the roads extremely bad, and dreary, and but few hearers. This is the greatest trial of the whole—the stupidity of the people. While we labor day and night for their well-being, they care so little for their own souls. I pray for the revival of God's work, especially in my own soul. Come, O my Redeemer, take up Thine *abode* in the heart of Thy poor servant.

November 21.—Rode eighteen miles, and preached in the evening to a house full of people, from Prov. iv. 6. A man in the congregation thought himself personally addressed, and came the next morning to inquire about it. I informed him that I meant no personality; but whoever the coat suited, must put it on. O, that men were wise and would build on Christ the sure foundation!

November 24.—In the morning visited a man who had once been a traveling preacher, but had located to make money. His property had taken wings, and sickness had brought him to the gates of death. There I found him unprepared, but the Lord had mercy upon him and raised him to life.

How dangerous to love the world, and disobey God!

November 26.—Preached in a new place, to a hard-hearted and stiff-necked people—almost barbarians in manners. Yet, God is able “of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.”

November 28.—Rode twenty-four miles and preached three times. God blessed the people and I felt some sweet comfort. My soul thirsteth for the fullness. How I long for the revival of God’s work amongst us! O, for a pure ministry, and a holy people! I fully believe our plans of operation are the best ever devised—the Itineracy—the Class, and Prayer-meeting. Our doctrines are the truth of God—our Discipline scriptural; but what of all these! The devil may believe them and be a devil still. I may believe them, and be nothing but a “sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.”

January 1, 1818.—This day I feel like starting afresh for Heaven. Rode fifteen miles and preached twice. The Lord attended His word with power.

January 12.—For a week past, have traveled many miles, and preached ten sermons. The Lord clothed His word with authority. O, what a height and depth in the religion of Jesus! The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin.

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At the Conference held May 6, 1818, I was sent

to Newburgh. The Circuit was divided: a young man was sent to the western part, and Brother E. W. and myself to the eastern part which retained the old name of Newburgh Circuit, while the other was called Sullivan. My colleague had charge, and proved a father to me. We labored in great peace and harmony, and had some success in winning souls. We paid off every claim, and had a surplus of ninety dollars.

No special notes kept of the year 1818—so little variety, so little to edify. But they are resumed, to help memory, to increase my gratitude for mercies received, and that by looking at the past, I may be prompted to do better in the future.

Conference of 1819 was held in the City of Troy. Here I was ordained Elder, by Bishop Roberts, and stationed on New Windsor Circuit. I was received with every mark of respect and kindness. There are many good members in the Society; but, O, how is experimental and practical religion neglected! In many places, family and secret prayer, and prayer-meetings are unknown. Heart-searching preaching, and strict but wise and mild discipline are much needed.

July 10, 1819.—To-morrow, God willing, I must declare the counsel of God in this place, for the first time. O, for power and grace!

July 11.—Spent last evening in reading, and wrestling with God on my knees, and sometimes prostrate on my face. I had some sense of my own nothingness, and my need of a deeper con-

formity to the word and will of God. I slept little, but prayed much. To-day have preached twice—spoke plain, close words—baptized one woman and one child—received two into Society who were awakened on Newburgh Circuit when I was there.

July 12.—Preached in the morning from Rom. vi. 22, to a small, loving Society. We had a shout among God's people. In the evening, preached from Rom. vii. 24—heavy work! Cold, hard-hearted professors are no help to a preacher.

How is it possible that any person, possessing the love of God, can suppose that He could, for His own pleasure or the glory of His justice, have reprobated from all eternity one, much less, millions of souls, to everlasting perdition? It cannot be so. The thought is shocking and blasphemous, without any foundation in the Word of God. It is contrary to justice and goodness, opposed to reason and common sense; therefore false. But this horrid doctrine necessitates that of particular, unconditional election of a certain and definite number of persons to eternal life; therefore the latter, as well as the former, is untrue. God, of His own infinite mercy and goodness, has made salvation possible for all, and has offered it to all. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." This promise is not given to deceive men with a show of mercy, while there is a black decree of reprobation kept back in the dark. No, no, the Almighty is sincere, and in earnest with

His creatures. Therefore He cries—"Turn ye, for why will ye die; I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Salvation is suspended on the condition of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." This is the decree of High Heaven.

July 17.—Rode nine miles, preached, and read and explained the Discipline—then rode six miles and preached in the evening to a large congregation; a mixed multitude; more than the house could hold. The people of this place have been much opposed to the Methodists; but prejudice is melting away, and truth prevails. After preaching rode three miles and retired to rest about one in the morning.

July 24.—My wife has been very ill with inflammation of the lungs. She bore it with patience and resignation. O how good to have God with us in affliction! I could submit the whole to Him. My wife is a helpmeet indeed. Thank God for such a help! The grace of God is my only support in such an awful trial—through Christ I can and do suffer all things. Watched seven nights in succession with my dear, afflicted wife—Jesus was with me.

July 26.—Had to leave my sick family in the care of friends, commended them to God, and was off to do His work. Yesterday preached twice. The God of Jacob made me bold; the Lord

poured out His spirit, sinners wept all around me, while the hearts of God's children overflowed with joy and gladness. How rich is the truth of the Gospel of Christ!

July 28.—Severe pain in my head caused by riding in the hot sun, and intense study, both before and after riding. I felt dull and heavy. O, when shall Zion prosper! The mass of religious professors rest in the letter without the Spirit—many, very many, have not even the *form* of godliness. If they would awake, and put their shoulders to the work, how soon we should see sons and daughters born unto God! I feel poor and helpless. Lord, make bare Thine arm; for vain is the help of man. I am blind, be Thou my sight! I am ignorant, be Thou my wisdom! I am weak, be Thou my strength! I am guilty, be Thou my righteousness! O, blessed Lord Jesus! Thou art my *all*—to Thee will I submit—Thee will I love, worship and serve. I here give Thee my whole self—body, soul and spirit, for time and eternity—no more than my reasonable duty. Oh! what condescension in Thee, that Thou shouldst accept such an unworthy offering. I am employed in the most awful, the most glorious and important work that can engage an immortal mind—an Ambassador for Jesus Christ! Tremendous thought! Who is sufficient for these things? Our sufficiency is of God, who can make us able ministers of the New Testament.

July 29.—Unwell in body, but have firm confi-

dence in God. Rode fourteen miles and preached twice. Souls were blessed, and I rejoice.

July 30.—The pain in my head continues, but by the grace of God I am enabled to prosecute my labors. Must preach twice to-day. Lord, help! I live by prayer and faith. I make it my constant duty to pray in secret five times a day, some days much oftener. Prayer is the breath of the pious soul; without its constant use, no person can maintain his religion. We might as well attempt to support natural life without food, as spiritual life without faith and prayer—not as a mere form, but with holy earnestness striving, wrestling with the God-Man until we prevail. O, what delight it brings to the soul! How good to converse with God, through Christ Jesus, by the Holy Spirit! O Lord, bless my dear, sick wife at home. Be her Physician and Comforter!

July 31.—Rode thirty miles by eleven o'clock, to attend our Quarterly Meeting. The Lord was with His people. Saturday and Sunday were both precious days.

August 5.—Kept my bed until time for meeting, then rose and preached; after which formed a Female Mite Society for the benefit of our superannuated preachers.

August 6.—Kept my bed until two o'clock, then rode seventeen miles and preached.

August 9.—Preached twice yesterday, and twice to-day, besides attending to other duties, but am very feeble.

August 15.—On Wednesday the eleventh, I came to the house of my dear friend, N. S. I was dangerously ill, and a Doctor was sent for, who seemed very much alarmed; but the disease yielded to powerful remedies, and by the blessing of God I was up again in a few days. The good friends nursed me as if I had been their own son. In all my affliction my mind was kept in perfect peace. To-day, though feeble, preached twice, and was strengthened—blessed be the Lord for all His mercies! O, how comforting when one is sick, to look back on a life spent in the service of God!

August 17.—With my family once more. The friends were very kind during my absence. May the Lord reward them a hundred-fold!

August 29.—The Holy Sabbath, blessed day! It carries back the mind to the day when the morning stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy at the finishing of the mighty work of Creation, as it stood forth in all its beauty, harmony and grandeur. Also, to the more astonishing work of Redemption, when Jesus declared Himself to be the Son of God with power, by His resurrection from the dead. “’Twas great to speak a world from naught, but greater to Redeem.” It is also a type of the rest of faith in this life, and points forward to that rest which remains for the people of God in Heaven. Preached twice—one young woman found peace and joined Society; several others promised to serve

the Lord. Our prospects on the Circuit are brightening—congregations are large, and attentive to the Word. Many of God's dear children are mightily stirred to work for Christ, and many sinners are awakened.

August 30.—Came home and found all well. I need as much grace to live by faith at home, as when preaching.

September 3.—For three days have been visiting the several neighborhoods around. Preached once on Christian Perfection, from Psalms xxxvii. 37. Explained and enforced the doctrine. The people were wide awake to the subject, and from information afterward received, they were satisfied it was the truth. To give one's assent to Gospel truth, and yet live without feeling its power and influence in the heart, and without showing forth its fruit in the life, will profit us nothing. To plead for sin in the heart or life, is to plead the cause of hell, and to take part with the devil.

September 12.—The week past, have attended Camp-meeting. The God of Glory was with us. This was the greatest Camp-meeting I ever attended; hundreds were at one time crying for mercy, and fell like men slain in battle. The fruits of this meeting were the conversion of more than three hundred souls. The flame spread in every direction. O, what power my soul felt!

October 6.—Full of labors, day and night: too much for the body, but I present it a living sacrifice to the service of Christ. Yesterday was a day

of toil. In traveling through the woods, lost my way and had to climb a terrible mountain, steep, and full of ledges of rocks, sometimes on my hands and knees, leading my horse. How the creature reached the top, I can hardly tell, though "Kate" is the best horse I ever knew. The good Providencé of God was over us, and about seven o'clock in the evening I came to a settlement.

October 8.—Preached from 1 Thess. iv. 2. God owned and blessed His word to the people, who groaned for sanctifying love. I think the work of sanctification is reviving among Christians. When believers are in full stretch for holiness, look out for a work of God in all its branches.

October 11.—Sweet day. Spoke for God three times, besides riding a number of miles. My soul was happy—believers shouted for joy, and sinners wept for sin. The God of Israel is reviving His work. Glory to His Holy Name!

October 19.—Just returned from our Quarterly Meeting. O, what a time of power! On Saturday, sinners trembled while saints rejoiced. The Lovefeast on Sunday was like Heaven. The brethren spoke with life, and the Lord filled the house with glory. The morning service was glorious and awful, twenty-two came around the altar for prayers—the mother and the daughter were there side by side.

October 25.—This was a high day of the Lord's power. He is raining righteousness upon the peo-

ple. Many are under deep conviction for sin, and groaning for deliverance.

November 1.—Yesterday and the day before were days of great power and joy. Though the labor was hard, the Lord supported me, enabling me to preach twice on Saturday and the Sabbath—attend Lovefeast, administer Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Glory to God, for such seasons of refreshing!

November 15.—During the past week have traveled much, and preached seven times. This evening heard a Baptist preach. I thought there was much confusion and corruption in his discourse, and felt it my duty to ask him, before the people, for an explanation, which he reluctantly attempted to give; but after all, seemed rather ashamed of his attempt, and left it to his deacon to finish, who soon thought it time to go home. I fear the good work may be blasted in its beginning by the determined opposition of other denominations. If they were fair and open in their opposition, I would not complain; but there appears so much duplicity, if not hypocrisy, in their proceedings, that charity will hardly cover them.

November 27.—This morning had a short debate with a Calvinist. I found him an inconsistent, self-contradictory predestinarian. At first he said he understood the doctrines well, but after a while confessed he could not explain them. I thought so, too, and soon left him to go on my way. O, to what absurdities does error drive men! Holy

Spirit, be Thou my light, that I may be led into all truth, and not come into condemnation!

November 29.—I feel this day that I hate sin, and the very appearance of evil. Though sorely tempted, I have had strength from God to resist the fiery darts of Satan. I realize that temptation is not sin: “resist the devil, and he will flee from you”—“draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you.”

December 9.—For some time past have preached nearly every day—some days twice and thrice. I firmly believe were I more holy, more lost in God, more filled with heavenly love, I should be more useful. Oh! if I do not awake, I fear the blood of souls will be found on my garments. O Lord God, hear my cry—have mercy on Thy poor, helpless servant! Let this desire of my heart be granted for Jesus’ sake. Sanctify me throughout—body, soul, and spirit, and fill me with Thy perfect love.

December 13.—Left home for a long tour. I have some sense of my unworthiness—self must be abased—man must lie in the dust. “Be clothed with humility.” In controversy we cannot guard too strictly against self and bitter feelings. It will not do to defend a good cause in a bad spirit. We must be meek and lowly—“wise as serpents, harmless as doves.”

December 17.—Yesterday preached twice. In the evening twenty-three persons under awakenings, remained in Class. This evening I heard a

sermon from a Calvinistic preacher. The people here, say that “he has the people in a Presbyterian pot, and stirs them with a Methodist stick!” I rather think if it were not for the Methodist stick they would do very little stirring. If souls are converted—persevere unto death and reach Heaven, I rejoice, let who will be the instrument. Let the Lord send by whom He will send: to Him be all the glory. I staid with a Baptist friend, and had a very pleasant visit.

December 20.—But little time for study and mental improvement. Without constant Divine aid I shall fall. How much grace, knowledge, and prudence are necessary for a minister; especially for an itinerant who is preaching once and twice every day. In the evening preached from Matthew xx. 16, to a house full of people. This was a new place—many had never before heard a Methodist preacher, and it so happened that I took the same text that a Presbyterian had taken only the night before. He preached Calvinism, and the people were displeased. When they heard me explain it, they appeared much gratified, and I trust were profited. I find the people generally like our doctrines, if we do controvert theirs, and show the blackness of reprobation. Some, however, look upon us with great suspicion, as deceivers, and shut their houses and school-houses against us. The Lord forgive them, and open their eyes to see. I can and will love them; and, by the grace of God assisting me,

will go on preaching Christ, whether they will hear or forbear. Duty is my business—the event is with the Lord.

December 25.—Have been sick for several days, and in consequence, have missed four appointments. This gives me pain, for one disappointment does much harm.

December 31.—For the last few days have spoken once or twice a day—riding against the north-west wind, through storms and banks of snow. The Lord has been my support. My health improves wonderfully; so I thank God, and take courage.

1820—1821.

A Retrospect, and Self-Dedication.—Synopsis of a Sermon on the Doctrine of Election.—“How can I Teach Others what I know not Myself?”—A Severe Conflict.—The Old Fatalist.—Superannuated Preachers, and the Missionary Cause.—“Hush, my Soul, Persevere, be Patient.”—Mourning over the Sins of the People.—Satisfaction in the Performance of Duty.—Error Refuted.—Conference in New York City.—Sudden Illness.—Kind Friends.—The Work on Windsor Circuit.—A Defender of the Truth.—Remarkable Results of a Camp-Meeting.—Labors; Trials; Triumphs.—Not Idle at Home.—Utility of Family Prayer-Meetings.—Sinners coming to Christ.—Final Perseverance of the Saints.—The Ninth of Romans.—Reasons for Reading the Westminster Confession of Faith to the People.—Arguments on the Doctrine of General Redemption.



ANUARY, 1820.—I commence this year with pain of body, and a degree of pressure of mind. This is not without cause: unfaithfulness during the past year, my present lack of inward holiness, the want of activity and zeal in the discharge of duty—these, with some other painful reflections, make me grieve. Still my heart is fixed on the service of God in Christ Jesus—whose I am, and in whom I live and have my being. To Him I desire now to dedicate myself anew, with all I am and have; and resolve to engage more heartily in seeking, living, and preaching holiness. O, that my gracious God, my only Advocate, would forgive the past, and renew my whole soul in the image of Him who created me;

and I do here covenant to serve Him with my whole life. Amen.

February 5.—Preached almost every day for a month past—generally twice a day; sometimes three times. Have had sweet seasons—have seen some souls converted to God, and many of the Church greatly encouraged. When I preach holiness with all my heart, through faith in the blood of Jesus, the Lord blesses both my own soul and the souls of the people. It is His truth—He will bless His own word.

February 7.—Yesterday was a day of labor. Preached three times—twice on the Doctrine of Election, from 1 Peter i. 2.

I. Explained the Scriptural Doctrine of Election:—1, Of particular persons to fill certain offices: 2, National Election—this, the golden key to unlock the 9th chapter of Romans: 3, The Election of Character: 4, The Election to Glory.

II. Pointed out the difference between the Scriptural doctrine and the Calvinistic doctrine of Election. God owned His word.

This is a stormy day. My horse being lame, I tarried at home, and found that company interrupted my studies and devotions. How much watchfulness and prayer is needed to live close with God!

February 10.—A tremendous snow-storm, but succeeded in reaching my appointment—no meeting, the snow too deep for the people to come. I find more grace is wanting; but on close exami-

ation realize that I do love God more than houses or lands, brothers or sisters, father or mother, wife or children : yet when I look into the Gospel fullness, I see lengths, breadths and heights of religion which I have not attained. How can I teach others what I know not myself? Religion is an experimental verity, and no man can teach it to others unless he has it himself: it will be the "blind leading the blind."

February 11.—The snow is very deep, my horse is lame, and I had to leave her. Sometimes I travel on foot—sometimes catch a ride, and sometimes my friends carry me. The Lord reward them for their kindness. I mourn more for the coldness of the Church than the coldness of the weather. Thank God for the good that has been done; but my soul has groaned, ever since I have been on this Circuit, for a general outpouring of the Spirit, and I expect it yet.

March 13.—Preached yesterday in the afternoon to a few loving souls. In the evening heard Mr. D. preach from Romans viii. 18. He told us much about the wickedness of believers, but did not point out any way of deliverance until death should come to do the work. It seemed to me this was daubing with untempered mortar. Does not the blood of Jesus cleanse from all sin? Shall Death have the glory of putting the finishing touch to the great work of Salvation? I am now comfortably situated with Bro. J. O. a godly family; but O, how stupid I feel!

Ill in body, and weighed down in spirit, Satan thrusts sorely at me; but the Lord stands by me, and through Him I overcome. I have a comfortable room to myself. Here I can study—an employment I love, but for which I have little time and few conveniences. Yet I need it much. Sometimes I have such a sense of my lack of human learning, which is so essential to a right understanding, and successful preaching of the Word of God, that I am strongly tempted to desist from preaching, and locate. At times my mind is awfully distressed—then again I think God has called me to this work, my brethren here give their sanction to this call, the Lord has blessed me in it, and hundreds of souls have been converted. After all—am I mistaken? Am I deceived? Have I run without being sent? What an awful thing to enter the Gospel ministry without being called by God! Query—Would God call any man to this great work, without qualifying him for it? Is human learning a necessary qualification? I lack this; therefore have I been deceived with respect to my call to the ministry? What shall I do? I would not, for my life, willingly err in this important matter. I will fly to the Throne of Grace. O, God of Truth, show me Thy will, and I am ready, I think, to do it. Thou canst not require two things in direct opposition to each other of thy poor servant. If it is Thy will that I should stop, O, let me know it! If it is Thy will that I should continue, Thy will be done. I seek not

my own honor, ease, nor wealth; but Thy glory, and the good of others. Help, O Lord, in this time of sore trial!

After full consideration of the whole subject I am firmly persuaded that God has called me, by the Holy Spirit, to preach the Gospel. Learning or no learning, then, I will, by the grace of God, go on. Let me be the least among the brethren if I can be useful.

March 24.—Preached twice—in the evening, to a crowded house, from Isaiah 1. 18, on the government of God, in opposition to the view of Predestinarians—had liberty in speaking. One old fatalist said I had pleaded like a lawyer, and made the subject clear and plain; yet he would persist in asserting that God does everything—good and bad. So true it is that the “god of this world blinds the minds of those that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine into their hearts.” How hard to relinquish a favorite notion, even when convinced that it is wrong.

March 27 —After preaching twice, rode twelve miles to see my family, and remained with them two days; then spent two days in forming Societies for the purpose of raising money to relieve the wants of our superannuated preachers, and help forward the blessed Missionary Cause—a cause which delights my heart. I pray for its prosperity.

April 6.—How I long to see the work of God revive; to this end I direct all my studies; for this I labor both day and night. When, O, when shall

Truth prevail in the land! O, Lord God of Hosts, stretch forth Thine arm to save poor sinners! Fill my heart with holy love and zeal!

April 9.—The good Lord helped His poor servant, and the Word was with power and demonstration of the Spirit. After preaching three times, retired about midnight in peace of mind, but too weary to sleep.

April 10.—Returned to my family. My dear wife is in a feeble state of health, but the Lord is our help; we will put our trust in Him, and go on. Several things transpired this week by which I lost ground. I prayed and cried to the Lord, and found Him near to help me.

April 16.—I spoke plain, pointed words, and hope for fruit. I think the word reached the hearts of the hearers. O, for a revival of the work in these parts. We hear of it all around us; when will it visit New Windsor Circuit? I mourn, weep, pray, preach, and endeavor to be faithful in private, personal, and public reproof and instruction, in my feeble way. I fear I am no more useful, because I know no more. I am ignorant because I am too indolent. I have no one to help me in my studies, and it is hard work to dig out everything alone, and be constantly riding and preaching. Hush, my soul, persevere—be patient!

April 20.—These are days of peculiar trial. My soul mourns within me because of the inattention of the people in general to religion—the indolence and neglect of many who should be bright and

shining lights—the prevalence of vice, and many other things are sources of grief to any pious mind; especially to the true minister of the Lord Jesus. The cause of Truth is my cause; the interests of Christ are my interests. When they are hurt I am hurt; when they suffer I suffer; when they prosper, I rejoice. Some are feeding their souls on the husks of this world's pleasures; some are wallowing in the mire of sensuality; others are lolling in ease and self-indulgence. A few make God their portion, and seek Heaven as their home. Happy few! But all are going to the Bar of God to Judgment. What a day that will be, when all nations shall stand before the Throne of Christ, the Eternal Judge. Some will be raised to Glory—all the rest thrust down to Hell!

April 24.—Returned home. My wife is feeble—it is a great trial for me to leave her so much. Lord, Thy will be done! Give us grace to submit cheerfully to all Thy righteous will in this world, that at the last we may have a rest with Thy people, and an inheritance with them who are sanctified.

May 16.—Stormy—but being resolved on duty, which is the only path of safety, I pushed forward and rode through the rain to my appointment. No people—what of that? My duty is one thing, the duty of the people is another. We had prayers with the family—Jesus was precious; but I found that too much talk was unprofitable. Lord,

help me to tame my tongue; keep my thoughts on God, and have my conversation in Heaven.

May 21.—Preached three times, and heard a Presbyterian preach at five o'clock. He taught the people that God governs men by the same laws, and according to the same principles, that He controls the sun, moon, earth, and all material things. If so, where, then, is man's responsibility? To me such a doctrine appears repugnant to reason, to Scripture, and irreconcilable with a day of future judgment: for if man is not a free agent, and governed by moral laws, he cannot be capable of either virtue or vice; and therefore is not accountable any more than the water-wheel which turns by the irresistible force of the water.

June 1.—Attended the Conference held in the City of New-York. We had a loving, harmonious session. Received my appointment to New Windsor Circuit again. During my passage up the Hudson river, on my way home, was violently attacked with Cholera-morbus, and came near dying for want of help. I was landed at New Windsor insensible, in which condition I remained several days. By the blessing of kind friends, a good physician, and the mercy of God, I revived, and found myself at a public-house kept by a Presbyterian friend. They were as kind to my wife and me as though we had been their own children. Neither they nor the Doctor would accept one farthing for all their kindness and trouble. I can never forget their work of Christian love.

May the Lord reward them in the day of the Lord Jesus! I find afflictions to be mercies in disguise. "Behind a frowning Providence, He hides a smiling face." As soon as I could be removed I was taken to the house of an old friend, where I staid until I was able to go home.

June 21.—Began my labors last Sabbath. Though very feeble preached twice. The Lord has commenced a powerful work. It is supposed that from one to two hundred are under awakenings.

June 28.—Traveled part of the way to my appointment. Being too feeble to go on, had to stop, and remain all night. It grieves me to disappoint a congregation.

July 25.—Preached twice, but I fear with little effect. We have great opposition in this place from our Presbyterian brethren. Their minister appointed his meeting at the school-house, the same time as ours. Now what shall be done? Why, the Lord provides! He opened the hearts of some gentlemen, who, seeing how we were treated, procured for us the Free-Mason's Hall: so we had a comfortable place for our meeting. When the old gentleman saw that we could get along without the use of the school-house, he left it and went to his church; but was careful to appoint his meeting the same night as ours: for the appointments on our large Circuit were so arranged that we could not change the time. He knew this, but I left him to his God, and his own pleasant reflections.

July 26.—Spent the day in study and in visiting the people. In the evening preached in the Court House at Goshen, from James i. 25. Defended the truth against Antinomian errors, and trust good was done. There has been very little, if any, preaching of Methodism in this place before.

July 31.—My little daughter has been sick, but the Lord had mercy on us, and restored her to health. I give up all to Him—all I am, all I have. I am bought with a price.

Staid one day with my family, and then visited Washingtonville, where the Lord is carrying on a great work among the people. The remark is often made, that “the Methodists shake the bush, and the Presbyterians catch the birds.” They resort to measures which I cannot and will not use. Speak the truth in love, and let men connect themselves where their convictions of duty lead them.

August 4.—Preached this evening to a house full of attentive hearers, from 2 Corinthians v. 14, 15. Two or three Calvinistic preachers were present; but the Lord enabled me to speak the word with power and great assurance. Eight persons joined Society, and I trust the work will prosper in spite of all opposition.

August 26.—Preached from Ephesians i. 9. A Baptist minister, a strong Calvinist, was present; but I must not shun to declare the truth through fear of man, nor to please man: so I endeavored to show “the mystery of His will” that had been

kept hid; also what God's predestination was, according to the Scriptures, and that the Calvinistic view was unscriptural—therefore false.

August 28.—Started for Camp-meeting held three miles north of Newburgh village. It continued until Friday morning, when we reluctantly left the place rendered dear to us by the presence and power of Christ. But it can never be forgotten. Though there were thousands on the ground, the best order prevailed. The preachers and people went into the work like men of God. The preaching was full of energy—convincing, instructive, and Scriptural; reaching the understanding and the heart, and was attended with such power to the souls of the people as I never before witnessed. Hundreds fell to the ground. The scene was sublime—sometimes awful. Hundreds, cut to the heart by the Sword of the Spirit, cried out as in the agonies of death, for God to have mercy upon them. Many a fond parent had a son or daughter, or both, converted at this meeting. Many praying children saw their parents converted—husbands and wives were on their knees, side by side, pleading for pardoning grace. Nor did they plead in vain. The Lord heard, salvation came, and the poor captives were set free. It was a scene awful as the Day of Judgment, yet glorious as the Resurrection Morning. I never felt such power, and never preached so decidedly against Calvinism. Some dislike Camp-meetings. I presume the devil dislikes such as this; but I

thank God that I ever saw one. It was ascertained that about three hundred conversions were the fruits of this meeting.

September 1.—Preached last evening in Washingtonville. The Lord was with us in power. In the Class-meeting six persons gave in their experience as having been converted at the Camp-meeting. In the past ten days have traveled much, preached eleven sermons, admitted twenty-four persons into Class. May the flame spread around the Circuit! This is what we have long prayed for.

September 30.—Preached in a Factory to a goodly number, from Eph. iii. 8, but felt shut up—no liberty of soul. These are times of trial, but necessary. The Lord hides our usefulness from us now, that the good done may appear what it really is; to be of Him, not of us.

October 3.—Have preached seven times this week. This evening God was with us, though it rained all day; thank God, light shone—truth triumphed, Satan roared, his kingdom trembled: I hope to see it fall.

October 4.—Still rainy and very dark at night; but I preached to a few from 1 John iv. 1. One poor bigot ran off. Nothing cuts so deep as truth. Those who cannot endure sound argument get mad and run; but there is a day coming from which they cannot escape.

November 21.—The first day of this month God gave us another daughter. For some days we

despaired of the life of the dear mother. It was a time of severe trial. I thought if the Lord should take away my good partner, what shall I do if left with three little children? Even the thought was no small trial of faith. But the Lord had mercy on her, and on us all, and raised her to the enjoyment of tolerable health. While at home I was not idle. The Lord was pleased to own my labors, and poured His Holy Spirit upon the people; several sinners were converted, and a general reformation has followed throughout our neighborhood. The little Society has already grown from four to twenty-seven members. In the evening preached a sermon on the doctrine of Election, about which there is no small stir just at this time. God owned His word to the comfort of His sincere people. One woman, especially, who had been for three weeks so troubled on the subject that she could scarcely eat, sleep, or work, and had well nigh lost her reason, was greatly blessed. In the midst of the discourse God shined into her soul; it was at once set at liberty, and she could bless and praise God for Redeeming love.

I rejoice that truth does and will prevail; but its enemies do foam and roar like a storm against me. Why should they, if God has fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass? Was not my preaching in the decree? I do not love controversy for its own sake; but I am willing to bear the cross for the sake of truth—to forfeit a good name and popularity, if so be that the cause of God is built

up, and souls saved from death. If they would come out and preach their own doctrine plainly to the people, as it is expressed in their books, they would save me the trouble of doing it. But they do not. I am sorry to say what seems to question their sincerity.

October 22.—I have found from experience the great utility of family prayer-meetings, and I would advise, where there are four or five in a family, to meet once or twice a week for this purpose, and let each one professing faith in Christ, pray. God will own and bless. We live with another family who have a large number of slaves, many of whom have been converted in the family prayer-meetings.

October 23.—Preached to a crowded house. God was with us. The work is progressing, and the prospect is truly glorious. I feel humbled under a sense of the goodness of God to me. O, how I do rejoice to see sinners come home to Christ! Ride on, Thou matchless Jesus, subdue Thy foes, and establish Thine own Kingdom of peace and love!

December 4.—Last Sabbath rode twenty-three miles, preached three times, met three Classes, and admitted four into Society. To-day preached on the final perseverance of the saints, and endeavored to show it was possible for a good man to depart from the faith, lose his gracious state, and perish forever. Arguments were drawn from the fact of man's being a probationer and possessed of free-will—the exhortations and warnings

addressed to believers in the Bible: the promises being made to character, and not to persons, therefore conditional—from various examples as, the Devil, Adam, Saul, Solomon, Judas, &c.—from plain Scripture proofs, and from the immutability of God.

December 28.—Stormy, but many came out, to whom I lectured on the 9th of Romans. Several declared that they received more light than they ever had before, on that apparently dark chapter, and controverted subject. After meeting rode twelve miles through the storm to see my family.

Controversy runs high in this age and place: when it will end, or what may be the result, Infinite Wisdom only knows. I most devoutly wish that the Lord's truth may prevail and finally triumph. I desire to exercise all long-suffering and good-will towards those whom I think mistaken in their views; but while I abhor what I consider error, I admire honesty and fair dealing. I can have full charity for a man who differs from me in opinion, when he is frank and open in his opposition; but this shuffling and seeking concealment I cannot endure, and must meet it with opposition and exposure.

December 31.—Preached in the morning from Rev. vi. 17; and then read the Westminster Confession of Faith to the people, for the following reasons. 1. The Calvinists themselves will not do it. 2. They frequently deny to the people that they have any such book, or hold any such doc-

trines. 3. They frequently charge us with misrepresenting their doctrines. 4. I wish to let the people hear and judge for themselves.

This being New Year's Eve, I rode about eight miles and attended Watch-night, which lasted until nearly two o'clock the next morning. The exercises commenced with a sermon from Bro. L—— on Mark xiii. 33. I followed with a short discourse from 1 Cor. viii. 29. A prayer-meeting succeeded, which was lively and powerful. We then commenced the New Year with a kind of Lovefeast, when as many as pleased, spoke of the dealings of God to their souls. It is judged there were present three hundred persons. I trust many will remember this meeting to their comfort in the Eternal World.

A FEW ARGUMENTS AND SCRIPTURE PROOFS ON THE
SUBJECT OF GENERAL REDEMPTION.

I consider that this subject is of the first importance to every soul of man. If *all* are not *redeemed*, I ask, *who* are? what *number* of men? Unless these questions can be answered the minister may be mistaken, and offer salvation to those for whom God never designed it. Every minister may say, perhaps all of my parish or town are the objects of God's mercy in Christ Jesus; therefore he feels authorized to offer salvation to them: but may we not reply (if partial redemption be true) perhaps *none* of your parish or town are included. Suppose we grant to every minister his claim, would not this make out a general atonement?

It may be said the *heathen* are those not embraced in God's covenant of mercy. If it be so, why then send Missionaries among them? It is preposterous to offer salvation to those not redeemed by Christ: we might as well offer it to devils, and with the same success.

Now suppose that Christ died for only a portion of the human family; i. e. for the *elect*, and all those for whom He died must and will be saved; most certainly those for whom He never tasted death, must be lost forever. Now, of what avail is preaching, according to this doctrine? I should think as the old negro did: "Me no see which is the biggest fool, de devil or de minister. De minister he try to get some away from the devil, and de devil he try to get some away from Christ; but neither can get any from each other, for God has given de devil all he can have, and he shall lose none—and to Christ all He shall have: poor devil cannot get one of them away."

Does not this doctrine tempt men to be careless and inattentive to their eternal interests? They conclude: "If I am to be saved I shall be, do what I will; and if I am to be lost I shall be, do what I can." Whatever may be said to the contrary, this is a fair and just conclusion drawn from the premises, which cannot be successfully denied.

Again—would not a preacher be exceedingly cramped, if he were to stick close to his theory of partial redemption? Would he not be under the necessity of telling his people that he could offer

Christ only to the *elect*, and would not many be tempted to stay at home, saying, "I will attend church no more, but will take all the comfort elsewhere that I can?"

But, allowing that Christ has died for *all* men, and thereby made salvation *possible to all*, (for this is what I wish to be understood by general redemption), the preacher has firm ground on which to stand and warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die." Here is an inexhaustible source from whence to draw his arguments: the infinite love of God, the fountain of Christ's blood poured out for their redemption—here he has full scope for invitation and warning. On this ground sinners are left without excuse. The way being open, nothing now hinders their salvation but their own obstinacy.

My first argument is drawn from this consideration: that Adam, both before and after the fall, was the representative of *all* mankind. Now, as Adam stood the representative of all mankind, in consequence of his disobedience *all* were "made sinners" in him. Because he transgressed the Divine prohibition, himself and all his posterity (then in his loins) were brought under condemnation, as we find in Rom. v. 18. Here we see that by the judgment of God, all were condemned for one man's offence. Now this condemnation was not personal, but in Adam: he was the personal transgressor, we were only seminal transgressors.

God made promise of mercy to Adam, while he stood the representative of all men, in these words: "The seed of the woman; &c." This was made to him as the head of the whole human family, and embraced *all* whom he represented. If it be said that the promise was made to none but those elected to be God's spiritual seed; I ask in what part of the Bible is the promise restricted to the elect?

St. Paul, (after showing us that all were condemned because of one man's offence) says, Rom. v. 18, "Even so, by the righteousness of one {Christ}, the free gift came upon *all* men, unto justification of life." Observe, it says, "*all men*," not all the elect. Are not reprobates men? If it can be proven that they are not *men*, but some other kind of being, that will alter the case materially. If this cannot be done, then we must understand that the "free gift" has come upon *all*, sinners and reprobates; for it came upon *all men*.

Here observe, the plaster is made as large as the wound. Adam had sinned, and all his posterity were judicially condemned; but God, through the plenitude of His *mercy*, provided a Substitute, a Remedy (Jesus), the "*free gift*." It originated wholly in God. His *own love* moved Him to give His Son to die for lost men. Men had nothing, and deserved nothing but eternal death—it is all a "free gift" from God.

We are also informed by St. Paul, that this "free gift came upon all men to justification of

life." What justification is this? Not personal—from our actual sins, certainly. But the text has some meaning. What is it? Let us in the first place ascertain the meaning of the *term* Justification. It means a "defence," a "vindication," "to absolve, to clear, to acquit of a crime."

Now, what is the crime or charge? Why, man has transgressed the law of God, and fallen under condemnation. Now, observe that "by the righteousness of one" (Christ); i. e. by the atonement made to Divine Justice by the death of Jesus Christ, all men are justified, absolved or discharged from *the condemnation* incurred in consequence of Adam's sin, so that now no man is personally guilty, merely for this sin.

It may be said that this way of handling the subject destroys the doctrine of depravity. By no means. We know that an individual who has received personal justification from all of his actual sins, feels frequently the effects of those sins in a ruined constitution, a family reduced to poverty, and powerful temptations and trials, in consequence of bad habits long persisted in, &c. But after his justification he feels no condemnation for his past sins; and if he stands fast in the faith by walking close with God, he shall not come into condemnation.

So we feel the effects of original sin—sickness, pain, death, and the corruption of our nature, which is very far gone from original righteousness, and inclined to evil continually. Yet we are not condemned for this.

If we live to the age of accountability, and do not seek to have our hearts washed from their defilement by faith in Christ, but neglect the means of grace and the offers of salvation; then we become *guilty*, and in effect approve of *Adam's* sin, and transfer his guilt to ourselves: or, we are as guilty for our neglect and infidelity as he was for his personal offence.

This justification by the “free gift” of Christ, is to “life” initial, or the beginning of life. All men are thus restored to a probationary state, and have the privilege of embracing salvation as offered under the new covenant. Glory to God for His love to lost and wretched man!

In the above Text and Argument we have presented two representations of *all men*: the one (Adam,) represents us in the transgression and fall; the other (Christ,) represents us in redemption, and the covenant of mercy made with the first man. Adam represents us in a natural sense, Christ Jesus in a spiritual sense. Christ as fully represents *all men* in-redemption, as Adam did in the fall. Therefore, if all died in him, Christ Jesus has died for *all men*. Let who can, prove to the contrary.

Second Argument.—Every man's personal existence is a proof that Jesus tasted death for *him*. Had not Christ died, or had not God entered into a covenant of mercy with man, Adam (according to his Maker's threatening) must have been cut off as, and when he sinned; and the human family,

then in his loins, must have perished with him; for the Divine threatening was, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." According to this sentence none could have a personal existence but those for whom Christ died, and whom He redeemed from the original curse.

Our original creation in Adam as our federal head, we owe to God's goodness as our Creator and Father; and here was the proper and only foundation of moral obligation on the part of Adam.

We owe, therefore, our very *existence* to the mercy of God as our Redeemer, in the unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Here is a strong argument why men should not serve *themselves*, but their *Redeemer*, who bought them with His blood. To Him be Glory both now* and forever! Three persons in one God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Let all that have breath praise Him! Amen, and Amen.

Third Argument.—Another proof that Christ has atoned for *all men* by His death on the cross, and also intercedes for them *all* in the Court of Heaven, is the continuation of our personal existence upon earth; for it is most certain that no sinner could stand, were it not for the mediation of Jesus at the right hand of God.

But can we suppose that He would intercede for those for whom He never tasted death? *Could* He? Would not Divine Justice cut the rebel down the very moment he transgressed the Law, or rebelled against the Divine Government? But

we see men on every side of us, daily offend God. Blasphemy stalks abroad in daylight; infidelity and neglect of the ordinances of the Lord's house are general; sin against God is *universal*; yet the sinner is spared year after year—the deserved blow of Divine Justice is suspended, and God's long suffering continued.

Why is this? I can give no more reasonable answer than this: Christ has died; God's mercy is exercised towards sinners for Christ's sake; on His account He “will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth.” “For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all.” 1 Tim. ii. 2, 4; Rom. ix. 32.

The Fourth Argument is founded on the relation which God sustains to His creatures, as Creator, Father and Preserver. As Father of the whole human family, which of His children could He have suffered to come into the world without the possibility of being happy? Which of them does He desire to suffer the pains of Eternal death? Answer, ye tender parents who have children under your fostering care—which of you could wilfully and with design, withhold the food necessary for the support of any one of your children? In their early years, when wholly dependent on your mercy, would you suffer them to starve to death in your sight? Do you shrink with horror at the thought?

Which of His creatures could the all-merciful

and most benevolent Father of all Spirits have destined to eternal pain? *Not one!* To assert the contrary, is to impeach the Divine character. Oh, my blessed Lord, open the eyes of men to see Thy truth as it is in Jesus!

We will now see what the Scriptures say on the subject. With the candid, the Word of God will have its full weight. My word is nothing, nor any other man's, unless we speak according to the Scriptures. Therefore, "let God be true, and every man (who contradicts Him,) a liar."

I shall produce only a few of the many passages that relate to this subject. The Holy Spirit, seeing it to be of the utmost importance to the salvation of a lost world, has made it plain to every sincere seeker after truth and salvation: though some have wrested it to their own destruction, as they do the other Scriptures.

The first Scripture which I produce is Isaiah liii. 6, 11, 12. "All we like sheep," &c. The 6th. verse it is supposed refers to the Jews—"we have all gone astray," &c., and the 11th and 12 verses to the Gentiles. "By His knowledge i. e. by His being *made known* as *Christ crucified* among the Gentiles, *He shall justify many*, (the Gentiles) *for He shall* (also) bear THEIR offences as well as OURS, the Jews," verse 4. Verse 12, "Because he hath *poured out* His soul unto death, and He bore the sin of MANY" (the Gentiles.)

We see in this chapter both Jews and Gentiles under sin, and Jesus pouring out His soul for, and bearing the iniquity of them *all*.

The second Scripture is St. John's Gospel, i. 29. "Behold the Lamb," &c. Here Jesus is compared to the Paschal Lamb offered under the Law—probably there is an allusion to the scape-goat. Lev. xvi. 10, 20, 21, 22.

Observe. It declares that He (Jesus) *takes away the sin* of the world—not sins, and it is not the sin of a few, nor of the *elect*, but of the world. Now, what does this mean, but that Christ Jesus shed His most precious blood for all mankind, and thereby took away the guilt of *Adam's* sin from his offspring.

The third Scripture is St. John's Gospel, iii. 14–18. "As Moses lifted up," &c. "For God so loved the *world*," &c. "For God sent not His Son into the *world* to condemn the *world*," &c. Here it appears necessary to give the real import of the term *world*. In its primitive meaning the word is applied to the whole system of Nature—in a restricted sense, to the habitable globe; and by a very easy metonymy of speech, *all the inhabitants of the earth*—the *whole human race*. This is its meaning in the verses just quoted.

We hear nothing of the *elect world* which some talk about; and, indeed, God's *elect*, as such, are never termed the *world*, but quite the reverse; for Jesus Christ says to such, "I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." John vi. 19.

From the above Scriptures we learn that God so loved the *world* of perishing men, *all men*, that

He gave His only begotten Son a sacrifice for them, that they might have life; "for God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, (it was already under condemnation) but that the world through him might be saved"—that salvation might be possible to all the world: and, as Moses lifted up the serpent, that poor perishing Israelites might be made whole, so now Jesus is extended on the pole of the Gospel, that poor sinners, stung with sin, may be healed, and have eternal life.

The fourth Scripture is St. Luke's Gospel, 2-10. Glorious news, straight from the Throne of God! Glory to God! Observe, it is to *all people*—to every individual of all nations. But what is the *news*? Read Luke ii. 11, 12. Why is this good news to *all people*, if this Saviour came to save only a part, and leave the rest to perish without hope? Suppose that fifteen men, all equally guilty, were bound in chains and shut up in a dungeon, and the Governor of this State issues a proclamation that five or ten of them shall be released, and the others left in chains; would this be good news to all the fifteen? I think not. But suppose the proclamation gave all the prisoners the offer of going out if they chose, yet contained some secret information to the jailor to keep on the chains of a part of the prisoners, and on no account to suffer them to escape. Would this, when properly understood by the prisoners, be good news to all? Would it not aggravate their misery?

Thanks be unto God, He does not treat His

creatures in this way. He is sincere in all His proclamations of mercy to man, and has sent Jesus, the Son of His love, to “open the prison doors to them that are bound,” to bring them out of the prison-house, and “proclaim liberty to the captives.”

We will now receive the joint testimony of the Apostolic Epistles.

First, ST. PAUL; hear him.

Rom. xi. 32. “For God hath concluded them *all* in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon *all*.” If Christ Jesus has not died for all, how can God show mercy to them *all*? Is there any other way that He can exercise His mercy than that of Jesus Christ? I know of none.

2 Cor. v. 14, 15. “For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge,” &c. Notice here four things. 1, All were dead. 2, That one (i. e. Christ) died for all who were dead. 3, The obligation arising from the consideration that Christ died for us *all* and rose again; that we are not our own, for we are bought with a price; therefore we should not live to ourselves but unto Him who died for us. 4, The principle which constrained Paul thus to speak—the *love of Christ*.

It is a conceded point among Christians, that all have sinned. In the fourteenth verse St. Paul takes it for granted that Christ died for all, and founds the doctrine of Universal Depravity on that truth. In the fifteenth verse he affirms most positively that He died for *all*. 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4, 5.

“For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have *all* men to be saved,” &c

Observe. Jesus did not die for devils, but for *men—all men*. Who, with this Scripture before them, can doubt for a moment that Christ died for *all men*! But none are so blind as those who *will not see*. The Lord give understanding!

Titus ii. 11. “For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation to *all men*, hath appeared.” If Christ had not died for *all men*, could the grace of God bring them salvation? Observe—it does not say all the elect, but *all men*. Heb. ii. 9. “That He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.” Observe—for *every man*: of course for reprobates, and sinners of every class and name, unless it can be shown that they are not *men*.

Second, ST. PETER; hear him.

2 Peter iii. 9. “The Lord is not willing,” &c. Here, we have the will of the Lord expressly stated. First—He is not willing that any should perish. Second—He is willing that all should come to repentance. Third—This is the reason He *bears* with sinners *so long*. Now could the Almighty cause many men to come into the world without the possibility of eternal happiness, and say that He doth not will that any should perish; or could He will that *all* should come to repentance, if He had not opened the gate of repentance to all? It is through the free grace of God, in the gift of His Son, that the door of mercy is open to

poor lost sinners. O, read the Word of God without Calvinistic spectacles, and you will see that He is loving to every man, and that His tender mercies are over all His works.

Third. ST. JOHN; hear him.

1 John ii. 2. "And He (Jesus Christ) is the propitiation," &c. Glorious testimony! What language could be more full and explicit—"for *our* sins," (Jews and Apostles)—*also*, for "the sins of the *whole* world," (Gentiles, Sinners, Reprobates)—all may come to God through this Atonement, by faith, and live. Glory to God in the Highest; let Heaven and Earth praise Him!

ST. JUDE; hear him.

St. Jude i. 3. "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the *common* salvation," &c. Which *all* may have through faith in Christ Jesus.

Was there ever a more respectable body of witnesses brought to prove any one point of doctrine? Would not this weight of evidence be sufficient to decide any point, in any Court of Justice; specially, if there were no contradictory evidence? I think there is none in the Bible. Where does it state that Jesus died for only a part of the race—or that He did not die for the whole world—or that He died only for the elect?

While we have Christ, John the Baptist, the Angels of God, the Apostles of our Lord, and the Prophets on our side, we shall stand when tried.

I shall now add a few texts which the reader

may consult, that will help to establish his faith in God, and in His truth. Matt. xviii. 11; Luke xix. 10; Psa. cxlv. 9, 17, 18; Ezek. xviii. 32; xxxiii. 11; Rom. x. 12, 13; v. 18; viii. 31, 32; Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7; Num. xiv. 18; Psa. ciii. 8; Neh. ix. 17; 1 Chron. xvi. 34, 41; Jon. iv. 2; John i. 9; Rev. xxii. 17; iii. 20; Isa. lv. 1, 6, 7; Mark xvi. 15; Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; Luke xxiv. 47; Isa. lx. 1-5; 2 Cor. v. 20, 21; Is. lxi. 1, 2, 3; lxii. 1, 2; Matt. xxiii. 37. Many more of similar import might be brought, but I think these sufficient to show that God is long-suffering, full of mercy, and unwilling that any should perish.

I will now give a Scriptural answer to a common objection brought against the doctrine that I have endeavored to illustrate, viz. If Christ has died for all men, why are not all saved? Did God act without design when He gave His Son to die for men?


First. Did God act without design. *Second.* If Christ died for all, why are not all saved? To the first I answer: "No." But what was His design? 1. To give His Son a sacrifice for a lost and wretched world. 2. That Jesus, by His death should make salvation possible for all men. 3. That this salvation should be suspended on the terms proposed in the Gospel, viz. Repentance and Faith. 4. That he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.

To the second, I answer in Christ's words: "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life."

Another reason is: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. But ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh," &c. The Book of God is full of such reasons, and here is the reason why all are not saved—they refuse the provision which God has made, and so perish of necessity.

1821-1822.

A Record of the Month of January.—“Our Song and our Trust; the Lord will provide.”—Severe Snow-Storm.—“The Devil Mad.”—Two Services in the School-House.—Singular Case.—The Work of God in Bellvale.—Slaves Converted.—“Uncle Joe.”—An Estimate of Calvinism.—“Let me cease at once to work and live.”—“Left Calvinism bleeding.”—Narrow Escape from Death.—How Rest-Weeks are employed.—“Through Cold, and Snow, and Mud.”—No Small Trial.—Constantly on the Wing.—Conference at Troy, N. Y.—Appointed to John St. Church, New York City.—Effects of City Life on Mind and Body.—Destructive Gale.—At Camp-Meeting.—Severe Spiritual Conflicts.—Reflections on the Atonement.—Duane Street.—An Old Pioneer.—A Trip to Jersey.—Depressed in Spirit.—An Extemporized Presiding Elder.

ANUARY 1.—This day I wish to set out afresh for Heaven. I see the great lack of vital godliness among professors of religion generally, and I find a great lack in my own soul. O when shall I arise and shine! I want a heart cleansed from all sin, and a life wholly devoted to Christ and the Church.

Rode about twenty miles in the cold north-west wind, and preached to a housefull of poor ignorant sinners. But one of their souls is worth more than ten thousand such worlds as this; for when this earth is blotted out of being, the immortal soul will *live* in heaven or hell. Can I do or suffer too much to save one such soul, for whom Christ died?

Wednesday, 3.—Labored with my hands to make provision for my family during my absence. A

man needs much grace and faith to leave all, and be an itinerant Methodist Preacher—to have a growing family, and depend on the cold hand of charity for their maintenance; for many think that what they pay the preacher is given away. We must work hard, get but little, and not only not murmur, but be content and very thankful for that little. But this is our song and our trust: “The Lord will provide.”

Sunday, 7.—Snow fell about eighteen inches deep on the level. But few have courage to pass through such storms to hear preaching. I broke the roads about nine miles, and arrived home almost chilled through. The Lord does support and strengthen me in a wonderful manner.

Tuesday, 9.—Rode twenty-six miles and preached from Luke i. 74, 75, to a few people who were waiting for me. I trust some good was done, though I felt dull and heavy in mind. Here is my duty and God’s requirements, and I must obey, let my feelings be what they may. If they lag behind, I must lash them forward; if they run too fast, I must hold them in check.

Thursday, 11.—Visited to-day from house to house. If a preacher would be useful he must make himself acquainted with the people at their homes. This is a great cross, but a great blessing will attend it.

Sunday, 21.—Attended Quarterly Meeting on the Newburgh Circuit at New Paltz, where they have a neat little church. The Presiding Elder preached on

Saturday, and two other preachers exhorted. I was called on to preach to-day to a multitude of people. It was a great cross to take the place of the Presiding Elder, when he was present; but the Lord helped me.

Wednesday, 24.—The cold was never known to be more intense in this country. However, I went to my appointment and spoke in the evening to a few hearers; then rode four miles to the house of my good friend, N. S.

Thursday, 25.—Still very cold, but went on. My wife and a sick child being with me, made the ride exceedingly tedious. But the Lord was very good to us. I drove twenty-one miles, and spoke in the evening to a few gathered around the fire-side. It was a precious time. Blessed be the Lord for all His benefits!

Sunday, 28.—Preached this morning from, “What must I do to be saved?” The Divine Power was eminently manifested—sinners wept for mercy, while saints shouted aloud for joy. This day will, I trust, be long remembered. In the afternoon preached from Acts iii. 19. The Glory of God filled the house.

Wednesday, 31.—Spoke at Warwick yesterday, from Matt. xxii. 12. The devil was mad. If nothing more was done, *that* is better than nothing. Came here to-day to my appointment, and found that the Presbyterian minister had an appointment at the same time and place—the school-house. I concluded that, under the circumstances, he whose

appointment had been first made, ought to preach. It was decided that his was first, though many doubted. So he had it all to himself; for he neither invited me to exhort nor to pray. When he had finished, I told the people, as it was yet early in the evening, if they would stay, I would give them a sermon. They all staid except the minister and eight or ten of his church, and we had a blessed time. God gave us the Water of Life freely. This minister did all he could to hedge up my way, and prevent the people from hearing me preach; but he could not succeed, and the result of his opposition was, that he was dismissed, and went "to seek a living where he could find a place."

February 25.—Preached in Sugar-loaf Valley, at two o'clock, from Eph. ii. 8. The power of God came down on the congregation, and many wept. In class-meeting our souls were filled with the love of God. One woman fell, and lay from five in the afternoon until seven the next morning—about fourteen hours. She was stiff as a stake the whole time, except a short interval, about twelve o'clock, when she sufficiently revived to shout "Glory to God!" I asked her in the morning if she felt any pain or weariness, after lying so long in one position. She answered: "None." This was a singular case; I merely state the fact.

Monday, 26.—In the evening heard William Seymour, a colored man, exhort. It was truly surprising to witness the power and utterance the Lord gave to one so unlearned. Though his skin was as

black as ebony, he had a soul as white as snow, washed in the blood of Jesus. In the afternoon we had a glorious class-meeting—six joined Society. Most of them had been Calvinists for years, but now were made free by the Truth.

Bellvale, where my family resides, was the most dry and barren place I ever saw. There were only one man and five women in Society when we came to live among them; now the whole neighborhood is on fire, and the work of God is general and powerful. I never witnessed a greater change in a place. About thirty-five have joined Class. The work began under a sermon preached against Calvinism.

The man in whose house we live owns quite a number of slaves. All the adults had been converted, except one old man, who was so stupid and ignorant, nothing seemed to move him. I often endeavored to enlighten him, but he gave no signs of feeling. One day when I came home, his master said to me:

“Joe is sick; I wish you would go and see him.”

I went, and asked how he did. He made some reply, and I said:

“You had better take some medicine.”

“No,” said he “I don’t want any.”

I looked at him, the sweat was pouring down his swarthy face like rain.

I said, “Joe, what ails you?”

“O I’m a great sinner!”

“Why,” said I, “it is conviction for sin! You must seek the Lord, and give your heart to Christ.”

The secret which had long slept in the old man's bosom was out, and the fountains of his poor soul were broken up. I told his Master that Joe was not sick, but in great distress on account of his sins, and said :

“Come, let us go and pray for him.”

We did so, and Joe was soon out of bed, though his distress continued for several days. At last, the Lord Jesus liberated his soul, and Joe became a bright Christian. He lived such for many years, and died in the Lord. I thought then I would never be discouraged in laboring for any poor sinner while God permitted him to live.

February 27.—Preached in the town of Warwick from 2 Peter i. 10. Explained and refuted the Calvinistic doctrines of Election and Final Perseverance. ‘This preaching against Calvinism makes the devil mad: that is better than to see them all at ease in sin, and throwing the blame upon God, by teaching and believing that He fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass.

Calvinism is like a serpent entwining itself round and round, until it destroys all feeling of responsibility, blinds and bewilders, stupefies and kills every good desire and resolution; and the man sits down in the Antinomian chair of ease, until the flaming sword of God's Eternal Truth comes and cuts the folds of this serpent—destroys his chair of ease, and lets him begin to sink. His false hopes all gone; driven from his last subterfuge; he sees and feels his real danger and responsibility, and begins

in good earnest to cry to God for mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ. O, wonderful grace! After all his folly and sin God receives the sinner, pardons his sins, puts a new song into his mouth, and the Truth as it is in Jesus into his heart, and he goes on his way rejoicing in the liberty wherewith the Gospel has made him free. None need despair who will come to Christ, for God has no delight in the death of a sinner.

Sunday, March 4.—At ten, A. M., preached to a crowded congregation. The Spirit of the Lord made the word quick and powerful, and the tears that flowed from many eyes showed that they felt in their hearts. But without immediate improvement, these impressions will be like the morning cloud, and the early dew.

In the evening preached to a multitude from 2 Corinthians v. 14, 15. While I “blew the ram’s horn” in the outward ear, the Lord God spoke to the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost; and I trust good was done in the name of Christ.

Wednesday, 7.—No appointment this day. Almost worn down by constant traveling, preaching and other labors. But is it not better to wear out than to rust out? I have thought sometimes that some men outlive their honor and their usefulness. With the great and good John Wesley, I can say: “Let me cease at once to work and live.”

Thursday, 8.—Preached from Isaiah lv. 1. God owned His word. One Presbyterian told me that his mind had been troubled for several years on the

subject of unconditional Election; but now he saw things as he never saw them before, and was fully satisfied that there is grace for all men.

Friday, 9.—My horse lame, but hobbled along about eight miles, met Bro. N. R. who preached at my two o'clock appointment. I exhorted—left Calvinism bleeding, and went on to my evening appointment.

Wednesday, 14.—Last Saturday rode forty miles to attend a sacramental occasion on Sullivan Circuit; arrived about sun-down. On Sunday the services were most solemn and impressive. On my way home had a narrow escape from death. My horse being lame, I had borrowed one. While going down hill the "hold-back" gave way, and let the sleigh upon her heels; which she began to use without much ceremony. In the meantime the box broke down, bringing my head in close proximity to said heels. There were four in the sleigh; but a merciful Providence watched over us, so that none were seriously injured. After riding twenty-six miles we came about midnight to our stopping-place. Good Bro. B. arose from his comfortable bed, and gave us a hearty welcome. We slept a few hours, and started early on our way. The traveling was very bad, and my borrowed horse almost gave out; but by the blessing of God we reached home in safety. Without taking off my overcoat, or giving myself time to rest, I went four miles to Warwick village, and preached to a house-full of people from John iii. 7; then returned home

and slept sweetly. How good is the Lord to His unworthy servant! He gives strength proportioned to my day. To His Holy Name be praise forever!

Thursday, 15.—Wallowed through the mud, and met the dear people at Long Pond. Preached from Revelations iii. 20. Many wept for mercy. It was a blessed season. Rode fourteen miles and slept sweetly. O, if I, so weak and so unworthy, can do anything for the cause of Jesus, I feel willing to spend all my time, talents, and strength! I have no greater joy than to see souls coming home to God. O, hasten the day when the world shall be filled with Thy glory, blessed Jesus!

Friday, 16.—To-day preached to a housefull of people, in a new place, from Luke xix. 41, 42. I love to look up the lost sheep, and carry the Gospel to the ignorant and destitute. We have a rest-week once in four. This I usually employ in visiting places not included in our regular work on the Circuit.

* *Monday, 19.*—Very cold. During the night the Hudson River was nearly closed by the ice; but I am able to go on and preach. I labor in hope of a better world. At eleven this morning I preached, and had an agreeable visit with my worthy colleague, Rev. Phineas Rice.

Sunday, 25.—A severe snow-storm. Rode four miles to see a young brother, supposed to be dying with the lock-jaw. Found him rejoicing in Christ Jesus. So, we see the grace of God is sufficient

under all circumstances. Rode four miles further and preached in the afternoon and evening.

Saturday, April 7.—Spoke from 1 Peter ii. 4. Dull enough.

Sunday, 8.—At Bethel spoke from Titus ii. 11, 12. Met the class, then rode eight miles and preached in the Presbyterian meeting-house. Found my Master very near. It was a time of power and liberty to my soul. I think the Lord made His word quick and powerful to the hearers. Rode eleven miles and preached in the evening to a listening congregation.

Tuesday, 17.—A terrible snow-storm—unpleasant weather all the week. But went on my way through snow and mud. Preached six times during the week, and had blessed seasons. The Lord was precious to my soul. To His Name be praise forever!

Saturday, 21.—Heard to-day that one of my children was sick. So, after preaching and meeting class in the evening, rode home, arriving about twelve o'clock. Found the child better, through mercy. It is no small trial of a man's faith to leave *all*, and become a servant to *all*. But God calls, and we must obey. He will take care of the rest.

May 7.—For some days have been constantly on the wing. In eleven days have traveled one hundred and twenty miles, preached fourteen sermons, and attended one Lovefeast and Sacrament. The Lord wonderfully supported me in body and mind. The cause is good, the Master is good, the reward

will be glorious! Who would not be willing to labor and suffer, in hope of Eternal Life? For "if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him"—but "if we deny Him, He also will deny us."

May 30, 1821.—Conference opened its Session in the City of Troy, N. Y., Bishop George presiding. We accomplished much business in harmony and peace. I received my appointment to John St. Church in the City of New York. It is a responsible and important station, which I am incompetent to fill. How could the Bishop think of sending me to such a place! Why not let me stay in the woods, among the mountains, where they would bear with my weakness? I must go without complaining; but I shall fail, unless the Almighty arm is around about me. I hope it may be all for the best; but I fear. O may my soul be humbled in the dust, and trust only in the living God!

Wednesday, June 13.—Here I am with my family—wife and three children, in this great Babel of a City! We had a tedious passage down the River on an old lazy sloop. An old friend met me at the wharf, and welcomed me to the hospitalities of his home. The house provided for us was much out of order. But never mind, so we please the Great Shepherd, and profit immortal souls.

There is in this great City, noise and show enough to make a man, coming directly from the peaceful, quiet country, almost beside himself. Carts, wagons and coaches rattling—chimney-sweeps screaming—confusion everywhere. My

spirit sinks, I grow poor. I have endeavored to preach seven times, and while preaching have felt some liberty: but when done, and I think of myself, my charge, my work; O how small I feel! I cry, O Lord, who is sufficient for these things! I am nothing, and feel it more and more. It may be good for me to be thus tried.

Tuesday, 26.—Low in spirit—read some, wrote some, prayed some: but O, what shall I do? My spirit sinks, and I hardly know the cause, unless it is a sense of my own insufficiency. At four, P. M., I must meet Class, and in the evening preach. I feel as dry as a bone, and know not what to say or do. The Bible, that blessed Book, is all shut up: I cannot get hold of a passage that affords me one ray of light. O for help from Him who is Light and Power!

“Come Saviour, Jesus from above,
Assist me with thy Heavenly Love.”

This is not all—I feel so dull, so sleepy. When I take up a book to read, I fall asleep directly, and the book drops from my hand to the floor. What shall I do? I will call upon the Name of the Lord, and trust in the God of my Salvation, come life or death.

August 18.—Since I came to New-York City my exercises have been various. But this much I must record for the honor of Christ: I think He is refining my heart. Still, the remembrance of my past sins and unfaithfulness grieves my soul

There is nothing I so much dread as falling into sin. Sickness and death are not to be compared with it. How many, even of the mighty, have fallen! With what caution should I mark every step! Lord, stand by me!

Sunday, 19.—Preached three times with considerable freedom. Dined with a Mother in Israel, by the name of Seabury; a relation of Bishop Seabury of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

September 3. A dreadful gale of wind and rain from the South-west. Vessels wrecked, houses blown down, and many lives lost. The M. E. Church in New Haven, Ct., was demolished. It was under cover, but not finished—loss about three thousand dollars. O how easy for Jehovah to hurl this earth from its place, and crush the nations to atoms! How wonderful that He preserves His rebellious creatures from ruin, woe and death! Let all the earth fear before Him, and praise Him for His goodness!

I had expected, and even started to attend a Camp-meeting at Newburgh, Orange Co.; but the storm was such that no vessel dared venture out of the harbor

September 13.—The day after the storm we started for Camp-meeting. An excellent meeting. The good work is spreading through the County. Many stout-hearted sinners were brought to bow at His feet, and cry to Jesus Christ for mercy. I was glad to meet with many old friends.

What is this great City, with all its noise and

show? There is not enough in the whole of it to fill one immortal soul! The world is so poor, and yet how inordinately we love it! Lord, help me to live by faith, not by sight!

Sunday, 16.—O how I feel! What shall I say? What shall I do? I must preach three times, but O me!—my only refuge is the Throne of Grace! Here, then, I come with all my weakness, with all my wants, and spread them before the Lord. I pray, I plead for help.

Monday, 17.—Yesterday, as I went to the church, I felt more like a man going to be executed, than one going to offer life and salvation. I entered the pulpit with trembling limbs—but O, how the blessed Master did help me in this time of need! His Spirit fired my heart, loosened my tongue, and enabled me to speak the word with power. Many wept, and I can but hope that good impressions were made on many minds. The Sacrament was a blessed service. I returned home, slept sweetly, and thought, I will never distrust the Lord again.

Sunday, 23.—Lost ground to-day for want of care in conversation. My soul was in pain. O what need of watchfulness! O Lord, forgive Thy poor servant for Christ's sake! What should we do without the atoning Blood? The more I reflect on the precious atonement by Jesus Christ, the more I see its beauty and importance. Those who think they can be saved without it do not feel sin as I do. No, the works of the best man that ever lived could not stand the test of an examination,

in the sight of a Holy God, if they were not sprinkled with the Blood of Christ. This is the new and living Way. By it we draw near to God. By it we enter the Holy of Holies. It is this that obtained for us the forgiveness of sins, the favor of God; and, indeed, every blessing enjoyed by apostate man. It is this that cleanses us from all sin, and prepares us for the inheritance of the saints in light. Glory to God for the gift of His Son! My love, gratitude and faith increase while I meditate. Had I the tongue of the learned, and a voice loud as thunder, I would tell all the world of the wonders of Redeeming Love!

Monday, October 15.—I awoke this morning happy, and found Jesus with me, which is the best of all. Preached three times yesterday, and felt the Master's presence.

In the evening, at Duane St., especially, the word was made quick and powerful. Many wept, cried aloud for help, and came forward to the altar, begging for the prayers of God's people. I found it good to be there.

Tuesday, 30.—Heard one of the old pioneers, Rev. T. Everard, a Revolutionary soldier, preach an excellent sermon. I was greatly comforted, so were the people.

Wednesday, 31.—Made a trip of about twenty-three miles into "the Jerseys." The night was dark and rainy, but few attended. I preached from Isaiah lv. 1. No one asked us home to eat

or sleep, so we traveled in a gig six miles through the storm, to the house of Bro. T. P.

Tuesday, November 27.—Depressed in spirit from several causes. First, my own lack in many things: I am not as holy as I should be; I am not as knowing as I should be. Perhaps I am not as studious as I should be—therefore, I am not as useful as I desire to be. Yet my duties are so many and onerous, that my time is all occupied.

December 18.—Started for Bridgehampton, Long Island, one hundred and twelve miles from the City, to attend a Quarterly meeting for Rev. P. P. Sanford, the Presiding Elder, who is sick. Rode in the stage to Hempstead, and preached from Romans v. 2. On Thursday, at five in the morning, started in company with Bro. C. for the eastern end of the Island, in an open wagon. Rode eleven miles, and breakfasted with Bro. P. Prayed, and went thirteen miles to Islip; dined and prayed, and went fourteen miles further to Patchogue, and put up for the night with Bro. W.—a lovely family. On Friday morning, at six o'clock, started again for a fifteen miles ride, and stopped for dinner. The rain was now pouring in torrents; but we went on eight miles, stopped and fed our horse, then on again for another ten miles. Took a by-path and found ourselves lost in the pine woods. It was now perfectly dark, but at a distance we beheld a light—following it, we found ourselves in the midst of Indians. They could not keep us, but told us the way to a tavern. After wandering about some-

time, we struck a road which led to a public-house, where we remained all night.

The next morning we started with the North-west wind directly in our faces, and after a cold ride of twelve miles, reached our place of destination.

In the afternoon I preached, and Bro. C. exhorted. The next day, Sunday, at nine o'clock, we had Lovefeast—cold hearts and cold feet made it rather uncomfortable. Bro. C. preached a rousing sermon from John iii. 7. Afterwards I preached from 1 Timothy ii. 6. The people wept, and the power of God was manifested.


We rode eight miles, and preached at Sag Harbor, in a cold house, and, as I thought, to a cold people. But I learned afterwards that six souls were awakened that evening, which was the beginning of a gracious revival of religion. ;

We returned, preaching at each stopping-place; and finally reached home after a week's absence.

In some parts of the Island religion is prosperous; in others dry and barren, like its soil. The Circuit is long and badly arranged. There should be three two-weeks' Circuits, and three active, godly preachers.

1822-1825.

John Kennady Awakened.—A Solemn, Memorable Day.—A Seeker's Prayer-Meeting.—Francis Asbury.—The Confession of Thomas.—A Day of Labor and Joy.—A Happy Sickness.—How can we expect Fat Sheep, without Good Pasture?—The Conference of 1822.—Re-appointed to John St. Church.—Reflections—Much Preaching; Hard Conflicts.—“Shall there be Evil in a City, and the Lord hath not done it?”—Appointed to New Rochelle Circuit.—Sickness and Mortality.—The Devil disappointed—Plan of a Sermon.—Better employed than Elias Hicks.—A Tender Conscience.—The Death of a Hardened Sinner.—God's Word, a rich Field.—The Old Testament Prophecies.—“Young as a Boy; light as a Hart.”—Fasting, and Private Prayer.—Camp-Meeting at Mosquito Cove.—Satan disturbed, a Good Sign.

ANUARY 1.—Found this a profitable day. Our Watch-night was solemn and powerful: hundreds were present, and we closed the year on our knees, in earnest, secret prayer.

Preached this morning at John Street. A young man, John Kennady, passing the church, was attracted by the singing and came in. The Lord powerfully awakened him to a sense of his sins.

At three o'clock met Class, and at four, I administered the Sacrament to a select number in the chamber of a sick sister. At half past six, preached in Allen Street—returned home weary, but slept in peace.

January 2.—Cast down, but not destroyed. Found a blessing at the evening prayer-meeting.

January 20.—Have not been out for eight days—sick with cold and fever. Ventured to church this morning—heard Bro. S. preach, and in the afternoon strove to preach myself from Heb. vi. 1—First—spoke of the doctrine of perfection as the Christian's privilege. Secondly—endeavored to press home the necessity of going on to it. The Lord spoke with Divine power to the hearts of the people. It was a solemn, memorable occasion. To God be all the praise! In the evening heard Bro. E. H.; fifteen came around the altar for prayers, among whom were Dr. P. and wife. The Lord can bring down both great and small; all have sinned, and all must humble themselves and repent, if they would find mercy. My exhortations were too much for my physical strength, but my soul was happy. I awoke in the night to praise the Lord, and meditate on His goodness.

January 23.—Yesterday admitted a man into Society who had been a Universalist for twenty years, but who was convinced of his error about five months ago, and began seeking salvation. He is now happy in the possession of God's pardoning love.

February 3.—Spoke this morning at Greenwich Village, from 2 Cor. xiii. 9; in the afternoon, at the Wesleyan Seminary, from Isaiah xxx. 21; gave them, young and old, a plain talk; in the evening, at Duane Street, from Matt. xxv. 46. There was

a mighty stir—sinners wept aloud for mercy; fifteen were at the altar, and five or six found peace.

February 18.—Our prospects here are truly pleasing; many have been converted to God, and all is peace in the church. Many of our old brethren are pressing towards the mark.

Each Monday afternoon I hold a seekers' prayer-meeting at my house, which we find very profitable; those wounded on the Sabbath, we gather up here. Notwithstanding a tremendous snow-storm, many were present to-day. Some wept aloud for mercy; others shouted for joy. It was the most powerful time I have seen since I have been in New York.

February 21.—Finished reading the Journal of Francis Asbury, Bishop of the M. E. Church. May his mantle fall upon his sons in the ministry! He found about two hundred members in the Societies, and left about two hundred thousand.

February 25.—On my feet almost constantly, from ten in the morning until ten at night—preaching three times, baptizing, holding Society-meeting, &c. No rest during the week—meeting of some kind each day and night.

Precious are the doctrines of the Atonement, and the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. These fill my soul with light, life and power. O, may I feel like Thomas when he cried out: "My Lord and my God." I most heartily subscribe to this confession of Thomas; it was frank and noble. He was the first to call Jesus God, and Jesus did

not reprove him, nor instruct him better. If Jesus, therefore, was a true Prophet, or even a good and honest man, He must be the true God. The Lord is carrying forward His blessed work in this City. At nearly every meeting in John St., whether for prayer or preaching, some are awakened or converted.

March 17.—A day of labor and of joy. After preaching three times, praying ten times in public, and traveling five or six miles, was too weary to sleep much. Truly, the life of a minister is the life of a servant. What but love to souls could induce me to go and forego, as I do

April 18.—For three weeks past have been laid aside with bilious fever. I came near the gates of death, and had a look into the other world, which led me to take a careful review of life. I had a hard struggle, but grace gained the victory; the only foundation, the blood of Christ, stood firm.

In looking at the doctrines of the Church to which I had subscribed, and which I had endeavored to preach, I found that they would stand the test of Eternity. In looking at my experience, I was led to ask, What am I *now*? not what was I ten or twelve years ago? I could look up and see God reconciled through Jesus Christ. He is my Father, I am His child. I felt the spirit of adoption by which I cried, "Abba Father." O, what joy and peace did this review bring to my soul! I was filled with such a Divine sweetness and transporting joy as my tongue can never explain. It gave me

full resignation to the Divine Will—it converted the bitter into sweet, pain into pleasure; it took from me the fear of dying, and weaned me from earth. I thought of my dear wife and little children, but was willing to leave them with my Heavenly Father, feeling assured He would do all things well.

I am now partially recovered; my health is returning. I can walk out, and read and write some. O, that I may be more than ever concerned for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls! I think that for the edification and comfort of the flock of Christ, He sometimes suffers the Pastor to be afflicted and tempted, that he may thus sympathize with, and comfort them from his own experience. But God has another end in view in afflicting His ministers—their own good. Unless heavenly-minded, spiritually dead to the world and alive to God, how can the Pastor expect his people to be spiritually minded? Continual health and prosperity have a tendency to dull our appetite for spiritual food, and darken our sight of heavenly objects. Before we are aware our minds become lowered; we begin to over-value worldly things, and our zeal and love for God begin to abate.

Afflictions, which are our Father's chastisements, show us the emptiness and poverty of the world. Passing through the fire, our afflictions become refined and purified. Thus our own minds being more intently fixed on heaven and spiritual things, we draw the minds of our flock from low and grov-

elling objects, upward to where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Why, then, should I complain, while receiving these tokens of love from my Heavenly Father? I will say, Thy will be done, whether in laboring or suffering. Eternal glory will be a sufficient reward for all.

April 24.—I need much wisdom to guide me correctly in all things—children to train, visionaries to check, imprudence to reprove—to pluck up the vile, without hurting the good seed. All that the flock should have ought to dwell in the Pastor. How can we expect fat sheep unless they have good pasture? May God give to men at the helm of affairs wisdom and prudence!

June 8.—Conference has closed another session. I have received my appointment again to this place, John St. Church. Conference is a busy time—too much dissipation, too little prayer. The preachers seemed generally pleased with their appointments and have gone cheerfully to their work. May the Lord give us a year of prosperity! Of late I have preached but little; but my health is now tolerably restored, and I must work with all my might. I love the people, they are very kind to me: O that the Lord may help me to be of some use to them. I *need* the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Samson, the courage of David, the meekness of Moses, the address of Paul, the love of John, the faith of Abraham, and the correctness of Luke. How much then do I *lack*?

June 27.—After close and candid examination of

myself, I think I am growing in grace. The Lord is taking my whole heart. His goodness and love quite overcome me. I am lost in wonder, love and praise.

September 19.—For some time past I have been out of the City. Have traveled more than five hundred miles, attended three Camp-meetings, and preached thirty sermons. Have had many a hard conflict, and felt much of the Divine power.

Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it? Amos iii. 6.

The prophet, by a number of questions which he proposes in this chapter, declares that there cannot be an effect without a cause. Israel and God cannot walk together. Why? Because they are not agreed. God is holy, Israel is unholy. He loves holiness, they love sin. A lion roars in the forest; what is the cause? He has taken his prey. A bird is entangled—how is this? Why, a snare has been set on the earth, and the bird is caught. There is great alarm in a city: what is the matter? The trumpet is blown, the sound of war is heard. There is evil in a city—from whence does it come?

The prophet's question amounts to an affirmation of the fact. There is evil in a city, and the Lord *hath* done it—that is, it comes from Him.

I shall consider, I. The word Evil: II. The Cause of Evil.

I. We are not always to understand by Evil, sin. But Evil may be denominated Moral and Natural.

I shall notice, 1, *Moral Evil*. Moral evil is the disagreement between the actions of a moral agent and the rule of those actions. Man is ever to be considered as a free, moral agent, capable of performing moral actions, and therefore a subject of moral government, and under Moral Law: consequently a subject of rewards and punishment, according to the character of his moral actions.

God is our Governor and Law-giver. Our obligation to obey God is founded on the relation in which we stand to Him as our Creator. His will revealed to us is our only rule of moral action. What we call the Moral Law is not an arbitrary thing, imposed upon man, but is an emanation from the Divine perfections of God—a transcript of God Himself, and as immutable as Deity. It binds men to God, and also man to man. It is our rule of life, and any deviation from, or transgression of this Law, may be called Moral Evil, or sin.

This will lead us to consider the contents of this Law. We have it in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. Yea, its precepts are dispersed all through the Bible, and summed up by our blessed Lord in Mark xii. 30, 31. The first part of this Law relates to worship that we owe to our God: the second part relates to the duty we owe to ourselves and to our neighbors.

(a.) We notice the first part of the Law of God, which requires us to worship Him and Him only; and this is to be done with the whole heart. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," is the com-

mand. But alas! who obeys it? How many set up self, or honor as their god, and worship it. They love and seek the praise of men—they dare not do an act, nor speak a word that will offend their flatterers, for fear of losing their good-will. They seldom or never bow their knees to the Throne of Grace, but in some public place, when it will procure for them respect. If they give alms, or aid in the Bible or Missionary cause, it is to be seen of men—to be *called* liberal. But the Law requires truth in the inward parts.

Others, again, make to themselves an idol of gold, and fall down and worship it. Although they are often separated from their god, yet they gather courage and try new ways to fill their coffers. If honesty will not affect their purpose, they do not stick at trifles. The merchant tells as many lies as he sells yards of cloth. He tells the buyer that it is most excellent, when, perhaps, it is no more than common. He says it is the cheapest in town, when, perhaps, forty more have the same quality, equally as cheap. To get money, they exaggerate, equivocate, affirm and deny. Some men cannot make money fast enough, so they forge notes and counterfeit money. Some sell ardent spirits; others fly to the gaming table, stake their money, then, their watch, then their clothes, and last of all, their credit.

Others make a god of their belly, and glory in their shame. Epicurean-like they look for no other happiness than to feed their fleshly appetites. They

eat and drink until they are gluttons and drunkards; then comes debauchery, chambering and wantonness.

Others worship their own persons, their fine shape, handsome faces, or gay dress. To them there is no god like themselves.

In a word, all those who do not worship God the Father, in spirit and truth, and the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, through the influence of the Holy Ghost, sin against the first commandment.

All profanation of the Lord's day is a breach of God's command. Add to this the taking of God's Holy Name in vain, to which a man can have no temptation, either of profit or honor: but his curses and horrid imprecations are so many sparks of hell coming from the fountain of his own corruption.

(b.) Then if we look at the second table of the Law. How many disobedient children; and how many parents without parental affection!

How many murderers; for he that hateth his brother is a murderer. How much adultery of the heart and eye; how many withhold the honor due to the wife, and give it to others. How much stealing, lying, equivocation and perjury. - How much coveting of others goods, envying and strife. All this is moral evil, transgression of God's Holy Law.

2. *Natural Evil.* Natural evil is whatever destroys, or in any way disturbs the perfection of natural beings: such as blindness, deafness, disease and death. Natural evil is sometimes sent as a

punishment for moral evil. For instance, a man commits murder; he must be hung. Murder is a moral evil—hanging a natural evil, and the punishment for murder.

Sometimes natural calamities show the displeasure of Heaven against a nation for its national sins, or the calamity of a city shows the displeasure of God against that city. But God has also a benevolent design in sending natural evils upon His creatures; i. e. their reformation. Sickness, pain, famine, war, death—all these are natural evils.

II. We will now examine the Cause of these evils. As moral evil is an action of a moral agent, God cannot be the author, nor in any way the cause of moral evil; for He is infinitely Holy in His own nature, and He cannot change. As He is infinitely holy Himself, He must necessarily have an eternal aversion to sin. He cannot transgress His own Law. To say He may be the author of sin, and yet not be a sinner, in my opinion is absurd. To say that God is a sinner or the author of sin is blasphemy. Our text is sometimes produced in support of this most blasphemous doctrine, as also one in Isaiah xlv. 7. But on examination we shall find they mean no such thing.

Isaiah says, "I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I, the Lord, do all these things." Now admit that there is natural evil, and moral evil, and the case is plain enough. So also is there Providential darkness, and Providential light. *I form the light: I give*

prosperity and success to a nation, town or individuals. *I create darkness.* By my Providence I bring a cloud of adversity over a nation, town, family or individuals. *I make peace.* By my Providence, I make wars to cease. When one nation is about to come upon and destroy another, and I see that it will be for the best, I so dispose the mind, or so hedge up the way of the one who threatened destruction to the other, that he proposes terms of peace, and the two nations become reconciled to each other. So it may be said God makes peace. *I create evil.* When a nation has grown proud and haughty, I permit, or send another nation to afflict, or even cut off that nation for its wickedness. I may withhold the rain and send drought: this continued would cause famine. I may send pestilence and fever, or any other natural evil—and who shall say unto the Almighty, what doest Thou? *I the Lord do all these things.* But the moral evil in the world is the work of devils and wicked men.

The same explanation will hold good in regard to our text. "Shall there be evil," (not moral, but natural evil) "in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

Such may be the sins of a city they may richly deserve the punishment, in this life, of plague and pestilence, to let the people know that the Lord liveth, and that He will be feared—as in the case of David and Ahab: also, the present calamity in our city. We may make as many attempts as we please to put God and His Providence out of the

question, and trace it to natural causes—to ships, to burying-grounds—any and everything else. Yet we may ask: “Is there evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?” In fact, nature itself is but the Lord’s agent, perfectly under His control and direction. Cannot He who made the atmosphere purify it at pleasure? Let us acknowledge, with reverence, that natural evil comes from God; and with deep humility, that moral evil comes from ourselves.

A few words on the origin of moral evil. Sin is the transgression of the Law. Now, before the Law is violated moral evil does not exist; therefore it has its origin in the transgression. God tempts no man to do evil; neither can He be tempted: but a man is tempted when he is drawn away with his own lusts. By one man, sin entered into our world; and before Adam sinned there was no sin in existence upon the earth. It is said that the devils sinned, and this is the first we hear of sin; and we may suppose that before this, there was no such thing as transgression throughout the vast creation. Moral evil, then, had its origin among the devils, and those who commit sin, are of the devil; they belong to the old Serpent. They imitate him in his rebellion against God’s government, and may expect, with him, to be cast down to hell.

God tempts no man to sin, and the devil cannot force him to sin; therefore sin is his own work. Every evil that a man commits originates in him-

self; hence he has none to blame but himself; and he alone must reap the reward due to his transgressions. He cannot palm them off upon another.

O, that men would consider this! O, that they were wise, and would lay it to heart. Good men may frequently be involved in temporal calamities. They may experience many natural evils, because of the wickedness of others; and sometimes on account of their past sins. God may afflict them in this life for their spiritual good. They may experience Providential darkness. But here is their comfort: the Lord reigneth, and all things shall work together for good to them that love God. They look for their joy, honor and felicity in the world that is to come. Therefore, let not the man who makes Jehovah his trust be afraid nor discouraged. The Lord is his helper, he shall not want: the Lord is his light, he shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life. Acknowledge God in all your ways, and He will direct your steps. Though you pass through the fire, like the three worthies, it shall not burn you; though you pass through the waters, like Moses and the children of Israel, they shall not overwhelm you. Though you walk through the valley and shadow of death, you need fear no evil, for the Lord will go with you.

Hold no parley with the devil, for he is an old sinner. Despise his pleasing baits, renounce the world and be pilgrims indeed.

Let me advise—yea, let me entreat poor thoughtless, careless, prayerless souls to forsake their ways and turn to God. No man can continue in sin and prosper. He shall not escape; the Lord's displeasure will surely overtake him; if not in this life, it will in the world to come.

O, sinner, turn, turn to the Lord Jesus Christ—plead for mercy, and humble yourself before the Lord this day. Never, O never go to another place of wickedness for the purpose of serving the devil.

Don't add to all your former sins the guilt of procrastination. Death may surprise you in your downward course, and if you die in your wickedness, where Jesus is you can never come. There is mercy for you now. Jesus pleads your cause at God's right hand. The Gospel invites you to come. God's ministers and people are praying for you: the Holy Ghost is now striving with you. He is now ready to reveal the things of God. O, open your heart and let Him enter. Angels are ready to carry the glad tidings to Heaven, "the dead is alive, the lost is found." All Heaven will resound with praise at your conversion. God the Father is ready to receive His prodigal son back to His house. Arise, sinner! arise quickly, and hasten to your Lord for mercy. May Almighty God give you repentance unto life, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

October 26.—This evening, in the Lovefeast, the Lord was with us indeed. In the closing prayer, it

seemed as if heaven and earth had come together. If a meeting on earth be so sweet and precious, what will heaven be?

November 14.—While I muse the fire burns, my heart melts like wax, my soul is humbled into the dust before the Lord; tears of gratitude flow down my face. What indescribable excellencies there are in Jesus Christ! How glorious His nature! What wisdom, what power, what love, to come to earth to save a world of sinners from sin and hell! My soul longs to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, that all may see, know and love Him too. I must say with Macarius, in one of his homilies: "My soul is wounded with His love; I am lost in the sweet, heavenly ocean."

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August 15.—For some months past I have kept no Journal. I found so little to profit either myself or anybody else, that I came to the conclusion to write no more: but, after mature reflection, determined to commence anew.

I spent two pleasant years in New-York, and am strongly attached by Christian love to the dear brethren. They bore with my weakness, and were uniformly kind to me and mine, for which I shall ever hold them in grateful remembrance.

The support of the preacher was meagre; but this was not the fault of the people generally. With a family of six persons, I was allowed only five hundred dollars, and was obliged to borrow money to move my family to my new charge; having spent

considerable of my own to live on while in the city. This year our Conference met in Saratoga Co., N. Y. Bishop George presided. I received my appointment on the New Rochelle Circuit. I came with a trembling heart, but endeavored to put my trust in Christ. The good people received me with great affection. There is much to be done, and I shall need much wisdom, prudence and firmness to do all that is required. Brothers N. W. T. and R. S. are my fellow-laborers.

I have been on the Circuit now seven weeks—have preached twenty-nine sermons, attended one Camp-meeting and one Quarterly-meeting; have chopped wood, made garden, worked in the hay-field until my hands were blistered—besides, for twelve days past, have been constantly tormented with pain in my jaws and head. The Doctor advised me to use tobacco. I hated it in all its forms, but tried it, and found relief from pain. So I became a smoker.

August 20.—Rode twelve miles to meet the people, and consult about building a church, but accomplished nothing; they could come to no agreement about the site.

August 23.—God is chastening the people—sickness and death are all around us. Two ungodly men hurried into eternity. Lord, help me to be faithful in warning the people. Spent most of the day in visiting the sick.

August 24.—Still another sinner has died, whom I visited yesterday. At the funeral I spoke from

Amos iv. 12., to a large gathering of people. I judge no man, neither will I flatter the dead to please the living: hence I did not spare, but spoke the truth in plain words.

August 25.—At nine in the morning preached the funeral discourse of a man who died yesterday. It was an awful time of mourning. In the afternoon started for Camp-meeting. Arrived the next day, after much fatigue and labor—was very unwell all through the meeting. There were about forty traveling preachers present, and it was supposed there were ten thousand people on the ground at one time.

September 8.—Spent the day endeavoring to reconcile two disaffected brethren; and, to the disappointment of the devil and the surprise of all parties, succeeded, and so prevented a church trial, and saved the brethren to the church.

October 1.—Visited Yonkers, where the Methodists have never preached; but could obtain no place to preach in, for love nor money. Dined at a tavern, and then left them for the present; determining, God willing, to see them again and preach, either in some house, or in the street or woods.

October 2.—In the evening spoke from Rev. iii. 30. I. The Door—the senses by which access is gained to the understanding, conscience and passions. II. The Knocking—various measures used by Divine mercy to gain our attention and our hearts. III. Bolts upon the Door—the difficulties

in the way of yielding our consent to the demands of Christ; pride, worldly love, lusts of the eye—of the flesh, unbelief, wrong views of God and Christ IV. Duty enjoined—to hear, and open. V. The Promise—“I will come in and sup with him.”

October 11, 12.—Held Quarterly-meeting at Rye—no Presiding Elder present. I had to act as his substitute; felt awkward, but did as well as I could.

November 22.—The week past has, I believe, been spent to the glory of God and the good of His cause. Rode many miles, attended five meetings, and visited twenty families. My soul has grown in grace and love. Heard Elias Hicks. The poor man labored hard to destroy the truth of the Bible History, and lower the character of Christ.

December 12.—For some days past the enemy has assailed me with his fiery darts. My soul has suffered, but I hope for victory. I sail on a perilous sea, full of quicksands, shoals, narrows and rocks; but I will trust in my Pilot, and sail on. The grace of God is sufficient.

February 1.—The cold has been intense, but in the name of my Divine Master I have kept my appointments. The Local Preachers held their Conference at White Plains. Seven received license to preach, and five were recommended to travel.

Spend much of my time in visiting from house to house. It is a great cross, but always profitable to myself, and I trust to others.

February 14.—Unpleasant weather for four days past, yet held meeting every evening. This day a circumstance took place that wounded me to the heart. I thank God for a tender conscience, and pray that whenever I go astray from the path of holiness, in thought, word or deed, I may feel godly sorrow in all its poignancy. God forbid that I should heal, or be healed, slightly—daub or be daubed with untempered mortar.

March 2.—Sunday was a day of labor and toil. Rode twenty-four miles, and preached three times. Spoke plain words. Cold weather, and cold hearts. O that my head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for myself and for others!

March 5.—This day preached twice—once at the funeral of a man who, I fear, has lost his soul. I visited him, and tried to awaken his mind to a sense of his danger; but my efforts only seemed to irritate him. Awful thought! How dangerous to spend life in sin, neglecting religion, and be forsaken of God in death.

March 16.—Shut in by a tremendous snow-storm. Our winter has been mild, and we may look for a cold, backward spring; but our Heavenly Father knows what is best for us. I am willing to leave all to Him. I sometimes wonder He does not destroy the whole race, we are so distrustful and ungrateful. But He is God and not man, therefore we are not consumed.

• *May 13*.—A poor sinner! Surely I am a brand

plucked out of the fire! I am utterly unworthy to be employed as the Lord's messenger. The excellency of the power is of God, and not of me. The long-suffering goodness and tender mercy of the Lord is very great towards me. Had I a thousand tongues, and if they were to be eternally employed in praising God, I should come infinitely short of rendering Him all His due. O may His goodness lead me to repentance, gratitude and obedience.

This morning I finished reading the Book of Zechariah. It contains some remarkable prophecies. I. John the Baptist. II. The suffering of Christ. III. The triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem. IV. The betrayal of Christ by Judas. V. The spread and success of the Gospel. How rich a field is God's Holy Word! Here you may find matter for endless meditation. We behold the wonders of Creation, Providence, and Grace—of History, of Chronology, of Divinity, of Heaven, of Hell—the wretched state of man by sin, and the foundation and means of his recovery. O the depth, both of the wisdom and goodness of God! How unsearchable are His counsels and His ways past finding out!

May 14.—Finished reading the Old Testament again, by course. Malachi, the last of the Old Testament Prophets, closes the canon with a severe reproof to Israel and the priests of the Lord. He speaks of the coming of John; of the spread and success of the Gospel; of the happy

state of those that fear the Lord; of the destruction of the Jewish nation, under the figure of a burning oven—probably the Roman War under Titus is meant.

Some reject the Old Testament entirely, some in part; but I think we have much cause to thank God for preserving the stream of truth pure. If we reject the Old, how can we understand the New Testament, which constantly refers to the Old? Is it not a strong confirmation of our faith, to see so many wonderful prophecies, uttered by men so long ago, fulfilled before our eyes? It is a demonstration of the inspiration of those holy men who spoke under the Old Covenant. It is the oldest history of man—of God's Providence over His Church for fifteen hundred years.

June 1.—Conference is past, and I am returned to New Rochelle Circuit again. Hard toil and but little success.

July 25.—After preaching three times and traveling twenty-one miles, felt, on returning home in the evening, as young as a boy, and as light as a hart. I felt that the peace and favor of God were more to be prized than all the world beside.

July 30.—I do hunger and thirst after righteousness, and hope to be filled. I generally observe each Friday as a day of fasting or abstinence. Sometimes I think it profitable, at other times I doubt; perhaps this is wrong.

O the matchless riches of Divine grace towards me! O, merciful Saviour, let, O let my soul and

body be filled and sanctified wholly to Thee, that every wrong temper may be taken away, and I possess all the fruits of the Spirit.

August 1.—Preached three times and met Class. Speaking long and loud, in the open air, gave me some cold and hoarseness. If any good is done the Lord does it. He awakens, He justifies, He sanctifies. Our place is in the dust.

August 2.—Lost ground by not watching to find time and place for private prayer and meditation, without which I cannot live, whatever others may do. Too much company never agrees with me.

August 9.—Camp-meeting at Mosquito Cove, L. I. The meeting commenced well, and grew better and better until its close.

A Divine influence rested upon the people, and many felt the mighty power of God to their salvation—many were reclaimed, and about fifty converted. Glory was in my soul, and glory all around me. On Friday morning we closed with a Lovefeast; the Lord's power was manifest like a flame of fire.

August 20.—Attended a meeting for young disciples. It was pleasant and profitable to listen to their testimony for God. Their prayers and praises are a recompense for all our toil.

I am busy reading and preparing for the Sabbath; yet all is in vain, without the unction of the Holy Ghost. Lord, give me inward strength and power with God! When I preach I prize the presence of the Most High above everything else:

it in fact embraces everything—courage, power, success and glory.

October 19.—Somewhat dull, yet my heart is fixed, and I hope it may never be moved from the hope of the Gospel. More and more I see that I must come out of self, and live in God. My every breath is prayer for complete victory over sin and Satan. In family worship was enabled to consecrate all to the service of God. I mourn the distracted state of the Society—little brotherly love—talking behind each others' backs—too little attention to the ordinances of Christ: but I hope for better days.

October 28.—Preached two plain, searching sermons; Satan was disturbed; this is one good sign. It came too hot for some; they were offended and ran away. I wept, prayed and exhorted. O that my God would pour out His Holy Spirit and save the people.

1825—1826.

The Oldest Methodist on the Continent.—Family Sickness.—Conversion and Death of a Moralist.—Birth-Day Reflections.—Conference at Troy, N. Y.—Appointed to New Haven, Conn.—An Affectionate Welcome.—Hospitality of Bro. Elias Gilbert.—Labors and Incidents.—A Backslider.—Prof. Stuart, of Andover.—Gloomy Thoughts.—Reading Wesley's Sermons.—Longings for Holiness.—Camp Meeting at Compo.—Pleading for Help and Success.—"Soft Words for Angry Ones."—Sickness and Trials.—Need of Watchfulness.—A Sick Man Converted, while receiving Baptism.—Importance of the Ordinances illustrated.—Sinners Converted; Saints Rejoicing.



ARCH 11.—Yesterday was a day of labor and comfort. Preached three times to large congregations, met three Classes, and rode thirteen miles. To-day have been visiting from house to house. Called on an old disciple—perhaps the oldest Methodist now living on the Continent. She was converted in Captain Webb's house, while Mr. Pilmore was praying, and joined Society in the old "sail-loft." She is now eighty-seven years of age, yet sees and hears well, her memory is good, her understanding clear, and she has a bright evidence of her justification and sanctification. I administered to her the Sacrament, and it was a precious season.

March 25.—My children are sick—one son apparently near death. He is a sweet, forward child. The Lord will do all things well. I give him to God.

March 26.—Called to attend a funeral, but had to decline. Stephen begins to revive a little; we have some hope.

March 27.—Called to see a young man sick with consumption, and found him apparently near his end. He was speechless, but soon revived, and I prayed with him. When able to speak, I asked him several questions, and found him building his hopes on the sand—expecting the kingdom of Heaven because he had lived a moral life, without having been born of the Spirit. I saw that his time was short and the case urgent. There was no time to flatter a soul just hovering over the eternal world. I said, Richard, do you *know* the pardoning love of God? His answer was in the negative. I endeavored to show him his error with great plainness and earnestness—exhorted him to seek pardon through faith in Jesus Christ alone, and left him. Blessed be God, the words spoken made a deep impression. He began to express a desire for salvation, and in a short time to cry aloud for mercy. In about fifteen minutes God spoke peace to his troubled soul, and he praised God with a loud voice, exhorting all who came to see him to seek the Lord. In about four hours afterward, I returned. O, what a change in his countenance! As soon as I looked at him, I saw that he was a new man, and said, “Richard, what is the matter with you?”

“I have it!”

“Have what?”

“Religion in my soul,” he replied.

“Do you know that God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven all your sins, and that the love of God is shed abroad in your heart, by the Holy Ghost?”

His answer was, “Yes, yes, now I know it; now I feel it; now I am willing to die. I long to go I give the Lord my whole heart—all that I have. God is mine and I am His”—with many other similar expressions.

Some thought him deranged; but though professing Christians, they were ignorant of a work of grace in their own hearts, and therefore the things of God appeared foolishness to them. I told them that he was just restored to his right mind. He had been a moral young man, but he knew not God. How many live and die thus deluded!

March 30.—Richard is still living and still happy, witnessing to all who visit him the excellency of religion.

April 10.—This day committed to the earth the body of Richard B., who was converted to God just two weeks ago. He died in the Lord: his last words were, “I am happy.”

I preached his funeral discourse to a large and attentive congregation, from “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.” I showed: I. The nature of the new birth. 1. It is a spiritual change. 2. An inward change. 3. A universal change. II. The evidences of this change. 1. Peace with God and our own con-

science. 2. Love to God and all men. 3. The direct witness of God's Spirit with ours. III. The fruits which it brings forth. 1. A holy life. 2. Heavenly-mindedness. 3. Deadness to the world. 4. A godly conversation. 5. Love for all the commandments and ordinances of God. 6. Acts of kindness and benevolence to men. IV. The necessity of this change to our enjoyment of God and Heaven; because God is holy, and man, in his fallen nature, unholy: therefore a man must be born again before he can see, or enjoy God. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit;" and "they that are in the Spirit do mind the things of the Spirit," and they, and they *only*, serve, please and enjoy God, and the things freely given to them of God.

I bless God for the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins. Some blamed me for my plain and pointed exhortation to this young man; but the Lord owned it; the sinner was brought to the Saviour, and the soul has escaped to glory. God is glorified, and I will rejoice.

April 15.—My Birth-day. Thirty-five years of age and no better!

Ten years in the ministry and know so little! I have much reason both for mourning and rejoicing. In looking over the past, imperfection is stamped on everything I have done; yet my life has been crowned with mercies for which I rejoice. I have been on this Circuit nearly two Conference

years—have preached three hundred and fifty sermons, attended forty funerals, married twenty-six couples, baptized I cannot say how many; besides attending Prayer-meetings, Camp-meetings and Quarterly-meetings. Where I shall go this year I know not, and am not anxious to know. We shall leave many dear friends whom we love in the Lord, and may see them no more until we meet at the Bar of God.

May 3.—Attended our Annual Conference at Troy, N. Y. We had a busy session of nine days—great peace and harmony among the preachers. I never enjoyed a Conference better; but was greatly disappointed when my appointment was announced. I desired a Circuit very much, for many reasons; but was sent to New Haven, Conn. I was born in this State, but had never seen it since I was three years of age. I had heard many things unfavorable to the people of Connecticut, and dreaded to go; but the decision admits of no appeal: so, in the name of my Divine Master I must make my arrangements to obey.

May 28.—Our route took us through New York City. We parted from our friends there, and on Thursday took passage on board a sloop commanded by Capt. W. After a delightful run of ten hours, with wind and waves in our favor, we were safely landed at the Long Wharf in the beautiful town of New Haven. We were treated very courteously by the Officers and passengers on board, and the good brethren of New Haven met

us on the dock and received us affectionately. We were conducted to the house of Bro. Elias Gilbert, where we were very kindly entertained. The next day we went to the Parsonage, pleasantly situated on Wall St., a little above the Colleges; a retired place, in an open, airy part of the town.

New Haven is pleasantly situated; perhaps the most pleasant little city in this country. The buildings are neat, some of them spacious. The Colleges are in a row, west of the Green—rather old looking buildings. The four principal churches are on the Green, or public Square.

How refreshing to the heart of an Itinerant minister, after leaving warm-hearted friends in his last field of labor, on coming to his new home among entire strangers, to be met with open arms and a hearty welcome! Such was our reception in this place, and it will never be forgotten. I felt at home at once.

May 31.—On Sunday commenced my labors among this dear people. Preached three times; the Lord made me a blessing to them. I feel a deep sense of my utter inability for the great work of the ministry, without the inspiration of the Almighty to give me understanding. No one but God knows, or can know my feelings.

June 9.—At Quarterly Conference last evening there was a controversy about uniting Hamden with New Haven. I could see no great good that would result from the union, though I said but little until they had finished. I then remarked,

that as the proper authorities of the Church had made the arrangement, and no doubt thought it for the best; as I was for order and not rebellion, I was disposed to submit to whatever personal sacrifice it might cost me; and if they would leave it to me I would make such exchanges as would be satisfactory to all concerned. So we settled the affair, I trust in friendship.

June 10.—This afternoon, in making my round of pastoral visits, I found several backsliders—one, an old man whose head was white as the winter's snow. He once enjoyed the love of God for thirteen years, but is now awfully fallen by intemperance, and has neither resolution nor strength to arise. Awful! near eternity, and as near hell as eternity! I felt for him, and pressed him closely to fly to God for mercy without delay.

At another place the Lord reached the heart of a lady during prayer, who was too proud to kneel; but after prayer and a pointed exhortation, she wept and promised to seek the Lord.

June 17.—Last evening, heard a powerful discourse on the Law, by Prof. Stuart of Andover, in the Centre Church. But he left the poor sinner hopeless as well as helpless. He had no Christ, no evangelical doctrine which points to the Lamb of God.

June 20.—Four sermons yesterday make me feel Monday-ish to-day. I almost invariably feel dissatisfied with myself after preaching—compliments from others add nothing to my enjoyment.

If God's people are sanctified, sinners converted, and God glorified, then I rejoice.

June 22.—Was greatly encouraged this morning in reading Mr. Wesley's ninth discourse on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. My faith was strengthened. I could trust the Lord for meat and drink, for house and home, for grace and glory.

I sometimes ask—What will become of my little ones by and by? I do but just support my family by the most rigid economy—what shall we do when they grow larger? Who will educate them? Who will care for their poor, old superannuated parents? Had I continued in my business, and not given my vigor and prime of life to the service of the Church, perhaps I might have had as much of this world's goods as some of our close-fisted, unfeeling hearers and members, and might have supported my family comfortably, with something to spare for the poor and the Church. But why these gloomy thoughts? The Lord will provide. I can throw away all care that torments me, and trust the Lord and His good Providence.

June 26.—Finished reading Mr. Wesley's sermons on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. How forcible his reasoning, how just his conclusions, how spiritual his views, how deep his penetration; how plain his style, how much of the spirit of the Divine Master he must have possessed!

June 30.—Good prayer-meeting last evening—the breth'ren prayed with power; mercy-drops are falling. I am greatly encouraged.

July 1.—The Lord gave me free access to His Throne. I was led to pray. First, for personal holiness. Second, for understanding to know, and a gift to teach the Holy Scriptures. Third, that I may be an example in my family, by governing my own temper aright—by never speaking unadvisedly, and by training my children wholly for the Lord. Fourth, that I may be rendered more useful to the Church and congregation in this place.

July 7.—Last night in our prayer-meeting, the cloud broke, the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings. The Good Shepherd came and feasted his sheep.

July 22.—Spent the day in company with the Presiding Elder. Visited Hartford, Middletown and other places. At Hartford met Bishop George.

July 29.—The Lord is giving some tokens of good. There is an increase of members and seriousness at our prayer-meetings. Some believers are hungry after holiness. May the little cloud overspread the thirsty land!

August 22.—Have just returned from Camp-meeting held at Compo. It was a time of God's power; many were converted, many reclaimed, many sanctified. Glory be to God—to His name be praise forever and ever! We had a trial of our faith, being detained by a terrible storm from Friday until Monday noon. We continued our meetings, and about thirty were converted during the storm. I took sixteen from this place into Class.

August 28.—O, how important a part have I to

act this day; my soul trembles at the thought. O Lord, I fly to Thee for help. Let my mind be enlightened by thy Holy Spirit. If thou hast called me unto the Gospel ministry, make me skillful to win souls. Let Thy word dwell in me richly. Let Thy Spirit speak to the inmost souls of the hearers this day. The Lord hearken and answer!

August 30.—Have established a prayer-meeting in my own house, on Monday evenings, for the special benefit of the youth. The young disciples had a precious time last night. About twelve have been converted, and several more are serious. May the good Spirit carry on his blessed work!

August 31.—Last night my faith and patience were sorely tried, being treated in the most abusive and insolent manner for bluntly, but truthfully, exposing sin. Oh how merciful the Lord was to me! His grace governed my spirit, so that I felt perfectly calm in the midst of the storm, and was enabled to give soft words for angry ones, and pray for my enemies

September 2.—Yesterday we buried one of our most active and excellent sisters. I trust that our loss is her infinite gain; for we had “hope in her death.” My own dear wife is also very ill; but my hope and prayer is that she may recover, if the will of God be so. As to myself, I have many trials, and need a closer walk with God. Yet I trust that all things will work for my good, for I do love God, His people, His cause, and His reward. O, baptize Thy poor servant with unction from on high!

September 9.—Just returned from Camp-meeting at Haverstraw. The Lord of Hosts was with His people. The preachers delivered the word with power; the people heard in faith, and good was done.

When among my best friends I feel the need of most watchfulness, lest I give too much license to my flow of feelings, and fall into trifling.

September 10.—Low spirits. Why is it? I hardly know, unless it is fatigue of body. Perhaps I have not taken up the cross as I should have done, or perhaps I have sought the praise of men. Duty and not feeling is the rule by which I should be guided. I was reproved this morning in reading Mr. Wesley's sermon on zeal. Perhaps I am too anxious about the *success* of my labor. I need more humility.

September 12.—A messenger came in great haste for me to go four miles into the country to see a sick man. I found him with a burning fever, and with but little hope of recovery. I asked him for what intent he had sent for me. He replied that he wished to be baptized.

"Have you ever experienced religion?" I asked. He replied in the negative.

"Do you believe in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures?"

"I do."

"Do you believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer.

I then told him he could receive baptism. He

entered into covenant, and took the baptismal obligations upon him with a full heart. When I applied the water to his face, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, God applied the Spirit to his soul, and he shouted "Glory to God," with all his strength. When I had prayed, I asked:

"Has God blessed you?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that your sins are forgiven?"

"Yes, I feel that God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, has pardoned all my sins."

"Do you now think you are a child of God?"

"Yes, when you applied the water to my body, the Holy Spirit bore witness to mine that I was born of God. I am happy, happy, and ready to die."

God was there; the whole house seemed to be filled with the Divine glory. He was a man of intelligence, and of good report among his neighbors. He lived about two weeks in a happy frame of mind, and then died in peace.

By some persons the Ordinances of the Lord's house, as Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are neglected; by others they are thought quite unnecessary—that we can be equally as good and holy without them as with them. But I think that none, not even the least of the commands of God, can be neglected or despised without loss to our own souls. These ordinances are not only to be considered as obligatory, but as means of grace—

channels through which the grace and mercy of God in Christ Jesus are to be received. I have witnessed, in several instances besides the one above related, the good effects resulting from their administration.

I was once called to see a sick woman who had been a member of our Society, but moving from place to place, had lost her standing and her religion. I found her extremely weak, scarcely able to lift her hand. Her mind was in darkness, yet she had a strong desire to find her Saviour, and be reconciled to her God. As she had never been baptized, she requested me to administer the Holy Sacraments to her. Accordingly I proceeded, and after baptizing her with water in the name of the Holy Trinity; I consecrated the elements for the Holy Eucharist—but to my surprise, when I offered her the bread she declined receiving it; and O, the struggle of her soul at that moment cannot be described! Several Christian friends being present, we prayed with and for her, and notwithstanding her weak state of body, the distress of her soul was so great, that without help she turned herself over in the bed, and prayed so loud that she quite drowned my voice. After a moment's pause I offered her the bread again; she again declined. On further questioning her I found there had been an old quarrel between her and some other persons, and she was so sensibly affected by the remembrance of it at that time, that she thought God would not bless her, and that it

would be improper for her to receive the Sacrament until she should see them, and have the difficulty adjusted. I asked her if she cherished any hardness, or envy, or malice against any person? She answered in the negative.

“Are you willing to forgive all your enemies?”

“Yes.”

Then said I: “God will bless you, whatever they may think or do.”

This seemed to give her encouragement. I then, for the third time, asked her if she would receive the tokens of her blessed Saviour’s love? She consented; I gave her the bread, and she had no sooner taken it into her mouth than the Lord of glory gave her the Bread of Life, and she exclaimed:

“The Lord has come, the Lord has blessed my soul! O, how glad I am I ever received this bread My soul is happy!”

She seemed to forget her bodily weakness, and was lost in wonder, love and praise. It was a most refreshing season to all present. She continued to praise God, and exhort all around her to praise and serve Him, too, until the next morning, when she fell asleep in Jesus; and I trust has gone to enjoy those pleasures which are at His right hand forevermore.

Another instance was a woman, sick with consumption, who had found peace several months before, but had never received the Ordinances. I was called to administer them to her about two

weeks before her death. I first baptized her with water; then broke to her, in company with a Presbyterian minister and his wife, with others, the Sacramental bread. When I gave her the cup she was enabled to praise God aloud. She afterwards said that was the happiest moment she had ever experienced in her whole life. She lived about two weeks without a cloud or a doubt, and then died in peace; and is, I trust, with Jesus, where she will drink the wine of the kingdom forever.

November 9.—Last night was a sweeping time. The power and presence of God filled the place where we were assembled, and the love of Jesus filled the hearts of His people. Sinners trembled and cried for mercy. I found the word preached on Sunday had taken effect; several had been wounded by the two-edged sword of the Spirit.

Yet my own mind is cast down. I had to war against my feelings all night and this day. At best I am an unprofitable servant, but Jesus died for me. O, how precious the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ Jesus!

December 5.—God is carrying on His work. Six professed conversion last Thursday, and seven joined Class last evening. One man found peace in believing this morning.


December 6.—Last night was a time of great power. Numbers were cut to the heart, wept bitterly and cried for mercy. Many of God's people were unspeakably happy in the love of Jesus. Several older persons are serious, but the work, as yet, is principally among the young.

O, for wisdom to train them in faith and holiness !

December 26.—A stormy Christmas, and I fear but little good was accomplished. Not well in body and depressed in spirit. There is such close connection between soul and body, the latter often weighs down the former.

1826-1830.

Outline of a Sermon on the Barren Fig Tree.—First Sermon in West Haven.—Rollin's Ancient History.—The Divine Presence wonderfully manifested.—“Not the Name, but the Thing.”—“Thoughts on Man.”—Busy, but the Work pleasant.—Preaching, a great Cross! Why?—Easter-Sunday; Outline of a Sermon on the Resurrection.—Conversion of his little Son.—Conference of 1826.—Re-appointed to New-Haven.—The Bow bent at a Venture.—Domestic Afflictions.—A Glorious Christmas.—Bible Reading by Course.—Retrospect of the Year.—Conference of 1827.—Appointed to Middletown, Conn.—Official Neglect.—A Noble Spirit.—Criticism of Rev. Mr. P's Sermon.—Dram-drinking denounced.—Camp-Meeting at Old Saybrook.—A Visit to New-Haven.—The Work at Middletown progressing.—Delegate to the General Conference at Pittsburg.—Annual Conference in New York City.—Dedication of the New Church at Middletown.—Thirty-ninth Birth-Day.—Good-Friday and State Fast.

ONDAY, *January 2.*—Notwithstanding the darkness and mud, we held Watch-night, and many attended. They behaved well, keeping their seats quietly for nearly five hours. Yesterday was stormy, but we had a refreshing season at the Lord's Table in the morning. I can say but little of myself, except that I am an unfaithful, unworthy, and unprofitable servant; and fear sometimes, that after I have preached to others, I myself may become a castaway.

In the afternoon I spoke plain words from the Parable of the Barren Fig-Tree. After introducing the subject I showed: I. That God expects fruit from His creatures in exact proportion to the culture he has bestowed upon them. II. That the

guilt of each individual will be proportioned to the light and privileges he has enjoyed, or neglected and abused. III. That the time will come when God will punish the unfaithful, and their punishment will be in proportion to their guilt.

Thursday, 12.—Rode out to West Haven and preached to a housefull from Acts v. 31. Had some freedom, and trust good was done. But I took cold, and fever and chills followed. However, ventured to Church on Sunday, and preached three times: took a powerful “pulpit sweat,” retired at ten o’clock, and arose the next morning much better in body, and sweetly given up to God in my soul.

Friday, March 3.—To-day, finished reading Rolin’s Ancient History for the second time. Here we see the rise and fall of states, republics, kingdoms, and empires. Our faith in God is confirmed, as we trace the fulfillment of prophecies delivered many years before. What is all human greatness, glory, beauty or pleasure? Where are all the statesmen, generals, kings, emperors, poets and philosophers who made so great a flourish in history? Where are Xerxes, Alexander, Pompey, Anthony and Cæsar, to whom millions submitted with fear and trembling? Where those mighty empires of the past—those renowned cities, with their amazing glory and magnificence? They are gone: their names only are left to teach man the vanity of earthly fame. We may learn not to fear man, nor put trust in princes, but in the living

God. Religion alone is imperishable; and only heavenly treasures and honors will endure the revolutions of time, and abide forever.

Friday, 10.—This evening, I have had such a sweet sense of the Divine presence as almost overcame my poor body. My soul is full of love to God and man. Every faculty seems lost in God my Saviour. I rejoice with exceeding great joy, and feel deeply humbled under the mighty hand of God. In our Class-meeting several cried aloud for mercy, and two found peace through faith in Christ Jesus—a husband and wife kneeling side by side; only about ten minutes between the time of their spiritual birth. He is a son of Bro. E. G., one of our oldest members.

Sunday, 12.—A day of toil. One more born of God—a lady with whom I have labored some time, striving to show her the way of salvation. The Lord has slain the pride of her heart, and she now sits at the feet of Jesus.

Monday, 13.—All peace within. I awoke trusting in God, and was happy. What is this but perfect love or sanctification? It is not the *name* but the *thing* that we want. O preserve me blameless until the coming of the Lord Jesus!

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

I. The natural man. II. The awakened or enlightened man. III. The converted or regenerated man. IV. The triumphant man.

I. By the *natural* man, I mean one destitute of the Grace of Christ—one who follows his own

natural passions—is led by his own reason and desires. He is in darkness respecting spiritual things. Darkness veils his eyes, closes his ears, and shuts him up in a dark prison-house, so that he cannot receive the things of the Spirit; for he cannot discern or know them. How can a blind man distinguish colors, or a deaf man judge of sound? With him, spiritual illumination is a sort of madness; to talk of receiving the Holy Ghost is fanaticism. He sees no happiness but in self-indulgence and sensual pleasure; the world is his home, self is his god, worldly pleasure his heaven.

He has no fear of God before his eyes: hence he is daring and presumptuous, mocks at sin, ridicules everything serious, and rushes on in folly, regardless of consequences.

He has no love to God. He does not retain Him in his thoughts. His mind is carnal; hence his enmity to holiness; “for the carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to His law, nor indeed can be”—it abhors everything that resembles God. He may engage in forms of outward worship, but cannot delight in warm, fervent devotion.

He chooses his own way, violates God’s law, and contemns His authority. He is a child of wrath; i. e. he is worthy of it, deserves it, it rests upon him. He is a criminal under sentence of death, but heeds it not. Hell is opening to receive him, but he regards it not, and rushes on to his own destruction.

This is the state of every man until God, in His mercy, awakens him. Here he lies fast asleep in the arms of the devil, till smitten by the hand of God, and enlightened by the spirit of Truth.

II. The *awakened* man is one who knows himself, and sees his true condition. God awakens the natural man. He may employ means, but *He* and *He alone* does the work. Sometimes by the direct influence of His Spirit—sometimes by His word, read or preached—sometimes by Providential visitations; but it is God alone who causes the light to shine into the darkness of the natural heart, and alarms the fears of the natural man. He brings him to know himself in his wretchedness and destitution, his sins and his danger. This is a thrilling period in his history. Life and death are set before him, and he is called upon to choose life that he may live. The door of repentance is thrown open; the voice of God is heard calling him to believe the Gospel; the Saviour promises to seal his pardon with His own blood.

So far, he is visited by the Holy Spirit without his desire or choice; but now he may follow or resist his convictions. Should he resist, he falls back into his old state of darkness and death; should he consent to follow the Spirit, it will lead to his conversion.

It may not be amiss to give some characteristics of this man. The veil is taken from his eyes, and he sees things in their true light. He is sick at heart, and disrelishes what before gave him the

greatest delight. He looks into the holy Law of God, and sees that he is vile and unclean; that his whole life has been an abominable rebellion against God. God is justly displeased with him, and might, justly, have sent him to perdition. He is in alarm, lest the deserved wrath of a sin-avenging God should overtake him, and sink him to the lowest hell. Awful terrors seize his soul. His fancied righteousness flees away and leaves him naked. He no longer needs an accuser—he is self-accused. He weeps, confesses his sins, and blames no one but himself. His soul mourns for the past, and trembles for the future. Sorrow and anguish deprive him of sleep and appetite.

He now forms the purpose to flee from the wrath to come, and inquires with the greatest solicitude what he must do to be saved. He has become teachable as a child; stripped of his vain opinions, his pride is laid in the dust. The sincere language of his heart is, show me the way and I will walk in it.

No soul this side of hell is more unhappy than this mourning penitent. He ought to love God, but he does not. He would break the power of his sins, but he cannot; he is in despair of saving himself.

Now, the voice of glad tidings comes from Calvary: "Behold the Lamb of God!" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Hope springs up in the despairing soul. Can this be for me, the chief of sinners? Yes,

for thee, thou condemned one. Jesus tasted death for every man. He died for thee, and he that believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Now the self-condemned, enlightened sinner gives up every plea beside. "I am condemned, but Christ has died." He now lays hold on the hope set before him; he believes and is saved. God speaks and it is done. His soul is free, the burden falls off, he leaps and praises God. 'A mighty work is wrought in him. This is conversion or regeneration.

III. The *converted* man is one whose sins are forgiven—one who is "born again"—born of the Spirit; who has passed from death unto life; who is a new creature in Christ Jesus. In this man has been effected a great work included in two words, viz. justification and regeneration.

Justification is a judicial proceeding. The man is brought to the bar, tried, convicted and condemned. He does not attempt to clear himself, but pleads guilty to every charge. He pleads for pardon, not on the ground of innocence, or merit in himself, but on Gospel principles, through faith in a crucified Redeemer—faith in Christ's merits and atonement—faith makes Jesus his.

Now his cause, by faith, is given to the great and righteous Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus now presents His own blood and death in behalf of the trembling culprit, and demands that he be pardoned on the ground of His merits.

He meets the demand of the law for the sinner who works not, but believes on Him who justifies the ungodly, and bears the punishment due to his sins.

Here Justice is satisfied, and Mercy and Justice sweetly unite in the pardon of the believing penitent. God from His throne of grace, well pleased with what His well beloved Son has done and suffered, justifies the penitent from all his past sins, and the punishment due to his sins. God speaks and it is done. The work is instantaneous and complete. The man is as innocent as though he had never sinned. God now adopts him as His child, and by the power of the Holy Ghost renews him in righteousness. This is regeneration, generally wrought at the same time with justification.

Now, because God has adopted him as His child, He sends forth the Spirit of His Son (Jesus) into his heart, crying "Abba, Father." The Spirit itself bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, and he shouts from the fullness and simplicity of his soul, "Abba, Father."

The evidences of justification and regeneration are, 1. *Peace*, quietness of soul. The load of guilt is removed, the wrath of God has disappeared, the law ceases to thunder against him, and he reads with infinite delight that "Christ is become the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" and "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus

Christ.” 2. *Power over sin.* He feels that the reign of sin is destroyed, its power is broken. He may and will feel that sin does exist; its remains are still in his heart, but it does not reign. He has power over his thoughts, his words, his conduct; his old habits are broken like Samson’s withes in a moment. O happy change! He finds himself at liberty to follow the Lord Jesus. 3. *Love to God and man.* He loves the holy and blessed God as his reconciled Father, and sees Him worthy of his supreme affection. This leads him to hate sin because it is displeasing to God. The name of Jesus is precious to him, for He is now become his Saviour. He loves the Holy Spirit, now become his Comforter, and dwelling in him. He sees a charm in holiness that inspires him with strong and constant longings after its fullness. He loves the voice of prayer and praise, and delights to meditate on God and the things of God.

The love that God has shown to him while a poor, hell-deserving sinner, leads him to love his brother—every child of man. He loves with complacency those who love God; those who hate God he loves with pity. He can now forgive his enemies, and pray for his persecutors. He longs for all the world to come and taste and see how good the Lord is: this leads him to acts of charity and piety. 4. *Obedience.* He now yields to God due obedience. His commandments are his delight. He studies to know the will of the

Lord, and avoids whatever will offend his gracious Saviour and Heavenly Father. His commandments are not grievous; he can leave all for Christ. He walks by faith, and keeps his eye on Heaven. 5. *Happiness*. He is happy. His happiness is not dependent on outward circumstances, but an indwelling God. Let poverty, affliction, persecution and death come, he still is happy, and has a hope full of glory. Heaven is his home, God his portion, Christ his Saviour and elder Brother; angels and glorified spirits his companions. Gladly does he consent to be a pilgrim on the earth, that he may win the heavenly rest.

IV. *The regenerated man is a conqueror*. He triumphs over sin, the devil, the world, and at last over death and hell. He then receives the crown, the kingdom and the glory.

God grant *us* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Monday, 20.—For a week past, have had little time for reading or study. So many wounded in spirit to be cared for, and so many other calls, I have been busy from early morning until late at night. But the work has been pleasant. Several have been translated from darkness to light, and from the power and bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Saturday, 25.—Saturday is a day of peculiar trial to me. So great is the cross, that the very thought of preaching on the Sabbath weighs down my spirit and relaxes my whole frame. What is the

cause of this? Is it fear of man? I think not, though I am naturally timid. Is it pride? I think not, for I am not over anxious what others may think or say about *me* as a preacher. I desire to have them love the *truth* I bring them. I think it arises mostly from a sense of the greatness of the work, and my own deep responsibility. I wish to trust only in God, and while I make all the preparation for the pulpit I am able, I would fain feel that all my sufficiency is of God, and lean upon Him alone for support. He is pleased, notwithstanding my unworthiness, to employ me in His service in publishing the glad tidings of the Gospel, and in every place He has been more or less pleased to own and bless my feeble labors for the salvation of souls. He has given me thousands of seals to my ministry: may they be stars in the crown of my rejoicing!

Here He has poured out His Spirit: many are now inquiring what they must do to be saved, and more than fifty have found the Lord. Last evening we had a precious social meeting; fifty gave in their testimony for the Lord, and five joined Class.

Sunday, 26.—Easter-Sunday; preached three times. In the morning, on the Resurrection, from Matt. xxviii. 6. I. Proved the fact, "Christ is risen." 1. Acknowledged by all, friends and enemies, that Christ was dead. 2. That He was buried in a certain tomb. 3. That on the morning of the third day after its burial, the body was gone

from its resting-place. It follows that the body was taken away, or it rose from the dead. If it was taken away, it was done either by friends or enemies. His friends *could not* have done it, for they were few, poor, without power, frightened and disheartened. That His enemies *would not* take it away is equally certain, for it was their policy and interest to keep it there. Hence their precautions—the stone—the guard.

It follows, then, that He arose, according to the Scriptures. The arguments to prove this fact are, 1. The number of witnesses: one, two, ten, eleven, five hundred. 2. The testimony is *direct*, not hypothetical—they see, they hear, they feel. 3. The agreement of the testimony with itself and with each other, at all times and in all places, and before all men. 4. The time when it was given, the place where it was given, and the boldness which characterized the testimony. 5. The witness of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and the power and success which attended its attestation. 6. The testimony of the Spirit in the hearts of those who believe in Jesus.

II. The necessity of His Resurrection. 1. To confirm the predictions of the prophets. 2. To confirm His own solemn declarations. 3. That His claims to the Messiahship might be vindicated. 4. That the faith of His disciples might be confirmed, and their hopes revived. 5. That we might know that God had accepted Him as the Sacrifice for the sins of the world. 6. That re-

pentance and remission of sins might be preached in His Name, in all the earth. 7. That our faith in Him as our Saviour might be justified.

III. The benefits of His Resurrection. 1. It is positive proof that He is our Prophet, Priest and King—our complete Saviour. 2. It is a pledge of *our* resurrection from the dead, and Eternal Life after death.

Monday, April 3.—Yesterday, after preaching three times, administering the Lord's Supper, and admitting eleven into the Church, felt weary enough; but this morning, am abundantly refreshed both in body and mind. Everything in the Church, temporal and spiritual, goes forward with great harmony. O, for wisdom and grace to go in and out among this people as becomes a minister of the Lord Jesus!

April 14.—Wonderful to tell! Who will believe it? My little son Stephen, about three years of age, seemed to be deeply interested in the things of religion, and to receive a great blessing at church last Sabbath. For five days past he has evinced in his life as good evidence of a real work of grace in his heart, as is shown by adults. But who will believe that God, by the influences of His Holy Spirit, works in the hearts of such little children? I believe it to be a possible case. Though the child may be entirely ignorant of the Agent, he may as really feel its influence, as though able to comprehend the office and work of the Holy Spirit. A child may feel the wind blow, before he

knows what the wind is. I have given all my children to God in Baptism, and consecrated them to Him from their birth, and hope and trust they will all come to know and love the Lord.

Monday, May 22.—The Conference for 1826 has closed, and I am returned to New Haven, Conn. My pulpit was occupied yesterday by Dr. Fisk, Bros. E. Washbourn, and J. Z. Nichols.

I need more of the Spirit of Jesus, especially in social conversation. A good pastor must be always in the Spirit, that his conversation may be with grace to the edification of others.

Monday, June 19.—The Lord sustained me in my labors yesterday, and enabled me to speak plain, clear, and close words. Many felt the sharp sword, and some thought I had been informed against them. In this they were mistaken. The bow was bent at a venture, and God directed the arrow.

July 3.—I have commenced a course of Sermons on our Lord's Prayer. I have preached three, and expect to preach three more, if God permits. I cannot bear the thought of preaching long, dry, useless sermons. I want to see the power of the Holy Ghost displayed, sinners cut to the heart, and saints built up in holiness.

Saturday, 22.—My family have been, and are now in affliction. Three children with whooping-cough, my wife worn out with fatigue, and our hired girl sick. I have had scarcely a whole night's rest for three months; but I must preach. My head

aches: who can think or study under such circumstances? Lord sanctify all Thy dealings to our good.

August 2.—Spent last Sabbath in Middletown, a pleasant little city on the Connecticut River, about twenty-six miles from its mouth. I preached three times to attentive congregations, and enjoyed a pleasant ride to New Haven on Monday morning. We had a powerful and profitable prayer-meeting at my house in the evening.

Monday, September 11.—God's mercy exceeds the bounds of thought. O, what a debtor I am to grace! The Lord has sent a sweeping shower; many hard hearts have been softened within a few days past, and several have found the Lord. Zion revives, and looks up, and my soul is greatly refreshed.

Saturday, December 16.—This morning finished reading the Old Testament by course, again. The Old continually points to the New, and the New refers back to the Old; so that to understand one, an acquaintance with both is necessary. O for the inspiration of the Almighty, that I may rightly comprehend the Scriptures!

December 26.—We had a glorious Christmas—a blessed prayer-meeting at six in the morning; at eleven, attended service at the Episcopal Church; at two in the afternoon, preached to the children, and catechised them; at night, a delightful Love-feast; some shouted for joy, some wept for mercy.

Thursday, 28.—Yesterday, finished reading the

Bible in course. How pleasant to study the Chart that shows us the way to Eternal Life! To-day, I commenced it again. Each morning I read two Chapters in the Old, and one in the New Testament. This has been my custom for more than thirty years.

How short, how simple and plain, how beautiful and majestic is the account given by Moses of the Creation! God spake, and it was done, He commanded, and it stood fast. How infinitely superior is his description of the Creation to the vague, superstitious, and fabulous accounts given by the wisest and best of the heathen philosophers. "O Lord, Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path."

January 1, 1827.—I mourn over many defects in myself during the past year, and rejoice in many mercies received from the Lord. We have general peace in the flock committed to my care. A goodly number of souls have been brought to Christ; and more have been safely lodged in Abraham's bosom. God grant that the opening year may be one of fidelity, peace, and prosperity.

May 19.—Our Conference closed after a laborious session of nine days. Bishops George and Hedding presided. I was appointed to Middletown, in this State.

Friday, 23.—Have reached my new field of labor, and was affectionately received by the brethren. The hired parsonage not being ready, Bro. Burruss kindly received us into his home. Our house is

pleasantly located, but small, out of repair, and some distance from the church. The goods must lie in the yard while the rooms are scrubbed, white-washed, painted and papered. My poor wife is almost worn out. May the good Lord support her!

Thursday, 25.—Opened my mission and preached twice with some liberty. The congregation is tolerable, but the membership—how dull and lukewarm! There is no place for a social meeting but a private house; no order, no financial economy, and not much prospect of a support. What shall be done? We will trust in the Lord, and fear not. Everything is to be done; and, by the grace of God, it can be done, and must be done.

July 7.—I am in heaviness. I have a large family to support, my whole time is devoted to serve the people, and I must depend on them for bread. When they neglect to provide means, what shall I do? It distresses my spirit to be pressed and ground down by those who should be generous. If stewards understood their own interest and duty, they would visit their preacher's family, ascertain their wants, make provision to supply them, and not suffer the mind of their preacher to be loaded with care and anxiety about his family. It has not been so here. Not a word has been said about my wants—whether I had money or not, whether I have meat and drink sufficient. Such neglect, if designed, is both unjust and cruel. If not designed, it is, to say the least, shameful—it hurts me. God knows I do not preach for hire. Were the people

where I labor, poor yet willing, I would most cheerfully suffer with them, and never complain—but—never mind—perhaps it will be better before the year ends. All is well that ends well.

God gave me a good day yesterday. I preached three sermons, administered the Lord's Supper, baptized four adults, met the Sunday School, and at ten P. M., felt hale and fresh for another battle.

Wednesday, 23.—Heard Rev. Mr. P., a Presbyterian, preach. His allusions were not well chosen; he made several historical blunders, and his doctrine was abominable. He gave to man natural power to work his way to Heaven, without the grace of God to assist him. A man by his own power alone can no more prevent the raging of his passions, than he can stop the rolling billows of the sea with his hand. He can no sooner remove the darkness of his understanding, than he can drive away the mists and clouds of heaven with a fan; or prepare his own heart for repentance and faith, than he can cause the stones to fly upward at his word: yea, as soon might the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as for those to do well who have been accustomed to do evil, without the power of Almighty Grace.

August 2.—Some were offended because I preached against dram-drinking. Mock on! and I shall, by God's grace, preach on, like it or not like it.

September 11.—The Lord has visited His people. At our late Camp-meeting at old Saybrook, the Lord wrought wonders. The grove was beautiful,

situated on the bank of the noble, picturesque Connecticut River. The attendance was large, the order good, the preaching in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. Scores found the Pearl of great price. This dry and barren place had a large share in the heavenly shower. Many backsliders were reclaimed, many professors of religion were quickened, and about thirty-five persons converted to God. My soul was lifted up on the wings of faith and love.

Thursday, 20.—For two weeks past, the work of grace has been with power in my own soul and among the people. Forty have been added to the Church, and we are looking, praying, and laboring for a general shower.

Wednesday, 26.—Have just made a visit to our dear friends in New Haven. How sincere, how deep their friendship! How sweet the fellowship of the saints on earth, and how much more sweet when we meet in Heaven! I was much refreshed to find my spiritual children walking in the truth. In four days I made thirteen visits, met two Classes, held one prayer-meeting, preached three sermons, and traveled fifty miles.

October 15.—Last Friday night we had a glorious display of God's power and grace. Many are seeking the Lord with broken hearts, and one found peace through faith.

December 2.—The Lord continues to make bare His Almighty arm. On Sunday the Lord's people were greatly blessed, both under the word, and at

the Sacrament. Convictions multiplied during the week.

December 10.—Notwithstanding the rain, a number of young men attended the prayer-meeting, and there was a great cry for mercy—four found pardon and peace in Jesus.

December 11.—The Lecture-room was crowded to overflowing; all as solemn as death. About thirty came forward for prayers; four found the Lord.

December 12.—To-night went into the church, our Lecture-room being too small. At an early hour it was well filled. The mourners flocked to the altar like a cloud. In the course of the evening nine or ten found peace, and many returned home with heavy hearts. It was a precious night.

December 13.—The work continues, but there is much opposition, and great efforts are made to draw away the young disciples. How much heavenly wisdom and patient perseverance are necessary to conduct such a work as this. My trust is in the Lord. It is no new thing; I have been in it for many years, and have seen thousands converted to God.

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September 11, 1828.—Full of cares and business, but little time for writing or study. I have traveled about fifteen hundred miles, and attended the General Conference at Pittsburg—was absent about six weeks.

Our Annual Conference this year sat in New

York City. We had a long debate about pewed churches. We cannot build free churches in New England, and I feel no scruples about building pewed churches—we had better have them, than none at all. This is my second year in this place. I desire to be wholly the Lord's, and useful to my fellow men.

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March 7, 1829.—The past year has been one of great labor. Our new and beautiful church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, the first day of January. It cost about nine thousand dollars, and is mostly paid for. It is well filled, and the best of all is, God is with us; His Holy Spirit has been poured out, and sinners have been awakened and converted nearly every day since its dedication. God has wonderfully strengthened me, both in body and soul. I feel Him lifting me up on high, and I thirst for closer communion, even to be filled with the Holy Spirit. I desire to feel and practice all I teach to others, that when I speak, it may be directly from the fullness of the heart; for I am well persuaded that no preaching can produce much good unless the heart be in it.

The Lord is still carrying on His work among us; sinners are being brought to God.


April 16.—Yesterday was my thirty-ninth birthday. It is twenty-one years, next July, since I was born again, and fourteen years next May, since I entered the ministry. Mercy and goodness have followed me all my days. How my brethren have

borne with me, and how God has owned and blessed my feeble efforts! May my future life be all His!

Friday, 17.—Good Friday, and the State Fast. I preached in the morning, on the Passion of our Lord, and in the afternoon, on Temperance. In the evening, between one and two hundred attended the general Class-meeting.

1830-1837.

Re-appointed to John St. Church, New York City.—Glorious Times.—His Journal discontinued for some Months.—Conference in Middletown, Conn.—Appointed to Derby Circuit.—Conference in New York City.—Formation of Troy Conference.—Appointed Presiding Elder of New Haven District.—The First Ten Quarterly Meetings.—A Multitude at West Suffield.—Camp-Meeting at Burlington.—“Resurrection Time” at Granby.—Revivals at Newtown and Stratford.—“Not looking very Clerical.”—“Plenty of Work ahead.”—A Year on the District.—Conference of 1833, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Appointed Agent of the Wesleyan University.—Review of his Two Years’ Work in the Agency.—Conference of 1835, in Brooklyn, N. Y.—Re-appointed to New Haven, Conn.—Junior Exhibition at Yale.—Various Experiences.—“We are saved by Hope.”—At Hamden and Waterbury.—A Hard Rock.—A Series of Meetings.—Glorious Results.—What most Promotes the Work of God.—“What an Absurdity!”—Suffering and Toiling.—Protracted Meeting. Ninety-Eight Nights.—Twenty-One Years an Itinerant.—Oppressed with Labor and Responsibility.—How to Prevent Starvation.—“The Path of Duty a Heart-Cheering Way.”—A Subscription for a New Church declined.—“Old Milford.”—Visits his Brother Joseph.—Church-Building reviving on the District.—Visiting the Sick, and Burying the Dead.

ANUARY 4.—At the last Conference I received my appointment to the City of New York, for the second time. When I left it I never expected to be sent back again, and I felt reluctant to return on account of my wife’s health. But the Bishop told me that the people desired it, and I must submit. Submit I did; but I would rather have been sent to the Green Mountains!

The friends received us with great affection, and I will praise the Lord for all His benefits to me and mine.

Tuesday, 26.—By request of the President of the Board of Trustees, I presented a plan for a new church. Many desire a house of worship with family sittings, and are willing to contribute the money to build it, if the Trustees will consent. But the project met with opposition, and so was dropped for the present.

Monday, February 1.—Yesterday, while I enlarged on that awful saying of our Lord, Matt. xxii.—13, He made bare His Holy arm, and there was a mighty shaking among the dry bones. At the close, mourners flocked to the altar of prayer, and the brethren prayed and labored like men of God, as they are. God is doing great things for us.

Sunday March 14.—After walking five miles and preaching three times, I found myself as fresh as in the morning. To God be all the praise! In the evening plead the cause of poor, worn-out preachers.

Thursday, April 15.—Forty years old this day—more than half the time allotted to man upon the earth. God is reviving His work gloriously; hundreds have been awakened and converted. New York has not seen such a work for years. It still goes on, and our cry is, “Thy Kingdom come.” My labors have been excessive day and night; but my merciful Saviour has wonderfully sustained me, and filled my heart with comfort and gratitude.

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August 23, 1832.—For some time past I have kept no record of passing events. A multitude of cares and labors have occupied my time. During my last year in New York, more than thirteen hundred were added to the different Methodist churches.

In May, 1831, Conference sat in Middletown, Ct., where some things took place which were unpleasant. But by grace, rather than grieve a brother beloved, I yielded; took my appointment on Derby Circuit, Ct., and labored with much comfort, and some success. We put three churches and one parsonage in course of erection, which were all finished the next year.

This Spring, (1832) Conference met in New York City. The Conference being large, it was found necessary to divide; so the Troy Conference was set off as an independent body. My appointment was announced for the New Haven District. This responsible charge awakened feelings in my heart which I cannot express. I had ever felt an aversion to filling the office of Presiding Elder for the following reasons. It is a responsible, and with many a thankless office. My family is large and expensive. While in a station, I can take care of myself; but on a District the Presiding Elder depends chiefly on the preachers for his allowance.

But the Lord has hitherto helped me, and I will still trust Him.

We have now had ten Quarterly-meetings. At the first and second, we had profitable seasons in waiting on the Lord. At the third, eight or ten

found peace in believing. At the fourth, we dedicated a new church, and several were at the altar for prayers. At the fifth, we dedicated another new church, and the new altar was nearly full of praying penitents; many wept, and many rejoiced. At the sixth, we held meetings three days in the woods. Nothing special occurred, except the wicked were very troublesome. At the seventh, the Lord was with us, and we had a good time. At the eighth, the glory of the God of Israel was seen; many were cut to the heart, and several found peace. The ninth was held four days, and proved a refreshing season. The tenth was a profitable meeting, though I found the Society in a disaffected state, owing to dissatisfaction with their Pastor, whom they wished me to remove. But I could not do so, as I did not think their reasons sufficient; so they threatened to set up for themselves.

The Presiding Elder cannot make poor preachers into good ones, but he must bear all the blame. Through grace I endeavor to act impartially, both to preachers and people. The Discipline must be my guide; but how much wisdom, fortitude, and prudence are necessary for this work. I hope to be more humble, devoted, and faithful—a pattern to preachers and people in zeal, in labors, in faith, in love, in holiness.

Saturday, August 25.—Quarterly-meeting at West Suffield, held in the Congregational church. A multitude of people, and a good time. It was said there were three hundred carriages there on Sun-

day. After a meeting of six hours duration, I rode twenty miles, and preached in a Baptist meeting-house.

Thursday, 30.—Commenced a Camp-meeting in Burlington. A powerful and glorious season; a goodly number converted, and several sanctified. On Monday, in the Lovefeast, the cloud of Divine glory seemed to cover the Camp: and at the close between eighty and ninety presented themselves for prayers. I was not well, but took the whole charge, without any regular watch.

Thursday, November 17.—A four-days-meeting at Granby. Cold and dead as the dry bones in Ezekiel's valley; but after a struggle the word of the Lord came, and the dry bones began to stir and rise up. God wrought wonders—back-sliders were reclaimed, sinners awakened, and mourners converted. It was a glorious meeting.

December 9.—Quarterly-meeting at Middlebury, and the dedication of their new church; a neat little house, with gallery and basement.

December 16.—Quarterly-meeting at Stratford: a snow-storm, but a time of great power. The altar was filled with weeping penitents. The meeting continued several days, and about fifty joined the Church. Several of the first families in the place were brought to God.

December 26.—At Newtown, God owned His word, and a powerful revival broke out which swept the whole place.

February 24, 1833.—Quarterly-meeting at Strat-

ford. The power of the Lord came down like a rushing, mighty wind. Many were cut to the heart and cried stoutly for mercy; nor did they pray in vain. Redeeming mercy came to their deliverance. The meeting lasted a week, and more than fifty found the Lord.

March 17.—Rode thirty miles through deep mud to see my family; and blessed be God, found all well. Spent three days with them, and was off again to attend Quarterly-meeting at North Haven.

Horrible traveling—my horse plunged into a mud-hole, and threw me head-over-heels into the mud. I crawled out, and reached a stream of running water, washed off the mud as well as I could, and pushed on, not looking very clerical, but feeling thankful that no bones were broken. We had a blessed good meeting; several sinners were converted, and God's dear children were greatly comforted.

March 27.—At home, but plenty of work ahead. Nine Quarterly-meetings, and five "four-days' meetings," during the next six weeks! May God give me grace and strength.

May 6.—Have finished one year's labor on this District. Upon the whole it has been a year of great toil, and of much peace and pleasantness. Notwithstanding the imperfection of the instrument, I think much good has been done in the Name of the Lord. My only plea is: "I am condemned, but Christ has died." O Lord of Hosts, forgive me a poor sinner, for the sake of Jesus

Christ, my great atoning High Priest, and most gracious Redeemer!

Wednesday, May 8.—The Annual Conference sat in the village of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and after a laborious session of eight days, we closed in great peace and friendship. Bishop Hedding presided.

At this Conference I was persuaded to accept the Agency of the Wesleyan University—a difficult and laborious work. I fear a failure, but throw myself upon the good Providence of God, and upon the forbearance of His people.

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May, 1835.—This month closes my two years' labor as Agent of the Wesleyan University. I have traveled thousands of miles, obtained about ten thousand dollars towards its endowment, and established a Boarding House. Being Treasurer as well as Agent; I have regulated its finances as well as I could; but it is a work never to be coveted by me. I have done my best for the Institution, and hope it may prosper; but I cannot, (though earnestly solicited to do so), labor in the Agency any longer. My mission is not to collect money, but to preach the Gospel.

Conference this year was held in Brooklyn, N. Y. I received my appointment to the City of New Haven, for the second time. After the usual turmoil and labor of moving my family, I arrived here safely on the 21st of May.

Monday, 24.—Yesterday, commenced my labors in the pulpit—preached three times. I leave home

to-day to attend the Legislature at Hartford in behalf of the University.

Wednesday, June 2.—Church-books out of order—finances in a bad state—religion at a low ebb—much to be done every way.

June 9.—Attended the Junior Exhibition at Yale College. The young men acquitted themselves well, generally. But there was too much art and stiffness—a lack of naturalness of movement. The Professor of Elocution was more prominent than the student himself.

June 11.—Held a Missionary meeting—heard interesting facts from Africa, and took a collection of over three hundred dollars for the Missionary Society.

June 15.—Met Class and attended Leader's meeting. Found coldness and neglect in the classes. How shall abuses of long standing be rectified? I feel that it requires more wisdom, fortitude, and prudence than I possess. Arise, O Lord, and save Thy heritage!

June 17.—The morning spent as usual in reading, writing, and prayer. I feel the need and the benefit of much prayer. What are five times a day, unless the soul is filled with strong desires and faith? I long for the fullness of God, more than for anything else beside.

June 21.—My heart sinks down, down, down. O Lord, lift Thou up my soul! I have been visiting from house to house—hard work for the lazy flesh, but good for the Church.

July 10.—For some days my soul has been gathering strength. It is only in God that I can live. I desire not the world for my joy, but to put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet how far short I come of being what other servants of Jesus are, and what I should be.

WE ARE SAVED BY HOPE.

We are saved by hope: but hope that is seen, (or enjoyed) is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? Romans viii. 24.

I shall consider the difference between a *Christian hope*, and *hoping that I am a Christian*, and the inconsistency of saying, “we have obtained a hope,” in reference to our past religious experience.

It is very common with many persons professing godliness, either through a bad education, or a false idea of humility, when inquired of about their religious experience, to answer by saying, I hope so. Have you repented of your sins? I hope I have. Have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? I hope I have. Do you love God? I hope I do. Have you received the forgiveness of your sins? I hope so. Do you love the people of God? Do you endeavor to keep God’s commandments? I hope I do.

Now I object to this way of answering questions, which stand so nearly connected with our present and eternal happiness. A man must have some knowledge of what passes in his own bosom, or of his past experience—or he must remain in ignor-

ance. If he knows, then he does not hope. If ignorant, to say he hopes is to deceive himself. I object to this way of speaking, for three reasons.

I. Because it is contrary to the meaning of the word hope, as generally used among men, or as used in the Bible. We understand by hope an expectation of some good. It is sometimes put for the object of hope. The Christian's hope is made up of expectation and desire. He desires that good which God has graciously promised to His people, and he expects it. Those who use it in reference to past experience seem to put it in the place of faith. If a person feels pain or ease of body, he does not need to say he hopes he does. May he not be as conscious of pain or of rest in his soul? Why then does he say I hope? Why not say at once to the glory of God, *I know*?

II. Because it is contradicted by the experience of every true Christian. Every believer's experience may not be equally clear and full, but what he feels, he knows. He may not know what name to give his feelings—he may not at the time know that it is *religion*; yet he is fully sensible of a change wrought in his soul. When he felt guilty, under condemnation and wrath for his past sins, he knew it. When his soul was full of sorrow and bitterness, he knew it. His former comforters all forsook him, and he found no rest. After he was brought to see himself a poor, helpless, guilty, wretched sinner, his past offences against his God haunted him wherever he went. Now is he not sensible,

yea, deeply sensible of his repentance? Why, then, does he say he *hopes* he feels himself a sinner? When God, in his great mercy, for the sake of Jesus Christ, brings him up out of the horrible pit, and puts a new song into his mouth, even praise to the living God, will he not know it? Could a man in his right mind, with his eyes open, be brought from darkness into the full blaze of noon-day light and not know it? Why should he say he hopes he sees the light? “For what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?” When a man tells me he has a hope that he loves God, I suppose he wishes me to believe that he does in reality love Him, that he does enjoy religion, and that he is well satisfied with his own experience. Now, if this man has in reality a Christian experience he must know it; and if he knows it, why say he hopes it is so? If he does not know; if he has not the witness in himself that he has passed from death unto life—for him to hope it is so, and settle down contented on that hope, is to deceive his own soul, build upon the sand, and endanger his eternal salvation.

Some will ask, how can he know these things? I answer, by the spirit that God gives to every one that believes in Jesus. The natural “*eye hath not seen, nor the*” natural “*ear heard, nor hath it entered into the*” natural, unrenewed “*heart to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us*” that believe, “*by His Spirit.*” “No man knoweth the Son, but the Father, and no one knoweth the Father but

the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him." Then, when God is revealed to our hearts, we shall know Him, for we shall be in Him, and He in us.

III. The third reason why I object to this mode of speaking is, that it is not according to the Scriptures. If I am not mistaken, the writers of the New Testament never use hope as relating to past experience. Concerning Christian experience, they express themselves with the utmost clearness and assurance. "We *know* that we have passed from death unto life—that we are of God—we *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may *know* Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life—he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself"—so writes John. St. Paul says "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God: if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away, and behold, all things are become new. Ye were once darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord."

Many other passages might be brought forward to the same effect, but these are sufficient to show how the Scriptures speak of the experience of believers.

St. Peter requires us to give a reason for the hope that is within us, with meekness and fear. But hope here, I am inclined to think, does not refer to our past experience of the forgiveness of sins, nor

our present enjoyment of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost; but to eternal life beyond the grave. Now, every good man hopes to live, and enjoy God forever and ever. A reason for this hope he is to give to every one who may ask it of him. What good reason could a person give of such a hope, who does not know that his sins are now forgiven, and that God is now reconciled through Jesus Christ. But he that hath the witness in himself, that he is a child of God, can give at once a good reason for his hope, it is this—"if a son, then an heir, an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ." He has the earnest of the Spirit already given him, even the Spirit of adoption, which enables him to cry "Abba, Father."

A Christian is one who has the spirit, imitates the example, and obeys the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ, his living Head, Master and Saviour. He hath faith, hope, and charity. We speak chiefly of his hope. It springs from his experience of the mercy of God, in the forgiveness of his sins; is founded upon the promises of the Gospel, and supported by them, and has for its object the continual presence of his Divine Saviour; with every lawful enjoyment through life—and finally a happy and complete deliverance out of all his temptations, trials and labors; also from all the consequences of sin, and an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Now the properties of this hope are, 1. It maketh not ashamed, having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. It begets joy unspeakable in the soul, puts grace and gladness upon the countenance, and inspires with invincible courage in the performance of every duty.

2. It hath a direct tendency to make us hate and flee from sin. "He that hath this hope in himself, purifieth himself, even as He, (Jesus) is pure."

3. It enables the believer to hold fast in the midst of storms and tempests. It is like an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, reaching to that within the veil."

4. It saves from despondency in seasons of darkness, trials, and difficulties. From impatience in the attainment of its grand object—"for if we hope for it, then do we with patience wait for it."

How vastly different is this *Christian hope* from *hoping that I am a Christian!* The former, fills the soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The latter keeps it in continual suspense, doubt, and fear. The former is the most vigorous in the time of affliction, while the latter leaves its possessor comfortless and dispirited. That, looks at eternal glory—this, at something that is merely imaginary. The real Christian beholds God reconciled to him through the Son of His love. He knows that all his sins are cast forever into the deep. He hopes for still larger measures of His grace, even for that perfect love that casts out fear, even the fear of

death; for victory over every inward and outward sin—to be filled with all the fullness of God.

While he thus hopes, he continually hungers and thirsts after righteousness. He waits, watches, prays, and diligently uses all the means of grace. He never rests satisfied with past experience, nor present enjoyment; but while he praises the Author of all good for the great things which He hath already done for his unworthy soul, he forgets the things that are behind, and continually reaches forward to those things that are before, even all the mind of Christ; not as though he had already attained, or was already perfect.

Thus he lives on the food of angels from day to day. The promised land often arising to the full view of his faith, his hope gathers strength daily, and he becomes rooted and grounded, and built up in the truth: while he who only hopes that he is a Christian is full of perplexing doubts and fears—fears as to his present and future state. He goes with his head bowed down, or seeks comfort in unholy pleasures, complaining of his coldness, darkness, deadness, and unfruitfulness. He settles down in this state, supposing he can never know his relationship to God, until death, or after death. He does not look for the fulfillment of the great and precious promises in the Book of God. He does not hunger nor thirst after righteousness, not believing in his high and holy privilege to be made perfect in love in this life. Thus he has very little, if any, spiritual enjoyment—little communion with Jesus and

with the Father. O let us look for the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of our sins!

November 6.—Spent three days with our brethren in Hamden, laboring day and night. God began a gracious work, many were pricked to the heart, several found peace in believing, and the church was much quickened.

November 13.—Visited our friends at Waterbury—spent Saturday and Sunday, and God was pleased to own His word. Scores were pricked to the heart: on Saturday evening fourteen were at the altar for prayers, and on Sunday between thirty and forty. The work is progressing powerfully.

Sunday, 22.—A good day in this city. I was enabled to speak the word with all boldness. Met the Society, talked to them plainly of the low state of religion amongst us, and we entered into a covenant to pray three times a day for the outpouring of the Spirit upon us as a church. Why this dullness among the members? I fear their pastor lacks zeal and holiness. Lord, help me to awake!

Several loud calls from abroad; but feel obliged to decline and stay at home, and labor on this hard rock—it may break. The work is toilsome, but it may be good for me.

Sunday, December 6.—Preached twice: had some liberty, especially in the afternoon pleading for Missions. O, the poor heathen! the world to be converted through the instrumentality of the Church; but, alas! when will she feel her responsibility!

January 1, 1836.—Last night was a time of great interest in the Watch-night meeting. One sermon from a Congregationalist, one from a Baptist, and exhortations and prayers from Methodists. Multitudes were present, and deep solemnity rested on all. We now commence a series of meetings, not knowing how long they may continue. I preached three times to-day—but few out to hear; dull work.

Sunday, 3.—A day of power; hundreds felt the word. Three hundred at the Sacrament.

Friday, 15.—For two weeks past we have held meetings only evenings: about forty have been converted; several are yet under awakenings, and the meetings are well attended.

Wednesday, 20.—Preached from Romans x. 10. God made His word life and power. Some found the Pearl of great price during preaching. In the prayer-meeting that followed, the glory of the Lord was wonderfully displayed. Large numbers were translated from darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. It was one of the happiest seasons I ever enjoyed: my soul was humbled and filled with joy. Such was the fullness and power of God I could not sleep.

Friday, 22.—God is yet with us carrying on His work. I met about sixty of the young disciples, and a most precious season we had together. Many spoke very clearly of their conversion, and several found the Lord.

Sunday, 24.—God was in the assembly of His people to-day. Our large church was crowded

three times; and a goodly number found deliverance from the bondage of sin and death, both during the sermon, and in the prayer-meeting.

We have now held meetings twenty-five evenings, and during several days. More than seventy have been converted, and sixty-two have joined Class. I have taken about thirty young disciples under my especial care.

Sunday, February 7.—The morning service was rendered very interesting on account of the baptism of about forty persons; some of them grey-haired men and women—heads of families.

Thursday, 11.—Bro. Gossling, a local preacher from the West Indies, who is spending the winter in the city, preached this evening from “Solomon my son,” etc. He is an eloquent speaker, and many felt the power of God. The altar was filled with penitents, but we had too little faith. Several brethren from other churches prayed; but they had not on the armor, and there was little power.

Sunday, 14.—A high day. Bro. Gossling preached once, and I twice. The evening was a time of mighty power; many felt the word as a sharp sword piercing the soul.

Monday, 29.—Meetings have been continued every day during the past week, notwithstanding the severe storms and cold. They have been well attended, and at every meeting more or less have been brought from darkness to light. Yesterday, ten joined Class.

March. 10.—For several days past have been laid

aside by severe cold and sore-throat; but God is good, and Jesus is precious to my soul. The Lord still carries on His work. Last sabbath He gave His word great power, and melted many hearts. To-night we are having a terrible storm, and our church is shut for the first time since the New Year commenced.

In my opinion nothing promotes the work of God, like simple, plain, pointed preaching of the word. Mr. Wesley's doctrine of Justification, as found in the Bible, and its kindred doctrines, are the sharp two-edged sword that pierces the heart—it wounds and heals; it kills and makes alive. A man may preach what are called good sermons, please the people, and yet do very little good. The Bible is the most plain and pointed book in the world. Let a preacher take it as his model, and with the power of that Spirit which inspired the Bible, he cannot help but succeed in his work.

But do the preachers of our day do thus? We are too general in our preaching; it should be *personal*, and make every one feel, "I am the man." We are apt to bring too many things into one sermon, and when men hear the same thing over and over, in nearly the same language, they lose their interest in what is said. Let the preacher show his hearers their own individual heart and character, and they will, they must feel.

Tuesday, 15.—This evening Bro. H. preached. There was no life and no power. His text was "Strive to enter in," etc.—and yet, while preach-

ing to the people about agonizing, he lay with his elbows on the cushions of the pulpit. O, what an absurdity for a man to be cold and lifeless, when pleading for immortal souls!

Wednesday, 16.—Bro. Gossling gave us an eloquent sermon on “fighting the good fight of faith.”

Attending meetings so long and constantly, with so much care; and visiting from house to house, has almost worn me down. But thanks be to God, I feel willing to wear out in this blessed work.

Sunday, 27.—Quite unwell with influenza. Bro. Gossling preached in the morning, and in the afternoon I enforced John iii. 16. Although scarcely able to hold up my head, the Lord enabled me to speak plainly and pointedly. In the evening continued the same subject. Many people were present all day—eight joined Class.

Monday, 28.—Bro. L. C. preached, but I was too sick to enjoy the meeting, and left before it closed.

Wednesday, 30.—Shut up nearly all day, but ventured out to visit several families. Preached in the evening from John vi. 44. The Lord gave me great enlargement—the word was life and power, and did me good soul and body.

Thursday, 31.—Still unwell, but gaining. I find the need of as much patience to suffer, as of strength to do the will of God.

Friday, April 1.—Good Friday, a day of fasting and prayer—preached two sermons. In the even-

ing took up a subscription in aid of our Book Concern, which has been destroyed by fire.

Sunday, 3.—A day of labor and enjoyment. Preached three sermons, baptized ten persons, administered the Lord's Supper, and held prayer-meeting after evening service. One of the most notorious sinners in the City was converted. The lion has become a lamb—a miracle of grace and mercy.

Friday, 8.—Last night we closed our protracted meeting. It has been continued ninety-eight nights, besides several days. One hundred and seventy persons have professed conversion, and a multitude of backsliders have been reclaimed; while harmony, life and vigor have been diffused through the membership generally. The work, from its commencement, has been more like a running stream than like a flood—it has been gradual and steady. God has carried it on in a way to convince men that it was His own work. The instruments have been few and feeble. We have occasionally been assisted by visits from brethren, but we have not sent abroad for popular preachers. God has chosen the weak things to confound the mighty, and foolish things to confound the wise. To His Name be all the praise.

It has been a precious winter to my own soul; the Lord has done much for me whereof I am glad. I desire the anointing of the Holy Spirit, that I may be more holy and more useful.

Friday, April 15.—My Birth-day Forty-six

years has God in His abundant mercy spared my life. How many blessings have crowned my existence, and what solemn obligations are upon me! My only complaint is against myself. If I had been more faithful how much further I might be advanced in holiness and happiness! Twenty-one years I have been a traveling preacher, and together with my colleagues, with whom I have labored, have seen about four thousand sinners brought to God. My honest desire has been to do good, but I see so many imperfections in the whole of the past, that I am much ashamed before the Lord, and feel like saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." O, may I hear the warning voice of forty-six years, and strive to live more to God's glory in the future. Should one soul perish through my ignorance and neglect, what an account!

Tuesday, April 26.—Most of the young converts hold fast their confidence, but some have fallen back. Too many church members shrink from their appropriate work; and as God carries on His work by human instrumentalities, when these fail, the work will not go forward.

My labors are more than my strength can well endure. I fear some things will be left undone, or will not be done as well as they should be—yet, I am going from morning until night. The sick must be visited, the careless aroused, the wandering reclaimed, the feeble encouraged, the worldly warned, and the whole urged on to perfection, both

by precept and example. I desire to experience and practice all I teach to others.

I have had some delightful seasons in visiting from house to house. Some are sick, but happy in God; they find the religion of Jesus invaluable—it gives light in darkness, ease in pain, joy in sorrow, and life in death.

One man, a stranger in the city, stopping at a boarding-house, was obliged to remain on account of sickness. One night he thought himself dying; this brought him to cry unto the Lord, who heard his prayer and gave him hope. I found him trusting in the Lord, and wishing to know the way more perfectly. .

A young man, who resisted the strivings of the Spirit all through the Revival, has been led to cry for mercy.

My care, labor, fears and desires almost weigh me down. O, had I spent every hour for God, what a comfort it would give me now! But alas! how many have flown away unimproved. Lord, forgive my sins, and give me a burning zeal for Thy glory.

The thought of Sabbath duties almost makes me sick. What a work is the Christian ministry! How glorious! how responsible! how awful!

Sunday, May 15.—Preached three times; twice in Fair Haven, and in the evening at my own church, to a full house of attentive hearers. I have my own trials—our church is full, and we need another house of worship; but many who

could help, fear and hold back. We must make the effort, and hope, and pray, and work for its accomplishment.

July 19.—No notes made for several weeks past. We had a long, laborious Conference. Many men, instead of qualifying themselves by study and diligence for usefulness anywhere they may be sent, are complaining of the people, and dreading starvation. Are *they* not to blame? Let them throw their whole soul into the work—read, write, preach, pray, meet their Classes, visit from house to house; show the church and the people that they seek the good of souls only, and then see if they have not the affection and support of the people.

I am returned to my old charge. O for grace to be faithful in feeding Christ's sheep and lambs! I have a heavy responsibility upon me, and without God can do nothing—a large congregation, a large membership, and a new church building on my hands.

July, 12.—Visiting, study, and getting subscriptions for our new church, have kept me busy during the week. I must now prepare for the Sabbath. The path of duty, though laborious, is a sweet, heart-cheering way. Rest of soul is found in following Jesus.

Monday, 25.—I presented the Trustees with a subscription of more than \$10,000 for the erection of a new church in the eastern part of the City; but through fear they declined the offer. So, if we have a new church, we must have a new Board

of Trustees. It tries my faith and patience, but does not prevent my efforts. I shall go on and do what I can. If we fail it shall not be my fault.

Monday, 15.—By special request visited Old Milford—a new place for Methodism. The labors of a local preacher have been wonderfully blest, and he has, under the direction of the Presiding Elder, gathered a Class of nearly sixty members. I preached twice, and administered the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

September 14.—I have been on a journey to my old home in New York State, to meet my brother Joseph from Michigan. Found him well, and doing well—full of faith and zeal. I love him much.

November 10.—Attended the dedication of a new church in Danbury. Preached five sermons there, and one in Reading. The business of building churches has taken a new start among us, and is progressing well, since they have broken through the old prejudice against pewed churches. We have lost many of our best friends and hearers, for the lack of churches where they can sit with their families, and I have been much grieved on their account. Some are exceedingly sensitive about a pew-door, and would rather have no churches at all, than have them with rented pews, and so let immortal souls perish. How natural for vain man to "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

December 17.—Spent the week past in visiting the sick. One has gone to rest—only three days

sick. She was at her Class on Friday evening, and died on Monday. God has visited us with His chastening rod. Two in one house also died this week—mother and daughter. There is hope in their death.

Sunday, December 25.—Christmas-Day. In the morning spoke from Gal. iv. 4, 5, 6. In the afternoon Rev. L. C. preached. Afterwards we attended the funeral of the mother and sister of our dear Bro. Gossling, the local preacher who has been with us for a year past. Both were carried on the same hearse, and put into the same grave. They loved in life, and were not separated in death.

1837-1841.

Synopsis of a Sermon: 2 Corinthians vii. 1.—At Waterbury and Milford.—Outlines of Sermons.—Old Guilford.—Conference at Brooklyn.—Appointed to Hartford, Conn.—An Eventful Year in his Family—A Successful Campaign.—Conference in New York City.—Re-appointed to Hartford.—A Partial Exposition of the Lord's Prayer—Conference of 1839.—Appointed to the New Haven District for the Second Time—One Round on the District. Centenary Meeting—Sachem's Head.—In the Van on the Temperance Question.—Quarterly Meeting at New Haven.—A Time of Power.—Every Appointment met.—Loss of the Steamer Lexington.—Elements of Methodism.—Sufferings; Temptations; Consolations.—Conference in New York City.—Appointed to Green St. Church, N. Y.—Poor Health; Severe Conflicts.—Visiting the Sick and Dying—Missionary News from Oregon.—Discouragements and Depression.—Perfect Love Triumphs over Death.—Hardly Time to Pray—Panting after Faith and Holiness.—Preaches on Perfect Love.—Dedication of Bedford St. Church.—Formation of the S. S. Union of the M. E. Church.—Quarterly Visitation of the Classes.—A Rich Breakfast.—Sermon on Infant Baptism.—Important News from Africa.—A Good Day in Green St.—Money comes Freely when Religion prospers.—The Last Day of the Year.

JANUARY 8.—Preached three times under deep depression of feeling. O, how my soul has been tried! He leadeth me through deep waters, but His hand has held me up.

In the morning spoke from 2 Cor vii. 1. First, the *direction* given: "cleanse yourselves," &c.—"flesh," all outward sin—"spirit," all inward sin. Where? In the blood of Jesus. Secondly, the *reason*, that we may "perfect holiness." Thirdly, the encouragement given—"these promises," &c.

Conclusion. 1. Indulgence in sin, inward or out-

ward, prevents our increase in holiness. 2. There may be much sin remaining in the heart where there is some piety. 3. Persons should not cast away their confidence because they find sin remaining, but strive against it, and look for and expect its extirpation. 4. Pray for the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

January 19.—Preached from Acts v. 31, 32. Found it hard toiling, and caught nothing.

February 23.—Have been laid aside by sickness. This earthly tabernacle is terribly shaken, and will soon come down with a crash. Last week spent four days in Waterbury with Bro G——. Several were awakened, and a few converted.

March 1.—Rode nine miles to Milford. Preached twice, and returned the same evening—one of the coldest nights of this winter. The traveling was so bad the stage could not go; so I had a tremendous shaking in an old crazy mule-wagon.

March 5.—Preached in the morning from Isa. xxxv. 8, 10. I. The way. Its distinguishing characteristics. 1, Holy. 2, Plain. 3, Safe. 4, Straight. II. The travelers in the way. 1. Not the unclean, unconverted sinners; but the redeemed, the ransomed of the Lord, godly persons saved by grace. III. The end to which this way leads. Mount Zion, God's own dwelling-place, joyful, triumphant, enduring—no sorrow, no trouble, but perfect, pure, endless happiness.

In the afternoon preached from John xv. 22. Subject, the *ground* of man's accountability and

guilt—not Adam's sin; not that we are born into the world with disordered, depraved hearts; not the lack of ability to know and do the will of God; but that light has "come," Christ has "spoken." It is the *abuse* of the power and privileges given to us by God in Christ Jesus, for which we are condemned. Closed with an application, which God applied to the hearts of the congregation. We entered into covenant to pray three times a day for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. O Lord, hear Thou the voice of our supplications!

April 2.—In the morning, enforced Isaiah lxvi. 8. At the Sacrament, the Lord refreshed our spirits. In the afternoon, Dr. Fisk gave us a pleasant and profitable discourse on James v. 20. At seven o'clock, I spoke plain words from Micah vi. 2. After preaching I found one at the altar, whom God had smitten during the sermon. How time wings its flight! Week after week rolls on in swift succession, bearing its record to eternity. My soul, awake and work!

April 10.—Meetings have been held every day and night the past week, with but little apparent good.

April 18.—Spent last Sunday in Old Guilford. It had been long a barren soil for Methodism. The door seemed effectually shut against us. While I was on the District, I visited it, but could obtain no place to preach. At the last Conference it was made a Mission, and Rev. C. C. was appointed to labor there. God owned his labors, and more

than one hundred have been converted to God. There is no church; we held meetings in the old Town House, and had large, attentive congregations. I preached three times, and God blessed the word.

May 17.—Our Annual Conference commenced in the City of Brooklyn. Being Steward of the Conference, my hands were full of labor. The session was harmonious and pleasant. My appointment for the ensuing year was announced at Hartford, Conn.

May 29.—The moving process has been a toilsome undertaking. We found ourselves in a new, unfurnished house. The friends received us kindly, and though poor, did all they could to make us comfortable. I have now preached three Sabbaths, and commenced meeting the Classes. The congregation is tolerable, and there is some piety among the members. I feel quite at home among them, and hope our coming may be for their good, the good of my own soul, and for the glory of God.

* * * * *

[Here ensues a blank in the Journal of one year—a most eventful year in his family. In October of 1837 his eldest son, Aaron Coke, who had been spending the summer at home; while returning South, where he was engaged in teaching, was drowned in the wreck of the Steamer “Home,” off Cape Hatteras, N. C.

A few weeks later his eldest daughter was married, and left for her home in Mississippi.]

May 30, 1838.—We have had a winter campaign

night and day. We had little help, but God was with us. Nearly two hundred were converted, and one hundred and sixty-six have joined the Church on probation, and thirty-six by certificate.

Our Conference sat in the City of New York. We had a long, laborious, and in some respects, an exciting time. I was returned to Hartford for another year.

A PARTIAL EXPOSITION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I. The Being addressed, "Father"—He is called so. 1. Because He is the Great First Cause of all things, Himself uncaused. 2. He sustains all things by His all-pervading influence. 3. He alone has the right to govern and hold dominion over all worlds. 4. He is the fountain of all mercy and goodness. 5. He it is that quickeneth His people, and begetteth them again unto a lively hope, through Jesus Christ, by His eternal Spirit. 6. Because of the endearing relation that exists between Him and His people.

II. "*Our Father.*" All Christians are one family, of one origin, one aim, one interest. No one man, no one sect, no one nation has any right to arrogate to themselves alone, this petition and say, "*My Father;*" but it is, and must be forever, *Our Father.*

III. "*Which art in Heaven.*" This phrase seems to be used in the Scriptures to express: 1. The Omnipresence of God. "The Heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee." 1 Kings viii. 27. 2. His majesty and dominion over His creatures. "Art

not Thou God in Heaven, and rulest not Thou over all the kingdoms of the Heathen?" 2 Chron. xx. 6. 3. His power and might. "And in Thine hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand Thee?" 2 Chron. xx. 6. "But our God is in the Heavens; He hath done whatsoever He pleased." Ps. cxv. 3. 4. His Omniscience. "The Lord's throne is in Heaven. His eyes behold, His eyelids try the children of men." Ps. xi. 4. "The Lord looketh down from Heaven: He beholdeth all the sons of men." Ps. xxxiii. 13. 5. His infinite purity and holiness. "Look down from Thy holy habitation, from Heaven, and bless Thy people Israel and the land which Thou hast given us." Deut. xxvi. 15. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place." Isa. lvii. 15.

Yet we must be careful and not fix a local habitation for Our Father. There may be a place somewhere in His great universe where the rays of the divine glory and excellency concentrate, and from which they diverge to every part of that immensity which He fills; but God is everywhere—pervades all places; fills all time—past, present, and future; and at once superintends all things, even the most minute—every spirit, and every atom of matter.

IV. "Hallowed be Thy Name." Name is put for person, attributes and nature. Strictly speaking, God has no name. We cannot give Him a

name to distinguish Him from others, for there is no other God but Him. His name, therefore, is His being.

“Hallowed.” 1. He is like nothing on earth or that is earthly. He is a pure spirit, spotless, infinite. 2. We are to hallow Him in our conceptions of His nature; in our words, and manner of speaking of Him; in imitating Him in our lives; in teaching Him to our families, and in our several callings; in prayer and praise.

V. Inferences. 1. The name of God is used but once in this prayer, to check the too frequent use or repetition of the Divine Name in our prayers. 2. We should confide in His faithfulness and promises. 3. We should hope for His defence and protection. 4. We should reverence His Name. 5. We should cheerfully submit to His corrections and chastisements. 6. We should love and obey Him.

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At Conference, in May, 1839, I received my appointment on the New Haven District, for the second time. An appointment to be coveted by no one. I accepted it as a cross, for the good of the cause of religion. I hoped also to be useful to the Wesleyan University. For this purpose I removed my family from Hartford to Middletown, and commenced my labors, if not with cheerfulness, with as much courage as possible under the circumstances.

September 1.—Have finished one round on the

District. Amidst all the turmoil we have had some good seasons; but all things considered, I have never seen religion in the M. E. Church so low—so little activity. The people seem to be in a kind of feverish excitement. Preachers are slack in the performance of pastoral duties; confidence is shaken. O Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners!

We held a Camp-meeting, but I fear little good was done. Many noisy, rude young men made great disturbance, and no one to keep the peace; so we tried to bear it, and do the best we could.

September 10.—Held the first Centenary meeting on the District; but little feeling on the subject—about five-hundred dollars subscribed.

September 15.—A good meeting at Milford. The Society more alive than any I found on the District.

October 3.—Visited Sachem's Head, so called from a Pequod Indian Sachem having been killed here. His head was hung on a tree where it remained a long time. The town is now quite a resort for the fashionable public during warm weather, for the sake of sea-bathing, fresh fish, and oysters.

October 15.—At Clinton. An uneasy set of young men attempted to disturb the meeting, but after a few remarks kindly made on the impropriety of such behavior in the house of God, they were quiet while I addressed them from Gen. vii. 1.

October 20.—At Madison Centre—a new place. Spoke freely to a few people from 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, and hope some good will follow.

October 21.—Rode twenty-two miles through the rain, home—my coming an unexpected joy to my family.

November 17.—Quarterly-meeting on Madison Circuit—divisions, little life. Preached on Saturday from 1 Thess. v. 19. God attended His word to the heart. To-day was a day of profit throughout. God gave me liberty in speaking to the people from 2 Cor. viii. 9. Several were cut to the heart, and I hope the impressions may be lasting. Rode five miles, and addressed a large and attentive assembly on the importance of Temperance.

The Legislature of Connecticut has given to the people of each town to say, by their votes, whether any person shall be licensed to sell liquor. The friends of humanity are preparing for the contest; the Lord send them prosperity! I feel it my duty to give all the help in my power; so I lift up my voice against rum-drinking, rum-selling, and rum-making. I think the good cause is gaining ground. God is raising up a standard against this desolating scourge. I have been in the van in this State, on this subject. As early as 1826 I began it, and as I traveled extensively, I cried aloud wherever I could. The largest churches of different denominations were opened and filled by those anxious to hear the discussion of this subject; but many opposed who should have known better.

November 22.—Rode twelve miles to attend a Temperance meeting at Ponset. Dr. Field, a Congregational minister, and two Methodist ministers

were present. All took part in the exercises. I trust some good to the cause will result.

November 23, 24.—Quarterly-meeting at Had-dam. Preached three sermons, had Lovefeast and Sacrament, and a Temperance meeting in the evening. Though it rained in torrents, quite a number of men were present.

December 14.—At New Haven. A time of power in the Lovefeast; the saints shouted for joy. On Sunday preached twice from 1 Johu iv. 18. The Lord of Hosts was in the midst of His people, the love of God filled many to overflowing, though a tremendous snow-storm prevented a large attendance.

December 15.—Kept housed by the snow-storm.

December 16.—Started for home—plunged along for three or four miles, then stuck fast in a snow-bank. Took my horse from the sleigh, and returned to New Haven.

December 17.—Left horse and sleigh in New Haven, and returned home by rail-road and stage.

December 28.—Started for Derby, but after driving twenty-five miles through a tremendous snow-storm, put up in Waterbury with my good old friend, Bro. B——. On Saturday the snow and rain fell all day, and at night it froze. On Sunday, traveling was impossible; so here I was, shut up.

But, making a virtue of necessity, I held Quarterly-meeting with the good people of Waterbury, and sent on my appointment for Derby, three weeks from that time. At Waterbury I remained,

and helped them until Friday—a good work of the Lord is progressing; about forty souls have been converted.

January 3.—Left for Woodbury; floundered through the snow-banks, and arrived in safety. Thank God for His care of man and beast!

January 7.—Traveling still bad. Returned to my family; spent two days and three nights, leaving again on Friday.

Rode between thirty and forty miles to Derby, and staid with my friend, Bro. Isaac Gilbert. This week the weather was extremely cold; 26° below zero, but we held one Quarterly-meeting; preached three sermons, heard two, held Lovefeast, and administered the Lord's Supper.

January 21.—By reason of snow-banks, was compelled to ride eleven miles, to go three; sometimes between snow-banks over my horse's back, sometimes they were four or five feet above the road, sometimes through fields and over fences, up and down like the swells of the ocean; but arrived in safety, and preached in the evening.

January 22.—In the midst of a storm which continually increased, I started for home. After facing it about forty miles, arrived in safety, cold and weary, but thankful to God for His great mercy.

January 24.—Another storm of snow and rain, which froze and crusted. Traveling bad enough, but must be off to Quarterly-meeting.

I recount, with heartfelt gratitude to God, His

tender care over me and mine. In the midst of storm and cold, my health has been preserved; all my appointments have been attended, and my family are in good health

February 13.—One of the most awful calamities that ever happened in this country, took place on the Long Island Sound. The Steamer Lexington, which left New York for Providence, R. I., with about one hundred and fifty passengers, took fire, and all on board, save four, perished.

February 28.—Have been quite unwell for two weeks, almost unable to move about, with terrible spasms of pain in my head. Though obliged to curtail my extra labors, have missed none of my regular appointments. The work on the District is brightening—revivals in several places. O, for a general shower of grace!

Centenary of Methodism.—Methodism is not a new thing, but a revival of true, old fashioned Scriptural religion. Facts show it to have been under the special Providence of God. It is a system of means well adapted to the end—the salvation of men. It had in it all the elements of all the great benevolent movements of the Church from the beginning—Missionary, Sunday-School, Tract, Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and the Bible Cause. Mr. Wesley was more than one hundred years ahead of the age in which he lived.

During the month of March I was much afflicted with severe pains in my jaws and head; but by great exertion, and the goodness of a gracious God,

I was enabled to keep at my work, so far as to travel and attend my regular meetings, and some extra appointments.

April 29.—We have had some good seasons at our Quarterly-meetings. There is more zeal and union among the brethren, which promises much. O Lord, fill all hearts with thy love! How precious should the name of Jesus be to every sinner! What could we do without this Name? All would be darkness and despair. My heart adores the riches of grace, and the fullness of His Redeeming love. O may I believe on Him, love and obey Him, and be kept by Him from all sin! I owe all to Him, and expect all from Him. Precious Jesus!

I have had much assistance from the Lord in preaching, but have had sore conflicts with the adversary. Temptations have assailed me from without and within; the Searcher of hearts only knows what I have felt and passed through. Had not the Almighty arm of Heavenly mercy sustained me, I should have fainted. To Him be all the praise!

June 11.—Conference commenced its session in New York, and continued nearly two weeks. I felt it my duty to resign my District; and my appointment was made for Green St. church, New York. As soon as practicable I removed my family to our new home, and entered with great diffidence upon my duties. For several weeks my health and spirits were poor, my mind was

cast down, my faith became feeble, and Satan took a wonderful advantage of me. No mortal can ever know what agonies my soul endured; but God was entreated. He heard prayer for the sake of the Lord Jesus; the day dawned, light sprung up, my heart rejoiced and praised the Holy One of Israel.

My health also improved, and my spirits were revived. O, how much prayer and watchfulness, self denial and constant labor, it demands to live in the Spirit! If a man does not live in the Spirit, he will fulfill the desires of the flesh, or sink into a lukewarm, careless state of feeling. There is, then, and can be no real happiness to a human soul but in the enjoyment of God.

O my God, keep me from falling! Come and dwell in me, and conform me to Thyself!

In the midst of this the Lord was very good to us. He made bare His arm, and several were converted: some were filled with perfect love, and the Classes were generally quickened. How great is the loving kindness of the Lord!

My family have been absent in the country, and left me alone in the house; but I have had precious seasons in communion with God. To Him I belong. May He be my everlasting portion! Preaching, prayer-meetings, meeting Classes, and visiting the people, have occupied all my time. I am growing old; I get weary, and cannot do as I could once.

September 19.—Last Thursday I commenced

preaching, but was suddenly taken dizzy, and could not proceed. Another preacher took my place. But in the evening I was able to preach as usual, and on Friday morning and evening to preach again—yet I do not feel well. Three sermons for to-morrow. O Lord, be my help!

September 20.—Preached in the morning at Duane St. and in the afternoon and evening at my own church—afterwards, prayer-meeting. Several mourners were at the altar; God did own His word.

September 21.—My heart is fixed on God. In the morning visited several families: some were sick, some have lost friends, some have lost Christ. Gave each such advice as suited their case; prayed, and left them.

September 22.—Visited a man very low with consumption—found him as ignorant of the Saviour and His salvation as a heathen. Although he has lived a drunkard, he yet expected to escape punishment, because he had wronged no man! He has lived in this city of light and privileges: yet neither knows himself nor his God. I explained to him the first principles of our holy religion: he listened with attention, and seemed somewhat affected. Who knows but God may pluck this brand from the burning!

September 23.—A beautiful morning. I arose early, and felt considerable life and joy of spirit. The poor man I visited yesterday, is to-day far gone, but utterly unconcerned.

September 26.—He is dead, and gone to his Judge. No visible change.

October 14.—Blessed news from our Mission in Oregon—more than five hundred Indians converted in a few months! This is something like the days of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost was first poured out upon the disciples. What Christian can help crying out—Lord, let the flame spread all over the heathen world!

October 18.—At nine, A. M., baptized by immersion. Heard a good sermon from Bro. Wm. K. S., at three, P. M., on Matt. v. 3. At seven, preached in the Mulberry St. Church from 1 Cor. iv. 20. Arrived at my own church in time to hear part of Bro. J's sermon in favor of the Bible Cause. Throughout the day struggled hard against feelings of discouragement, with unusual depression of spirits; yet felt some comfort in preaching. I desire to have a holy flame of love burning continually in my soul, consuming everything opposed to its own nature.

October 23.—Visited the sick. God has filled the soul of one of His saints with perfect love that casts out fear. She is triumphant in and over death; she shouts "glory," and is full of love and heaven. I never saw more triumphant faith. She will soon depart and be with Christ. In the evening preached from Psalms xxv. 14. Several requested that the same subject be given them on Sunday; that must be as God wills.

October 24.—Preachers' meeting, which lasted

till one o'clock—various subjects discussed. Full of business, company, and visiting the sick all day—hardly time to pray. O, Lord, prepare my mind for Thy work on Thy Holy Day.

October 27.—My soul is much drawn out after God. I am poor, unworthy, and weak. I have no righteousness of my own. O for the righteousness of faith! I see that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth; but I do not feel all the power of this faith that I desire. I am not filled with the Holy Ghost—this is what I want. O that God may work in me by His Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus Christ my Lord, who died for me and rose again.

I believe His blood cleanseth from all sin. Lord, cleanse me—cleanse me *now* from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit!

November 1.—Quite unwell with a severe cold; not able to preach to-day. Local brethren supplied the pulpit. A full house, and a good prayer-meeting in the evening. Several deeply penitent at the altar; among them an aged, grey-headed man.

November 2.—A day of turmoil and labor—moving into a new, unfinished Parsonage; goods piled up in the attic, yard, cellar and other places. But God gave us patience. What are worldly conveniences without Christ?—and with Him we may be content without them.

November 8.—Our prayer-meeting in the evening

was attended with divine power. Twelve persons were at the altar for prayers.

November 15.—In the afternoon preached to a multitude of people on perfect love, and God was in His word. In the evening, preached again on the fruits of perfect love: the power of God was present in the prayer-meeting that followed, and several found the Lord.

November 19.—Attended the dedication of Bedford St. Church. Sermon by Bishop Hedding. They have a large and commodious house of worship.

November 30.—The Sunday School Union of the M. E. Church was formed at the Mulberry St. Church, under a Constitution approved by the last General Conference.

December 8.—Spent the morning in study. Met the Book-Committee, and attended the funeral of an aged sister, who died full of faith and the Holy Ghost. In the evening met Class—commencement of the third regular visitation of the Classes. If the members will attend, I shall see them all, by God's help, once a Quarter.

December 10.—The Scriptures afford a rich breakfast in the morning. Finished the Book of Numbers, and began the first Epistle of Peter. The Israelites were a strange and unbelieving people—so are we. Moses was an extraordinary man, few like him. Peter holds out glorious privileges to believers.

December 11.—Preached in the evening on Infant

Baptism. 1. Showed the organization of the Gospel Church to have been with Abraham. 2. That it was composed of adults and children, and was unto the coming of Christ. 3. That children were admitted into the Church then, by a religious rite, viz. circumcision. 4. That this rite has been changed to water-baptism, but no change was made in regard to the subjects of the Church, or the rite. 5. That little children, by the express declaration of Christ, were constituted subjects of His kingdom, and therefore were proper subjects of baptism. 6. It follows, of course, that it is the duty of all Christian parents to have their children baptized. *Not* to do it is, in effect, forbidding them to come to Christ.

December 16.—Met the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. Important news from Africa. A war of words broke out between the Governor and the Missionaries, which I fear will prove the death-dirge to the Colonization Society. It is certainly an anomaly in government, that a self-constituted society of individuals in the United States should plant a colony in Africa, make laws for it, declare war and make peace, imprison citizens of the United States, confiscate their property, and even take their lives. No sovereign State in this Union has such authority: it belongs only to the General Government. The Governor of Liberia has taken a dislike to our missions and missionaries, and would, if he dare, persecute them with fire and sword. But God will bring the

effects of his wrath upon his own head, if the missionaries stand firm, and attend to their proper work.

December 20.—A lovely day. God enabled me to speak forcible words from 1 Cor. x. 35. At half-past one I addressed the Sunday School. At three o'clock heard Dr. Bond, from St. John iii. 18; and in the evening preached from 2 Peter ii. 9. God made His word a hammer and a fire; several were cut to the heart. In the prayer-meeting that followed, a dozen new cases at the altar showed the effects of His two-edged sword. I retired to rest with a thankful heart.

December 22.—My mind is enabled to stay itself more firmly on God. He is the only Rock: all else is quicksand. Have visited some, attended three funerals, and in the evening met Class.

December 28.—Fine air, but bad walking. Not well, but mind calm. Stewards' meeting in the evening: a deficiency in the collections makes them feel uneasy; but God will take care of this also. The gold and silver are His. When religion prospers, money comes plentifully.

December 29.—I have walked on the ice and frozen ground, until my limbs pain me much. These things only pave the way for death; and death is the gate to Heaven. At seven, met Class. I love a Class-meeting better than a Tea-party—so left a company for the place of prayer.

December 31.—Last day of the year 1840. May it be to thousands the end of sin, lukewarmness,

1841—1843.

A Blessed New Year's Day.—Six Degrees Below Zero! Visiting the Sick and Poor.—“Something Clogs the Wheels.”—“Souls Saved! O what a Thought!”—Weeks of Terrible Suffering.—“Death loves a Shining Mark.”—Old John St.—Death of President Harrison.—A Serious Accident.—Funeral Pageant.—Mrs. Bangs, a Sufferer.—Our Foreign Missions.—A Busy Week.—Conference of 1841.—Re-appointed to Green St.—Rev. Charles Pitman.—Plan of a Sermon on Rev. ii. 5.—The Power of God displayed in the Sanctuary.—Synopsis of a Discourse on Heb. iv. 7.—Mortality in Green St. Church.—The Deaf Mute.—The Necessity of Christ's Sufferings.—Thoughts on Education.—Appointed to Forsyth St. Church, New York City.—A Question.—Things Changeful, and things Changeless.



JANUARY 1.—A tremendous snow-storm. Preached in the morning on Eph. v. 16, and notwithstanding the storm, had a good congregation and a precious season. The Lord was amongst His people, and the day was a blessed New Year's day. May the year prove a good year for the ingathering of souls!

January 2.—Was called to see a woman supposed to be dying. She was without God and without hope—her cries were pitiful; the whole family were in tears. I prayed and left her.

January 4.—Very cold—six degrees below Zero. Found it profitable to visit the sick and poor. The woman I visited on Saturday was somewhat revived, and now cared less for her soul. Thus it is with many: when death stares them in the face, they will cry unto the Lord; but when the danger

seems past, they become again unconcerned and forget Him.

January 8.—Held Lovefeast in the evening. The Lord blessed His people; they spoke with freedom. I read the Discipline, and took five into the church. At the request of the brethren, determined to hold extra meetings for the promotion of the cause of religion among us.

February 1.—Meetings last week were not as lively and interesting as during the week before. My own health has been poor, and my spirits have been severely tried and wounded. My refuge has been prayer. I cry for patience, that it may have its perfect work.

February 6.—The week has been one of labor, but something clogs the wheels; the Ark does not move on as we wish. Lord, show us the hindrance!

February 7.—The Sunday School anniversary was very interesting. I preached them a sermon, and we raised one hundred and forty dollars for the school. In the evening, one who had been long a mourner found peace.

February 10.—Have suffered three days with neuralgia in my head. Met Class at three o'clock, and attended meeting in the evening, but was obliged to leave before the close. In the midst of all, God has kept me in peace and patience.

February 20.—The past week has been one of active, blessed labor. Many sinners have been awakened, and several converted. On Wednesday and Friday evenings, especially, the power of the

Lord was revealed, the convictions were deep, and the conversions powerful. O Lord, fit me more fully for Thy work! My soul has been wonderfully blessed. O, what a wonder of mercy! God is love! But I desire the fullness—all the mind that was in Christ: this is man's highest glory. I anticipate a day of toil on the Sabbath; but if my God is with me to help me, and I may be useful to the Church, I shall go through with it with joy and gladness. Souls saved—O, what a thought! Lord, send out Thy light and Thy truth! Let the kingdom of darkness tremble under Thy powerful arm!

February 21.—Felt unwell, but preached three times, baptized five persons, visited the Sunday School, and held prayer-meeting after the evening service, at which three found peace. Retired at eleven, feeling weary enough. Slept but little, yet was happy in my soul, which is best of all.

February 22.—Still unwell, but met the seekers at three o'clock. At four, attended the S. S. Union. In the evening meeting the Lord wrought in power, three found peace in believing. Blessed be God, my soul was strong in faith, and humbly, yet confidently stayed upon the name of the Lord.

February 28.—O what a night of pain! This day have preached twice and heard one sermon; but O, how I have suffered! I could only cry, Lord, give me patience; and He did give it to me, thanks to His holy Name!

March 8.—A week of terrible pain. For six

days and nights I obtained scarcely any ease or sleep, yet God preserved me in patience. I adore Him for all His chastisements, as well as His mercies. Yesterday, preached once, and spent two hours in the Sunday School Missionary Society. In three weeks, the children have gathered more than forty dollars in pennies. How good the work, how fitting the hands employed—little children being trained in the right way! In the evening prayer-meeting three found peace.

Lord, I am Thine—soul, body, time, talents—all I have and am. Use me as Thou shalt see best; only make me holy. Give me Thy mind, Thy fullness of love, of faith and hope.

March 12.—The pain in my head continues, which makes me sensitive to cold air. Attended meeting every day and evening this week, except one. Some have found the Lord. I thank the good Lord for His mercy to me in the midst of affliction: but still I am so unwell in body, that it weighs down, in some degree, the mind. I find it difficult to think, talk, read or rest.

March 24.—Last Saturday, through the day and night, I suffered what tongue cannot describe; no sleep, but constant, excessive pain. On Sunday morning a dentist undertook to extract a large tooth, but broke it twice, leaving the root in the jaw. The cutting of the nerve gave some relief but I was as feeble as a child for three days and nights. Thank God! He kept me from murmuring. Last night I slept some—this morning my head is easy, my heart is thankful.

March 29.—How forcibly was I reminded of the saying: “Death loves a shining mark,” when the Post brought a letter this morning from my wife’s sister, detailing the circumstances of the death of three of her children—two daughters, one twenty-five, the other twenty-three, and a son twenty-two years of age—well educated, beautiful in person, loving and beloved.

April 5.—Preached in John Street church. We had a good congregation, notwithstanding the rain, and a Bishop to preach to. Our friends have pulled down their old church to widen the street, and put up a smaller house, with two dwelling-houses on either side of the church.

The afflicting news has just arrived, which throws a nation into mourning—the death of the President of the United States of America, after having filled the office just one month. The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble before Him. How worldly ambition and glory fade away!

April 8.—To-day, my wife, while at my brother Nathan’s house on Crosby Street, in passing through the basement-hall, made a misstep, and fell about eight feet into the cellar, fracturing her thigh bone. We brought her home on a Hospital-litter. Two surgeons attended, but could afford no relief. Life was spared, so that, in the midst of affliction, we have cause for thankfulness.

April 10.—A memorable day in this City—the funeral ceremonies of the late President. It is supposed that more than fifty thousand persons

participated in the pageant. The military and civic procession extended nearly four miles. How soon will all be forgotten!

April 11.—Mrs. B. still lies in great pain, without the prospect of speedy or effectual relief. Lord, do Thou sustain her!

This afternoon I improved the occasion of the death of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, from 1 Peter i. 24, 25. It was a solemn occasion. The church was draped in mourning, and deep seriousness characterized the assembly.

April 16.—Mrs. B. is more comfortable—there is some hope, though we fear a stiff joint, or a short limb. In the midst of pain, toil and watching, my heart has adored the Name of the Lord. He has been good and full of mercy.

We have had much perplexity with all our foreign missions. Africa is full of dissensions, and South America is a most barren field. If the woman of the Apocalypse has not her seat there, she has her full-grown myrmidons, and they play their part well. The Spaniards have shed much innocent blood; so God sends them wars at home, and in South America. They will go on revolutionizing until they open their eyes, and realize that superstition is not religion, and consent to give full liberty of conscience. Despotism in religion, and civil liberty cannot live together.

May 8.—A busy week: from twelve to fifteen meetings of different kinds. My flesh complains I am weary, indeed, but labor seems rest, if God

live in the soul. My heart has mourned over my own want of faith and love—over the lukewarmness of many Christians, the little good done, the profanity and wickedness around us. What shall be done? O Lord, arise and maintain Thy cause!

On the 19th of May, our Annual Conference commenced its session, and continued two weeks. For me it was a season of constant labor. I was returned to my charge in Greene Street, New York. I enter upon my work in the name of the Lord, trusting only in Him for success.

June 14.—Providence sent me preachers for the entire day yesterday, without my seeking. Rev. C. Pitman, the Missionary Secretary, preached in the morning from Rom. viii. 1. *First.* He showed what it was to be “in Christ.” *Second.* What it was to “walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit”. *Third.* That to such there was no condemnation.

The following thoughts were suggested while he was preaching, viz.—“Who walk after the spirit?” Not that a man can be in Christ, and not walk after the Spirit; or be in Christ and in condemnation, at the same time; but he that is in Christ does walk, or live after the Spirit; therefore there is no condemnation to him: he lives in the Spirit; i. e. he lives with an evidence of his acceptance and adoption, in the comforts of the Spirit, in the victory of the Spirit, and in the hopes of the Spirit. To walk is to live, to continue. He is not condemned for his past sins; they are blotted

out: he is not condemned for unavoidable imperfections; they are covered by atoning blood. The sentence of death is remitted. The Law no longer condemns him, for its claims are met for him by Christ. The Gospel does not condemn him, for he fulfills its requirements by living in Christ by faith, and walking in the Spirit.

September 13.—Yesterday, preached three times; administered the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants; baptized; attended a funeral; solemnized matrimony, and closed the day with a prayer-meeting. The Lord greatly assisted me—as was my day so was my strength.

In the morning I enforced Rev. ii. 5. I. The character addressed, fallen; not into error of doctrine, but from their first love—from that simple, warm, holy affection they had when first brought to God. II. The manner in which they were addressed. They were affectionately called to remember, to repent, to do their first works; and were threatened with excision if they did not.

Inferences. 1. We see what in religion is most valuable in the sight of God: not doctrine, not labor, not any outward good; but a loving heart. 2. Let us examine ourselves, and know whether we have not left our first love. Are we as simple, humble, and devout as when first converted to God? 3. If not, should we not repent, *now*? The persons addressed were not apostates, but backsliders in heart.

October 11.—For some time past there has been

a reviving among the brethren, and congregations have increased.

Yesterday was a day of labor: with a bad cold, had to preach three times. During the prayer-meeting in the evening a singular scene occurred. Near the door of the church the Spirit of God began to work among the young people. One young man left his associates and came to the altar; another was smitten down in his seat, but presently revived and came to the altar, where, in ten or fifteen minutes, he fell like a log to the floor; one or two more also fell back. A young lady was similarly affected while sitting in her pew; two of her companions assisted her to leave the church, one accompanied her home, the other returned. In a few moments the Lord smote her, and she came to the altar, crying aloud for mercy.

My discourse was from Hebrews iv. 7; "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "To-day"—in this dispensation, this present life, the day of probation, of long suffering. "To-day"—now, this present time, this hour.

"If ye will hear His voice"—*His* voice. God speaks in His Providence: the loss of friends, of health, of property. In His Word, He allures us by promises, and deters us by threatenings—by His Spirit within us, by reproof and conviction. By the history of the past—the flood, the overthrow of Sodom and Jerusalem, and the ungodly at various times and places, and in various ways. By the fearful threatenings of the future: death,

hell and the judgment. By His servants preaching to us Christ and the Resurrection. They come in His name, and by His authority call us to repentance. "Harden not your hearts." Men harden their own hearts by making light of sin, religion, religious persons and religious ordinances; by turning away from instruction and reproof, by delaying the time of repentance, by grieving the Holy Spirit, by indulging in sin, the natural and necessary effect of which is to harden the heart.

"If ye will hear His voice." This is the only possible way of not hardening our hearts, to hear and obey the voice of God; repent and believe; turn at His reproof. Attend, then, O, attend to this timely expostulation! To-day hear, obey, and harden not your hearts.

October 15.—Death has made a large draft upon the Green St. Church since Conference. Eight members, six brethren and two sisters, have died; but we have this consolation, that they died in the Lord.

This morning, a lovely and useful member was cut down—the wife of Bro. J. M. H. She was delirious from the time she appeared to be in danger, and could give no expression of her feelings; but her life is a full guarantee for her safety and happiness. O God, while Thy judgments are abroad in the land, let the people learn righteousness!

October 16.—We committed to the dust the body

of our Sister H., to rest until the voice of the Lord shall call her forth to life, at the Resurrection of the Just.

January 31.—For some weeks past God has been reviving His work, both in my own soul and among the people. About fifty have found salvation, many backsliders have been reclaimed, and the church has been greatly quickened.

For eight days, we held meetings in the morning, afternoon and evening. Last evening, the Lord wrought wonderfully among the people. A deaf and dumb man was powerfully converted to God. He is a man of intelligence and culture—understands Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

February 1.—This night seven or eight found the Lord. The deaf mute was present, and full of the Holy Ghost. He wrote an address to the unconverted, which was read to the congregation, and produced a powerful effect. His zeal for the salvation of sinners is wonderful. He plead, though silently, with great power for mourners, pointing them to Jesus both by signs and by writing on his slate. There was a mighty influence among the people. Lord, continue Thy work!

February 18.—About seventy souls have found the Lord. Such was the Divine influence among the people, that if the church had continued unitedly at their post, I do believe we might have had three hundred as well as three-score. But when the fire goes down in the altar, I have invariably noticed that it slackens among the people.

This cannot be God's fault—it must be ours. What a responsibility rests upon the Church! What an account must they render in the great Day!

March 27.—Easter Sunday. My brother Nathan preached in the morning, on the Resurrection of the Saviour. In the afternoon I endeavored to show the necessity of Christ's sufferings, from Luke xxiv. 26. I. As a fulfillment of the sacrifices of the Law, which were only typical, deriving all their importance from the sufferings of Christ their Antetype. II. As a fulfillment of the predictions of the Prophets. They spoke of a suffering Messiah—though He was to conquer, He was to conquer through His sufferings. None but a Christ who suffered, would answer their predictions. Did the Jews consider this, how soon would they abandon their hopes of a temporal King! III. They were necessary, that the government of God might be sustained and sinners saved. The sufferings of Christ are to be viewed in reference to sin, and sin in reference to the Law. The Law was violated, and its penalty must be felt by some one. The sinner could not be pardoned in an arbitrary manner, by an act of sovereignty, nor could amendment of life atone for past offences. Government must be sustained, and the sinner must suffer the penalty himself, or by proxy. Christ became the Redeemer and undertook to pay the price due from the sinner. The penalty was death; so Jesus suffered and died for man, in the place of man. He bore the sins

(the penalty due to sin) of many. Thus God now may be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. IV. His sufferings were necessary that He might enter into His Glory. The Glory of Christ is His being the Mediator and High Priest: this He obtained by His sufferings. He has carried our humanity into Heaven, and glorified it at the right hand of God. All petitions must come up to the Throne of God through Him. His blood speaks, and pleads for us. All benefits are received for man through His sufferings. Thus He has entered into His Glory.

In the evening I drew several important inferences from the doctrine laid down in the afternoon. I. All difficulties are now removed, on the part of God, that were in the way of man's salvation. II. All the help necessary to enable man to comply with the requirements of God and seek salvation, is now afforded. III. All the purposes for which Christ suffered will be accomplished; for, if man is lost, he will be lost, not for Adam's sin, but for rejecting Christ. IV. An exhortation to sinners to repent and believe the Gospel.

April 17.—This morning, preached on Education. After an introduction, showed: I. The capabilities of man, intellectual, moral and physical. II. That education was designed to develop these capabilities. The word is derived from a Latin word which means educating, or bringing forth the hidden powers of that to which it is applied. In the same manner we use the word cultivate. We speak of

cultivating the mind as we speak of cultivating the soil. God has made the soil rich and fertile, but cultivation makes it productive. So God has given to us powers of mind, but education develops them. God has given the diamond its value; but it is the polishing that gives it its luster and beauty. Education gives to man the full command of every faculty, both of mind and body; thus calling out his power of observation and reflection, and changing mere creatures of impulse, prejudice and passion, into thinking, loving, reasoning men. Such an education we need, as will lead to objects of pursuit and habits of life favorable to the happiness of each individual, and the community: an education which will multiply the means of moral enjoyment, and diminish the temptations to vice and sensuality. The whole man should be educated—the body, intellect and heart. III. The importance of such education to us as individuals, to our social relations, to the country, the church and the world. At the close of the discourse, I took a collection for the Wesleyan University.

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September 23.—Nothing has been noted down since April. Life has been, as usual, checkered with duties and trials, comforts and cares, health and sickness. Very many imperfections have marked our course; but the goodness of God has been abundantly made known through all.

At Conference, my appointment was changed to the Forsyth St. Church in this city. At first there

were clouds, dark and portentous; but these have dispersed, and we have peace and some prosperity. The church is large and the members numerous. I feel a diffidence in this great work, that sometimes causes unspeakable distress. Who is sufficient for these things? God only can make our way prosperous. My earnest desire is to preach Christ Jesus in all faithfulness. I abhor that kind of preaching which has little or no Christ in it. I need the blood of sprinkling every moment.

There are some things in the Church, distressing to a pious mind. There is too little confidence among brethren. Among preachers, there is too much jealousy of each other's influence—too much selfishness and love of ease and money. Salary is too prominent an object before the mind. Where is the flame of zeal that burned in the bosom of our fathers? Where is the self-sacrificing true devotion of the old preachers—that Christian spirit which prefers another before ourselves?

A blight seems to rest upon our Missionary operations. Some are broken up, others are languishing; all from lack of the right spirit. What will you give me? is the question. Give me more, or I cannot go, is the assertion. What will be the end of these things the Lord only knows.

Let me take heed that the sin does not lie at my door. I thank God He does enable me to rejoice in another man's success; but I deeply feel the need of more holy zeal for God and souls.


1 Peter i. 24. "The grass withereth, the flower

thereof falleth away.” Change is written on everything we see. The forest, proud in its native strength and beauty, falls before the ax of the husbandman. Cities rise where the tall pine once reared its head, and the savage and the deer roamed at pleasure. But cities themselves crumble into dust and ashes before the ravages of the Vandal warrior, and the iron hand of Time. Man, the most noble, most beautiful, most perfect of all the works of God, passeth away. The strong become weak with infirmity and age; the honored become neglected, the young become old.

But is there nothing substantial—nothing on which we may with safety depend—nothing beyond the influence of change? Yes, thank God, there is. “The Word of the Lord endureth forever.” It is the same at all times and in all places. The love of God never fades away, its beauty never decays, its strength is never weakened by time, its fragrance is never lost. It is a treasure no thief can steal, no moth corrupt, no fire consume, no time can change. It lives when man turns to dust; it abides with us through the ages of eternity. This Heavenly Treasure all may possess. Have we it now in possession? If not, seek it without delay. If we possess it, guard it with ceaseless care and diligence.

1843—1844.

A Great Revival in Forsyth St. Church.—Fifty-Three Years of Age.—His Views on an Important Subject.—Large Addition of Members; Decrease; Explanation.—A Fearless Reproof.—Conference of 1843.—Re-appointed to Forsyth St. Church.—Difference between the Religion of Form, and that of the Spirit.—A Delightful Trip into the Country.—Dr. Olin's Sermon, a Death Stroke to Infidelity.—Synopsis of a Discourse on the Christian's Armor.—Sketch of a Sermon on Matt. xxiv. 14.—Crutches and Spectacles.—Asking in Faith.—Synopsis of a Sermon on 1 Peter i. 24.—Synopsis of a Sermon on Gal. iv. 5.

EBRUARY 25.—Since the New Year we have held meeting every evening, and for several days. Much good has been done; the Church has been greatly quickened and many sinners awakened and converted. Never before was there so great and so general a work in this city as at present. Indeed, throughout the length and breadth of the land, thousands, and tens of thousands are coming home to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. But it is a heavy tax on the flesh and bones of ministers. For a week I have been housed, and unable to attend a single meeting. This is a heavy cross; but the Lord gives grace and will give glory. "Thy will be done," is the language of my heart. I am an unprofitable servant. After I have done all that I

can, I must still say this. What has a sinner saved by Grace to boast of? Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord. But how prone is man to put confidence in man! May everything stand out of my way, and let me behold my Saviour's face, and I desire no more. My soul is humbled within me at the remembrance of God's mercy.

Friday, March 3.—The presence of the Lord is still with us. Steadiness and faith on the part of the church are all that is wanting for the continuance of the work. The Lord will work if we do not hinder. I thank God for His mercy to myself and to my family. My son Stephen has been recently converted, praised be the Lord!

My health has failed in a measure, but I love the work, and God owns my feeble labors.

Monday, 20.—Yesterday was a good day in the Lord. I preached three times with some degree of liberty, and humbly trust to some good effect. More than two hundred souls have been converted since our meetings commenced, and still they come, saying, "What must we do to be saved?"

My own soul has been greatly refreshed, though it has passed through severe struggles. O Lord, glorify Thyself in my salvation. Open my eyes to behold wonderful things out of Thy Law. Let the Scriptures be an unsealed Book, that I may teach Thy people the truth, and the whole truth as it is in Jesus.

April 14.—This day ends the fifty-third year of my life. In May, it will be twenty-eight years

since I entered the traveling ministry. Never before did I see so clearly the importance, and feel so much the need of holiness, to meet God! O what a thought! To stand before His flaming Eye! What but a pure heart can qualify a man for such a meeting? I feel it more and more. How little do men know of God, who think of going to Heaven without holiness. O Lord, may I begin anew from this hour to live wholly to Thee. Amen. My life must soon close: may I be ready every day; yea, every moment.

April 17.—Several found peace in the prayer-meeting that followed yesterday's services. For two weeks past, immense crowds have flocked to hear Bro. M—; but I fear the effect will be decidedly injurious—the people being more taken with the man than with Christ. It is like a land-flood which soon passes away, and leaves little besides old logs, mud, and brushwood. How dreadful, in the last day, if any preacher shall be found to have preached himself, or with any view to make himself popular, or to gain money by preaching. St. Paul would glory in nothing but the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. I do not say that Mr. M., or any other man does do it; yet *I* is a great word with him, often introduced. The great majority of those who flock to hear him have very little sympathy with us, when he is absent. I hate man-worship; but we should always esteem the faithful laborer for his work, and the Master's sake. I fear the state of relig-

ous feeling with our people generally, is worse than before he came. Religion in the heart should be like an ever-flowing spring of water—full at all seasons—ever running, never dry.

June 9, 1843.—The past winter has been a season of great mercy. Nearly three hundred have made a profession of religion—two hundred and seventy-three have joined on probation, and seventy-one by certificate: making in all an addition of three hundred and forty-four. Four members of the church have died, and ninety have removed by certificate. So many were returned to the Conference last year, not to be found on the books, that with all our additions we have this year between seventy and eighty net decrease. Whatever effect it may have on the minds of others, I shall have the consciousness of having reported the truth.

At our Conference this spring we elected eleven delegates to the next General Conference. In this business I discovered what I hate, especially in a body of ministers. It is called in politics, “electioneering,” “log-rolling;” fawning and courting favor, to gain votes. Rather let me *never* have office or honor, than bend to any of these things. I have sometimes uttered my sentiments too plainly and too roughly in regard to ministerial zeal and fidelity to please, much less flatter the majority. Let it be so: I feel that I have only done my duty; and I fear not *that*, as fully as I should have done. I devoutly pray my

Heavenly Father, for the sake of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, to forgive me this, as well as many other errors and sins. My great desire is to honor, not myself, but the Lord Jesus. The doctrine of Atoning Blood is most precious. I take shelter here, and this is all my hope and all my plea.

I am returned to my charge here in Forsyth Street; and last Sabbath, the first of the Conference year, the Lord gave us a delightful time. My heart yearned for the salvation of the people, and I felt as though the whole congregation was in my heart. O Lord, my talents, such as they are; my health and strength which Thou shalt give me; my influence, my life, I desire here to consecrate to Thee and the service of Thy Church. O, how unworthy I feel this moment! Sprinkle me with Thy blood! O, for Jesus' sake accept my poor offering, and give me Thy blessing.

June 25.—A week of affliction. My family have been sick; but through mercy our lives are all spared, and health is being restored. I was able to creep out to church and preach from Philippians iii. 3. The Lord helped me, and I felt much comforted while showing who were the true circumcision. I endeavored to show the vast difference between the religion of form, which only engages the senses, and the religion of the Spirit, which has its seat in the affections. It worships God in the Spirit, and glories in Christ Jesus—not in the wood of the Cross, not in the Sacrament of His Blood, not in the sacred places where Christ has

been; but in *Christ Himself*—Christ in the heart—a Cross which crucifies us to the world, and the world to us—the Blood of Christ sprinkling us from an evil conscience: in a word, to Christ who is a Saviour to take away our sins, and make us holy in word and deed.

In the evening, the brother who had engaged to preach for me not coming, I had to try again in the name of the Lord. He helped me while explaining 2 Cor. v. 19, 20. He owned His own blessed word. Six men came to the altar for prayers after the sermon, and two found peace. At ten o'clock I felt better than in the morning, and retired with a thankful heart. Lord, keep me humble.

Thursday, July 20.—There is a good feeling among many of our brethren. If all take hold as they should, we are fully able to fulfill the noble purposes for which we, as a church, were organized. The Sabbath was a good day; the blessed Jesus gave us His presence, and the word had free course. In the evening two found peace.

October 5.—Since my last entry many things have transpired, which it may be well to notice. Through all, God has manifested His goodness. A delightful trip into the country has very much improved my health and spirits.

On Monday, the 18th of September I left home for Delaware Co. The South-west wind on the Hudson River imparted great vigor and buoyancy to my spirits. A ride over the Catskill Mountains

gave us a panoramic view of a fine extent of beautiful country, showing us the bounty of a benignant Providence, and was enough to fill the heart with the most fervent gratitude. I remained a few days visiting among relatives and friends, and then returned with my family, who had been there some weeks.

On the Sunday following, preached once to my own dear flock, and God owned His word with power; it fell like rain upon the mown grass.

October 6.—God gives me better health than I have enjoyed for years. O, for a thankful heart!

Yesterday I heard Dr. Olin preach a dedication sermon in the Norfolk St. church. It was a precious discourse, a death-stroke to infidelity, and a beautiful presentation of Jesus Christ as man's only hope. He is a strong man; strong in faith. May he be long spared to the church!

October 17.—Preached twice on the Sabbath: in the morning, at home; in the afternoon, at Duane St. on the same subject—Ephesians vi. 11.

I. The Christian's foes. 1. The devil, through wicked designing men, and our own corrupt hearts working in a thousand different ways to beguile the soul, to deceive and destroy it. 2. False religion, infidelity, formality, etc.

II. The weapons with which these foes are to be combated. As we do not make war against flesh and blood—i. e., physical war, to destroy men's lives for earthly conquests, we must have other than carnal weapons; we must have the

armor of God. Our war being a spiritual one, against Satan and sin, we must arm ourselves with spiritual weapons. The Apostle gives a description of this armor. 1. The *girdle* must be Truth, God's own Truth; or sincerity, in opposition to worldly ambition and hypocrisy. 2. The *breastplate* must be Righteousness, purity of heart; comprehending justification and sanctification—a vital principle of godliness in the heart. Nothing so effectually meets and silences the cavils of infidel men, as a clear, heartfelt experience of the pardoning love of God, and of the witness of the Spirit that we are born of God. 3. Our *shoes* must be the Gospel of peace; a readiness to do and suffer all the will of God, under all circumstances. 4. Our *helmet* must be the Hope of salvation. Hope in God cheers us in the darkest hour of trial and peril. He has been with us, and He will be with us still; through grace we shall overcome all, and triumph at last, and obtain eternal life. 5. Our *shield* must be Faith, a steady confidence in God, in Christ, in the Holy Ghost. 6. Our *sword* must be the Word of God. This is the Spirit's sword; its two edges are thunderings and promises. It is sharp, doing execution both upon the understanding and the conscience. It beats down all false doctrines, and false religion, defends and supports the truth; it never fails. 7. We must add to these, constant *prayer*—all kinds of prayer, with supplication, watchfulness and perseverance unto the end. God of love, arm me with the whole of this armor!

My strength will not endure all things; I have to use some relaxation; but all I have belongs to the Church, and I wish to give my life to the cause of God and of souls.

Monday, October 30.—Yesterday was a day of comparative rest, having been assisted by the Presiding Elder. I preached from Matt. xxiv. 14. "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." The disciples had asked our Lord two questions, relating to two different and future events, (verse 3.) The one related to the destruction of the Temple, the other to the end of the world. These two questions must be distinctly borne in mind, in order to a correct understanding of this important and interesting portion of the Sacred Writings; for our Lord in His reply answers both. He replies to the latter question, from the fourth to the fourteenth verse—then, at the thirty-sixth verse commences a continuation of His reply to the question relating to the end of the world. Now, before that event can take place, the Gospel of the kingdom must be preached in the world. This phrase must be taken in its largest sense, as embracing all the nations of the earth. Yet of the *time* of the end—the day or the hour, knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven. But this is certain; that awful event cannot come until this Gospel is preached in all the world. As it has not yet been so preached, the end cannot be near. Notice again: before the destruc-

tion of the Temple there are signs spoken of, by which the event might be as well known as that summer was nigh when the fig-trees begin to put forth their leaves. But as to the end of the world there will be no visible signs nor wonders. Every thing will go on as usual; marrying, eating, drinking, working; and the day will burst upon the world as the flood did upon the Antediluvians. Therefore watch; be always ready. Never fix the time, but always be expecting it. This is all we have to do with the end of the world.

The great noise which has been heard, and the great stir which has been made of late about the end of the world, has been a grand device of the devil to distract the minds of men, and call them off from the one thing needful. The effect is evil and *can be* only evil. Men's minds will be unhinged, their confidence in the Holy Scriptures shaken, and infidelity will take the place of Christian faith.

Is it expedient to read sermons to our people, or to use briefs or sketches in the desk? This is a question of some interest at this time. I fear the custom is becoming common. When men need crutches, it is a sure sign they are growing old or infirm. When men put on spectacles, it is generally believed their sight is failing. So, when ministers need these helps, it is to be feared that the inspiration of the Almighty is wanting. For a man full of the Holy Ghost, whom God has sent to preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified, needs none of these crutches to help him; and without

the inspiration of the Spirit, with all his notes, he will never convert sinners from the error of their ways. The Methodist church is now inclined to run into forms, while other churches are just emerging from them. God will have a people. If one people fall away from the purity and simplicity of the Gospel, He will raise up another. Names are nothing to Him, nor will former usefulness, nor present greatness weigh with Him. Look at the Jews and their Temple. God left them because they first left Him. So will it be with us; if we leave Him, He will leave us.

December 1.—Preached last evening from James i. 5, 6. After opening the subject, remarked that three things were embraced in “asking in faith.” 1. A steady consciousness of our sinfulness, dependence and unworthiness. Receiving does not diminish our unworthiness. 2. A steadfast acknowledgement of Jesus Christ as the sinner’s Friend, Brother, Advocate, Saviour—Jesus crucified. We need every moment His atonement, and it is only through Him that God will be gracious to us, or that we can receive anything from God. 3. A firm and steadfast confidence that God will bestow upon us, though sinners, all that we need—salvation.

Application.—We must not waver from these points, but hold them fast as cardinal in all our prayers; and God will give liberally, without upbraiding us with the past. O, there is great comfort in this! It gives hope to desponding minds!

How precious Jesus becomes! He is all in all to the souls thus believing.

I rejoiced to see how the brethren received the word of the Lord. God will speedily revive His work in answer to the prayer of such faith. We are looking with confidence for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit. May He quickly send it down upon us for Jesus' sake!

Sunday, December 17.—A disappointment to-day on account of the illness of Dr. Olin, and I had to take his place. The Lord graciously assisted me while I spoke from 1 Peter i. 34. 1. The ground of our hope, viz., the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. 2. Who have this lively hope? Those who are begotten again, and are the children of God by adoption and grace. 3. The object of their hope—an inheritance, reserved in heaven for you. Its nature—incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. 4. All this is matter of thanksgiving to God for His abundant mercy.

Sunday, 24.—Preached from Galatians iv. 4, 5 My plan was as follows: I. The time when God sent His Son. 1. It was the fullness of time. It had been long ago appointed by the Father, foretold by the Prophets, and was foreshadowed by types and figures under the Law. All the dispensations of His Providence had been preparing the way from the flood—the economy of Moses which pointed to it, was to end with it.

II. The wisdom and goodness of God as seen in appointing this as the time. 1. At any former

period, the event might have transpired in some one nation or kingdom, and been little regarded by others, as there was very little intercourse between remote parts of the earth. But at this time the Romans had become masters of the world, having extended their empire from the Pillars of Hercules in the West, to the River Euphrates in the East, and held friendly relations by treaties with those nations not actually conquered by their arms. Hence, an event of this nature, taking place in the very centre of the world, and under the authority of the Romans themselves, would be likely to spread with rapidity to all parts of the earth. The Romans, at that time, were partial to the Jews, and granted them special favors: hence they were widely spread over every province of the Empire. On the day of Pentecost they were present at Jerusalem to witness and enjoy the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; and thus, when they returned home, they spread the glad tidings as it never could have been spread at any former time.

2. Again, Alexander, some two hundred years before, had conquered all the East, as far as the River Ganges, and the Greek language became the language of the subjugated nations. The Jewish Scriptures were translated into that tongue, and when Rome conquered Greece with her arms, Greece conquered Rome with her literature, so that the same language was spoken all over the world.

3. But again, God had permitted man to exert his own powers to their utmost extent to


find out a remedy for moral evil. They had carried Art, Science, and Literature to their utmost perfection, and yet had made no improvement in Religion. The learned Greeks and Romans were as gross idolaters as their barbarian neighbors; hence, all felt the need of some help not yet discovered by Philosophy—that help was the Son of God.

III. The circumstances of the coming of the Son of God. 1. Made under the Law—the Jewish Law—that He might fulfill all its rites; that in Him, as the Archetype, they might come to an end. The Moral Law, that He might fulfill all its requirements, magnify it, and bear its penalty for guilty man. 2. Made of a woman, according to promise and prediction. Made, or born by the power of the Holy Ghost, that He might be pure and without sin, and thus be a suitable-Sacrifice for sin.

IV. The end to be effected by His coming, or His purpose in coming. That He might redeem them that were under the Law, and that we might receive the adoption of sons.

1844-1847.

The Past Year.—“Why is this?”—The Nature and Causes of Backsliding.—Three Texts from Isaiah.—His only Son called to preach.—“One Soul for each Sermon.”—The Son preaches in his Father’s church.—The Resurrection, a Delightful Theme.—Conference of 1844, in Brooklyn, N. Y.—Appointed to the Second Church, New Haven.—His New Charge.—An Eventful Age.—Christianity and Infidelity contrasted.—A Day of Labor.—Millennium, Mormonism and Politics.—An Estimate of Mr. Wesley.—Nine Sermons a Week.—“The World is yet standing.”—The Beginning of a Revival.—An Effort to build a New Church.—A Religious Dearth.—A Discourse in behalf of the New Haven Orphan Asylum.—Dedication of St. John St. Church, by Dr. Olin and Bishop Janes.—New Church crowded.—Triumphant Death of Rev. Stephen Beekman Bangs.—“How hard to persuade men to go to Heaven.”—Birth-Day Reflections.—Conference of 1846, in New York City.—Supernumerary at St. John Street Church.—Decrease of Members in the M. E. Church.

ANUARY 1.—A new year has opened up upon us. Last night our Watch-night services were solemn and interesting. I had no preacher to help me, and so I preached twice during the exercises of the evening. This morning I preached at eleven o’clock. The Lord was pleased to comfort us with His presence, and it was a powerful season; the people shouted for joy.

The world is full of changes. Many have been born, many have died; many have been joyful on their wedding-day, and many have wept for the loss of the loved. Some have been converted, some have backslidden; some have held steadily on their Christian course, some have vacillated hither and

thither. Many blessings have been received, and many sins have been committed. Some who were poor have become rich; some who were rich feel the griping hand of want. Time has gone with its account to the other world. O, what a history will the Judgment unfold! Every moment records its evil, or its good.

O God! blot out, by the precious blood of Jesus Christ sprinkled upon my heart, the follies, the imperfections, the sins of the past year; and sanctify my soul and body by Thy Holy Spirit, that I may, during the following year, be enabled to live to Thy glory. Prepare me to labor and to be useful. Let me neither say nor do anything that shall hinder my growth in grace, nor my usefulness to others. Should I be called to my account, prepare me to meet my Judge. My only hope is in Thy mercy; my only plea is that Jesus died for me.

February 7.—Have labored long, and have seen very little fruit. Why is this? At some places, with very little effort, wonderful things are effected—hundreds are converted. At other places, great exertions are made, and no fruit appears. Does God intend to teach us His own perfect independence, and our unworthiness; or does He try our patience and fidelity? Our own, or some other person's sins may be the hindering cause. Whatever the cause, such is the fact. If in us, O may we be humbled and repent! Still, my trust is in the Lord; fruit, or no fruit, however discouraging everything may appear, through His grace I pro-

pose to labor on; preaching, praying, visiting, talking—all that God requires of me I desire to perform.

February 11.—Preached in the morning from Jeremiah iii. 22. I distinguished between backsliding and apostacy. Backsliding, is turning from the practice of religion—apostacy, is turning from the faith of Christ. Backsliding may be partial—of the heart, only; or it may be total, giving up entirely religious duties: yet such a man may hold fast the faith, though it condemns himself. An apostate throws off all religious obligations, abjures Christ and the Bible, and makes religion a fable and a delusion.

Now the text is not addressed to the latter, but to the former; and we shall first speak of backsliding, its nature and cause. It may be of the *heart*, when we lose the life of God out of the soul. It may be of the *life*, when we throw off attention to religious duties in part, or in whole. The former precedes and leads to the latter. It is gradual. A man never falls from a high state of religious enjoyment to the commission of crime at once. It is by little and little, like Peter and David. To understand how we fall, we should carefully consider how we are kept; and St. Peter shows us this. “Ye are kept,” says he, “by the power of God through faith unto salvation.” The power of God keeps us; but it is only while we believe that this power is exercised for our defence and preservation. Now, as faith is kept in lively exercise by obedi-

ence; if we neglect any of our duties, faith is weakened, and we lose hold of the power of God, and slide back.

We are constantly surrounded by evil influences. We live in a world of sin, and among a world of sinners. Our own hearts are constantly prone to evil, while the devil is a busy enemy. Constant vigilance and effort are required to stem this torrent; we need to pray without ceasing: every moment we must be working out our salvation with fear and trembling. Now, should we slacken for a moment, or grow remiss; should we neglect secret prayer, or be less fervent in it; should we neglect the Word of God and the ordinances of God's house, family prayer, social prayer; should we indulge in trifling company or conversation; should we permit our business, however lawful, to call us off from our religious duties, or allow worldly-mindedness to creep into our hearts; we shall be carried away by these influences; we shall go back, not by an effort, but by necessity—by the natural current of unholy influences.

What danger! The world seems now to be striving to suit its diversions, so as not to offend religious sensibilities; to bring its own amusements as near to innocency as possible, whereby many, especially the young, are drawn into its snares. Thus the mind is led away from God, as the only source of enjoyment; the spiritual sight is obscured; holiness loses its loveliness; the feelings are corrupted; prayer becomes formal and less fre-

quent, and if alarm is not at once taken, away goes the man from religious enjoyment and from communion with God. The spirit of love and holiness is grieved, and left to his own strength he is like any other man. Samson, shorn of his locks, falls into the lap of Delilah—the world glitters, pleases, charms, triumphs !

II. This state, bad as it is, (and it is bad enough) is not hopeless. God says *return*. O, precious words ! Examine and see how it is with you, my dear friends, and if you have backslidden, return. But how ? First, remember from what you have fallen. What were you once ? What are you now ? Draw the awful contrast ! What next ? Why, repent, be humble before God ; confess your folly ; do your first works ; come to God through Christ as a poor sinner, wretched, miserable, forsaken, helpless, condemned ; call upon the Lord, and cast yourself wholly upon His mercy.

III. The encouragement. “ I will heal thy backslidings.” Wounded, bruised, fallen as thou art, if you return, He, the Lord, will pour in the balm of His forgiveness and heal thy soul.

IV. The response. “ Behold we come unto Thee !” Is it even so with you to-day ? Hallelujah ! thou art saved. The arms of thy Father are open to receive thee, prodigal as thou art ! Will He cast thee off ? Will He thrust thee from His embrace ? No, no, he cannot. O, backsliding children, come home ! Tarry not ! fly to thy Father’s arms now open to receive thee.

V. See what a reason you have to give for your return!—"For Thou art the Lord our God" Thou hast a right to my heart, my life. I have done wrong, I will do so no more.

God made this sermon a blessing to many. To His Name be the praise!

February 18.—The past has been a good week, yet not much visible fruit. To-day, I endeavored to discharge my duty—preached three times, and held prayer-meeting in the evening. What is rather singular, I preached from three different texts, all in the Book of Isaiah. In the morning from Isaiah lxii. 1. The future enlargement and prosperity of the Church determined upon, and the means to accomplish it. In the afternoon, from Isaiah liv. 17. The promise of protection and preservation of the servants of God, notwithstanding the efforts of their enemies to destroy them—their final triumph and reward. In the evening, from Isaiah lv. 1. The invited—all that thirst. To what invited—buy water, milk, wine. Water to cleanse, milk to nourish, wine to cheer. God owned His word, and His power was evidently present. To His Name be the praise!

My son, my only living son, has announced to me his conviction of duty to preach the Gospel. To-morrow evening he makes his first attempt. I feel for him, but if God has called him He will help him. I do not approve of a young man's entering the ministry as a business matter: it should be done from a conviction of a call from

the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church, Who alone has the right to select His own messengers to the churches. If He demands my only son, I freely give him up to the work, and devoutly pray that he may be instrumental in saving souls from death. From the above conviction alone, I entered the ministry; and God has been pleased to own and bless my feeble, but sincere efforts, for now about thirty years. Yet this is not my source of joy and hope; but the fact that Jesus died for me, and that I am His adopted child.

February 23.—Last evening I had a great trial of mind. My son, who had expressed his conviction that he was called to preach, and who had an appointment to make his first attempt, drew back and informed me, just before the time of commencing service, that he could not preach; the cross was so heavy and his mind so confused. I felt for him, yet blamed his decision, because if Christ had called him, he should have trusted in his Master and taken up the cross: this would have done him good. I trust the Lord will make my poor boy's way plain before him. If he is called to this great work, I earnestly pray that he may be strengthened to go forward: if not, I have no desire that he should make the attempt. No man should thrust himself into the Lord's vineyard.

March 2.—During the past week, besides all the other duties of a pastor, I have preached Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, on the

Parable of the Ten Virgins, and I trust God made the discourses a great blessing to many souls. Several were converted—to His name be all the praise.

March 4.—Yesterday preached twice. In the morning, used strong language in regard to covetousness: some, I fear, were offended. The Lord knows my heart: to Him I must give account.

In the afternoon, baptized eight children. The evening prayer-meeting after sermon was most profitable.

March 8.—Three sermons this week on the Parable of the Talents—one soul for each sermon. Last night, a man and his wife both found the Lord side by side at the altar. I rejoiced with them—so did the angels of God. To-night, I must preach again on the same Parable; may the Lord help me!

March 24.—This day, my dear son, my only son, preached in the afternoon to a crowded house. This is his fourth attempt. I did not hear him, but those who did, said he was much assisted by the Holy Spirit. Well, if God has called him to the work of the ministry, I freely yield him to His service. He has promising talents, and I have done my best to give him a good education. May he consecrate his learning and all his powers to his God and Saviour! God be praised for His goodness to me and mine!

April 11.—God is good. For some time past He has given me unusually good health, yet labor

makes me weary. On Sunday I preached morning and afternoon on the Resurrection of my blessed Lord. A delightful subject. I do not know that I preach on any one subject with more satisfaction. It is such a manifest proof of the Divinity of His character, and the truth of Christianity. My own faith was greatly strengthened, and I trust the people were benefited.

Death has made sad inroads upon our numbers—thirteen members of Forsyth St. Church have died since last Conference.

Our Conference commenced its session in the City of Brooklyn, and closed on Tuesday, June 25th, after a pleasant session of twelve days. I received my appointment to New Haven, Conn., at the Second Church. I make it a point of duty to be at my work as soon as practicable, but I have had many things to attend to, and was a whole week getting off. The marriage of my second daughter, and her departure for the South, and the entrance of my son into the work of the ministry, have made a sad inroad into our happy family circle. May the Lord be with us each, in our widely separated fields of labor!

July 3.—Have reached New Haven. I find here a small, feeble society, who have been struggling for life for three years past. There are eighty names on the books, mostly poor people. Not much chance for a support, but if the Lord gives His blessing we shall prosper—if not, we die.

One thing I am sure of—I need more religion.

I am ashamed when I look back on my past life. What cause for humility and mourning! I desire to feel that Jesus Christ is all and in all; that His blood cleanses *me* from all sin. I desire to be filled with holy love to God and man. What is a minister without this?—"a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

July 24.—I have now preached six sermons to my new flock. The congregation increases, our little house is full in the afternoon; but I do not know of one sinner being awakened. Christians, I think, have been quickened and encouraged, and my own soul has been much humbled and melted. O, that the Lord would make bare His arm! Work *in me, for me, by me*, if it please Thy holy Name!

July 26.—We live in an eventful age. Never before did the light of evangelical truth shine forth more clearly. Never before were the civil rights of men more fully understood and acknowledged. Never before was there so general a disposition among the nations of the earth for peace, and so general dread of war and bloodshed. Never before did men so universally enjoy the high privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Never before did education among the masses so generally prevail. Never before were the Arts brought to so high perfection.

What has wrought so wonderful a change? What is the grand agent employed in the accomplishment of so much good to man? Science has had its day, but did not do this. Philosophy has

tried its power, but did not shed this light upon the world. Infidelity has exerted its sway over the heart and mind, but these were not its results. Where, then, shall we look for the cause? Examine the rise and progress of the great benevolent associations of the age—the Bible Societies, the Missionary and Tract Societies, the Sunday School and Temperance Societies, and you will find the agent in the hand of the God of mercy, which has accomplished all this—the Gospel of God our Saviour. This, and this only, is pure, unmixed good-will to men. Let this spread everywhere, let its doctrines be believed, its privileges embraced, its power enjoyed, its precepts obeyed, and the world will be filled with light and love. Tyranny must cease, hatred between man and man must come to an end, the masses must rise; universal education must follow. May the Lord hasten the day!

None of the champions of infidelity could look calmly to their principles to support or comfort them in that awful hour when soul and body must part. Voltaire endured horrors never to be expressed—though his associates have endeavored to conceal the fact, the evidence is too strong to be refuted. The last hours of D'Alembert were like those of Voltaire. Hume died like a buffoon, not like a philosopher. Gibbon and Diderot sought trifling amusements to keep away gloomy thoughts of death.

Not so the true Christian. Not so St. Paul,

Peter, and John. Not so Luther, Wesley, Fletcher, Asbury and McKendree. They could look at death not only with calmness, but with holy triumph: and through death to the land of eternal life. What then do we lose by being Christians? Yea, what do we not gain?

What good have all the labors of infidels done for mankind? They have added nothing to their happiness here, and they have taken away all hope of happiness hereafter. What a curse, then, have they been to the world! What an account must they render to God for the shameful abuse of their great powers of mind, and stores of knowledge!

Should Christianity prove untrue, and infidelity a verity, what do we lose by believing it? Should death prove an eternal sleep, what do we lose by believing in a Resurrection, and in the Immortality of the soul? The Christian's hope, even should it prove in the end to be unfounded, gives to its possessor now, great joy and comfort: it is a support under trouble and afflictions, and lights up the dark valley and shadow of death. A man with this hope in his bosom will shun every vice, and practice every virtue. How much better, then, is it for morals and society, than a cold, heartless philosophy which makes no distinction between virtue and vice in this life, and gives no hope of a future state of rewards and punishment in the world to come. Those who so loudly denounce the Christian religion, and demand that we abandon it, should give us something better in its place.

But blessed be God, it is no delusion, but a reality—a noble and enobling truth. We have felt its power, tested its virtue, and have the earnest of Heaven in our hearts. The uneasiness of the infidel mind shows the necessity of religion: the calmness of the Christian mind shows its reality. Did ever an infidel rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience on a death-bed? *Here* the two systems are put to a practical test.

August 5.—Yesterday was a day of labor—three sermons and the sacrament. My bones complained so that I slept but little during the night. But I love the Sabbath; it is a great cross to preach, and yet I love it, because I believe God has made it my duty.

God has His own way, and chooses His own instruments for the carrying forward of His own work—has He not a right thus to do, and who shall say—what doest Thou?

October 3.—There are some intimations that God is reviving His work; but the minds of men are so much agitated with new and strange notions—Millerism, Mormonism and Politics, that it seems difficult to fix them on an old, pure and scriptural foundation. God only can save from delusion. O, that He would arise and maintain His truth!

My desire is to be wholly His, and to be useful to the people. We have a small membership, a small place in which to worship; a small congregation—and shall have, until we are able to build a

church. But where shall we obtain the means? The gold and silver are the Lord's. Who knows but He will open the hearts and hands of men to help us! We cry to Thee O Lord!

October 5.—Finished the second volume of Mr. Wesley's Journal. I have read these Journals several times, and always find them interesting. What a wonderful man! Probably no man, not St. Paul himself, ever traveled and preached as did John Wesley. He never falters—snow, rain, thunder, lightning, cold, heat, or darkness never stop him in his work. One thing has surprised me: that, in such an old country as England, there should have been so few good roads at that time. How often was Mr. Wesley compelled to employ guides, and how often he missed his way. One would have supposed that in twenty years' constant travel, he would have known every mile of that little Island. There is another wonder; that in many of the English churches, under the preaching of the regular clergy, there should be such a wonderful work of God, attended with so much noise and outward signs of confusion—falling, groaning and shouting. Witness the Rev. Mr. Berridge, Rev. Mr. Hicks, and others. What would our Protestant Episcopal brethren of this day think and say, if such scenes should take place in any of their churches? It has sometimes occurred among the Methodists, and by other sects has been considered mere enthusiasm. God has His own way of working, and He delights to con-

found the wisdom of the wise, and humble the proud heart of sinful man. We should be exceedingly careful how we attempt to steady the Ark of the Lord of Hosts. He is confined to no particular mode of working—sometimes He comes in thunder, sometimes in a still, small voice. Should we not say—any way, Lord, so that souls are saved from sin and hell.

October 7.—Yesterday, preached three times, administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and held prayer-meeting after evening service. Morning and afternoon were seasons of refreshing; but in the evening I was hoarse, and felt dull enough. It is well to be humbled and tried. We should deeply feel what we really are; poor, unworthy sinners, deserving nothing. If, therefore, we receive any blessing we should be thankful, and not complain that we have no more. If we always had fair weather and smooth sailing, we might forget ourselves, and become proud and vain—then comes a fall.

For two Sundays I have preached on 1 Tim. iv. 8. After five sermons the subject was not exhausted. O, if I had more of this religion myself, I should preach better and do more good.

October 19.—I have to recount the goodness of my gracious God to a most unworthy and unprofitable servant. After having preached nine times this week, and delivered several exhortations, I feel as little weary as when I only preach on the Sabbath. I feel quite like taking horse and saddlebags, and starting for the wilderness.

October 24.—We have now passed the last time fixed by a fanatical sect called Millerites for the end of the world. The world is yet standing, and the sun is yet shining. But we should be ever watching, for we know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh. Personal holiness is the great end to be accomplished: with this, I have nothing to fear, but everything to hope from the coming of Christ, let it be whenever it may.

October 28.—Several young men were at the altar for prayers last night—one from Tennessee, a student in the Law-School, whose grandfather is a minister. We rejoiced greatly at this beginning of a revival in our little Zion. There is evidently a rising of religious feeling in the church and congregation.

March 23.—We are making an effort to build a house of public worship. We shall need about \$12,000, and we have only a hundred members, mostly young and poor. I hope to succeed, though the undertaking is arduous, and falls heavily upon me. Nearly \$6,000 have been subscribed. To-day, the plans and specifications were finished, and now contracts will be made for building. O, Lord! the temple is for Thy worship; give, I pray Thee, favor in the eyes of the people, and open their hearts, hands and purses, to help forward the work; for without Thee we can do nothing.

A great religious dearth pervades the whole

length and breadth of the land. Why is it? I think the Spirit has been, and is now, continually grieved by the Church—its discords, its worldly-mindedness, its pride, and vanity. There must be humiliation, confession, sorrow and repentance—a thorough reformation. The ministry is as much to blame as any other class, and more so. When did any great departure from the faith and truth ever take place but through the ministry? O, Lord, help me to be up and out of the way of sinners.

“Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children.” Ephesians v. 1. This exhortation is addressed to Christians—to the believers at Ephesus, and as much to us as to them. To follow, in the sense of St. Paul here, is *to imitate*. Be ye imitators of God. Be like Him. We are supposed to have received a new birth, and been made thereby partakers of the Divine nature: therefore are new creatures in Christ Jesus—the children of God, through faith. As children bear a resemblance to their parents, so we are supposed to bear some faint resemblance to our Father in Heaven; and as it is natural for children to imitate their parents, so we are to imitate God. But to imitate a person, we must know him. God is a spirit; how can we know Him? No man has seen God at any time. “He dwells in light which no man can approach:” how, then, can we know Him? I answer, through Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the

Father; He hath revealed Him. Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh. We may see God in the face or person of Jesus Christ. He is the brightness of His glory, the express image of His person.

The moral perfections of God, with His mind and will concerning man, may be known through Jesus Christ. His Spirit is the Spirit of God. His words are the words of God. His example is the example of God. Would we know, therefore, what God requires us to be, and to do, we must learn them of Jesus. When St. Paul, then, exhorts Christians to be followers of God, his meaning is, that we should imitate the Lord Jesus Christ.

It may be said that Christ came into the world to *save sinners*—to die for the world. True, He came into the world to be the Saviour of men—to taste death for every man; but this was not all. He also came into the world and lived among men, that His children, saved by His grace, might have continually before their eyes a perfect example—a living pattern by which to govern their conduct and lives—that they might become “the light of the world;” a “city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid;” and *thus* guide men to God and Heaven.

There are, indeed, many things in the life and sayings of Christ that are not to be followed by us. For instance, He performed many stupendous miracles. These were in confirmation of His heavenly mission, His credentials from God that

He was the true Messiah. He reproved men, as one who knew their thoughts and hearts. "He suffered the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." We cannot follow Him in these things. But there are many ways in which we must imitate Him, if we would be His consistent followers. To these I invite your attention :

I. His Spirit.

II. His Obedience.

III. His Active Benevolence.

I. First, then, we are called upon to imitate the Spirit of Christ. "Let this mind," says St. Paul, "be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Jesus himself says: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

Let us notice two or three things in the Spirit of Christ which we should follow. 1. His Meekness. Religion does not destroy temper and passion, but sanctifies them, assigns them their true place, and directs them to proper objects. God may be angry at sin, yet he loves the sinner. In this sense, we are "to be angry and sin not." "Jesus looked around upon them in anger, being grieved at the hardness of their hearts." Meekness is directly opposed to malignity and revenge. It leads to forbearance and forgiveness. It renders its possessor easy of access, like his Divine Master. If he is persecuted, he threatens not; being slandered and abused, he patiently bears the calumny. It gives a man warm sympathy for others' want and mis-

ery. It guards him against judging others rashly. It is not easily provoked. "The meek shall inherit the earth." The man who holds his passions in an equal balance will seldom quarrel with his fellowmen. It can never sanction dueling. Were all men like Christ in this respect, it would turn our wicked, warring, disputing world into a paradise.

2. His Humility. He was lowly—He humbled Himself. But what is humility? It does not consist in one's supposing himself worse or more unworthy than other persons—meaner than others—less knowing. Nor does it consist in voluntary poverty or garments of rags—or in dress at all. A man may be as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as a street-beggar. A proud heart may be carried under a very plain exterior.

Humility, I apprehend, is a just and proper estimate of one's self. "We should not think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think," but soberly or justly. A man may know the estimate in which he is held in the community where he lives. He may know that he possesses more knowledge, more property, more influence, more real worth than some others; he may know that God loves him, and he may speak of all these things, and yet be an humble man. The Son of Man knew all this of Himself, and yet He was lowly in heart. True humility feels and cheerfully acknowledges that all one has, or is, is from above—from God—a free gift from Heaven. He says, therefore, what I am, I am by grace. He has a

lively sense of his obligations and responsibilities. Hence, the more he has, the more humble he is, the less he thinks of self, and the more he adores the Divine goodness and beneficence. The humble man never envies the man above him, nor despises the man below him. He never thinks any creature of God unworthy of his attention. He condescends to perform the meanest offices to alleviate the woes and miseries of others. He does good according to his ability, and thinks nothing done, while anything remains to be done. Has he wealth, or talents, or learning, or piety—he will employ them all in doing good.

In this temper of mind, then, let us be followers of God as dear children.

3. Let us imitate the Love of Jesus. How warm, how strong, how universal His love. So should we love, not our friends only, but our enemies—all mankind. But I pass to notice :

II. That we are to follow, or imitate Christ in His Obedience. “I came,” says Jesus, “not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me.” He made the will of His Father the rule and guide of His life. So must Christians. We are not to do our own will, but the will of Him who has called us into the fellowship of the saints. It ill becomes a Christian to set up his own will as a guide; he must consult the will of God. The path in which he is called to walk may be rugged and thorny; it may lead him through trials and hardships—but it will be safe. God cannot err.

He will choose for us the best way. We are too prone to consult expediency, not duty. We are too fond of ease, and desire a smooth path. We bow to the opinion of others more readily than to the will of God. Jesus was "holy, harmless, separate from sinners." "Holiness to the Lord" must be *our* motto. It must be written upon our foreheads, and carried into all we do. To know the will of God, we must not consult our own impressions or dreams—our own fancies, nor the visions of others. We have a more sure word of prophecy—the written word of God. The Bible is the true and perfect Teacher—a Light for our feet, and a Lamp for our path. The Spirit of God will always agree with the word; and every spirit which does not agree with this word is not of God. We must bow implicitly to this word. Our will must submit to this; our judgment must be guided by this. Whatever is here enjoined we must do, and whatever is here forbidden we must leave undone; regardless of what others may think, or say, or do. In Obedience, then, let us be followers of God, as dear children.

III. I wish more especially, at this time, to direct your attention to the active Benevolence of Christ. When St. Paul would call out the generosity of the church at Corinth, he brings before them the example of Christ. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich." God

makes "His sun to shine upon the evil, and the good:" He sends "the rain upon the just and upon the unjust." "Be ye, therefore, perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." The spirit of active benevolence is the crowning glory of the Christian religion. It is this that exalts it above all other religions. It was this benevolence in the first Christians that so mightily convinced the pagans of its superior excellence. They did good to all men; to their own brethren, to strangers, to their most inveterate enemies; obeying the Scriptural injunction: "While you have opportunity do good unto all men, especially to the household of faith."

Did any other religion save that of the Bible, erect Hospitals for the sick—Houses for the poor—Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb, the Blind, the Insane—for aged Widows and helpless Orphans? Never, no, never! Christianity has this honor alone to herself. Jesus Christ set us the example. Where was there sickness, disease, death, and misery, and He was not there? Who ever applied to Him for relief in vain? "He went about doing good." All day, He spent in teaching and healing the people, regardless of toil, danger, want, and weariness.

Here, my brethren, is our example. Let us imitate the Lord Jesus in doing good. Were there more of this active benevolence in the Christian church now, how much more would our Christian profession inspire the confidence of men, and

bring down the blessing of God upon our churches and our world. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Do you ask me how we can do good? I answer, there are many ways of doing good. We are not all called to be ministers of the Gospel. But we are all, as Christians, called to be laborers in the Lord's vineyard. Should we be poor in this world's goods, and yet possess the love of God, we can assist and comfort the afflicted by our prayers and pious counsels. God has special regard for the prayers of the pious poor. Have we wealth? God never gave it to us to be hoarded or squandered upon unholy lusts; but to be used for the benefit of mankind. We can help the cause of education, and send the Gospel to the heathen. We may dry the orphan's tears, and make the widow's heart sing for joy. We may be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf, mouth to the dumb, health to the sick. If it is lawful for a rich man to glory in his wealth, it is on account of the power he possesses for doing good.

By the distribution of a tract we may reclaim the prodigal, and bring a sinner to repentance: by searching out the poor, neglected children, taking them from the streets and bringing them into the Sabbath School, we may as effectually promote the cause of God, as if we were ministers of the Gospel. Indeed, ministers can do but little good, without the co-operation of the church. If we

would have it said in the last day, "well done," let us "be followers of God as dear children," in doing good in every possible way.

What remains, is a practical application of the principle above advocated. The special object of our meeting this evening, is in behalf of the New Haven Asylum for orphans, and destitute children.

There are two things about this Institution which give it a strong claim upon our sympathies and our support.

The first is, it is a Ladies' Institution—organized and managed by them. No one knows so well how to suffer patiently, or to feel deeply with those that are suffering, as Christian females. Women, God bless them! They are generally the first, the most efficient, and most successful in the cause of benevolence. They were the last at the Cross, and the first at the Sepulchre.

They owe much, indeed, to the religion of Christ. It has done much for them. It gives them that elevation in society which they now so justly hold. They ought to love much.

They have labored for this Institution twelve years. The amount of evil they have prevented, and the amount of good they have already done, eternity alone can reveal.

The only thing they ask of you, gentlemen, is your money to help them continue this work of faith, and labor of love. They will become your almoners, and distribute your donations with prudence and in good faith.

The other thing which gives this Institution a strong claim on your sympathies is its object: to clothe, feed and educate orphan and destitute children.

Orphans, destitute children! What magic words!—without father, without mother, with none to care for their bodies or their souls. Thrown upon a cold and heartless world, without any one to help them buffet its storms, resist its vices, or guide them in paths of virtue and religion. This Asylum claims to be unto them a father, a mother, a protector, a guide, an instructor.

Who that has the ability, can withhold his aid in a cause so noble, so God-like as this? Much more might be said, but I will detain you no longer, for I judge you are anxiously waiting to give these ladies a good collection. I will say no more, lest you should consider it an impeachment of your liberality. A generous man does not like to be pressed too hard on occasions like this. He may say—I had intended to give twenty dollars, but the speaker has said so much, I will now give but one dollar.

You shall not have this excuse this evening, for putting up your twenty dollar bills. I only add, God loves the cheerful giver. Be ye, therefore, followers of God as dear children. Amen.

December 17,—Our new and beautiful church is finished, and was this day dedicated to the worship of God by appropriate religious services, conducted by Dr. Olin and Bishop Janes. Under the blessing

of our good and gracious God, we have succeeded beyond our expectations. We are now building a comfortable parsonage, which will be ready for the next preacher sent from Conference.

March 1.—We have held meetings every night since the first of January. About one hundred and fifty have been added to our number, and the new church has been crowded every Sabbath. God be praised for His goodness.

March 21.—God has laid His hand heavily upon us. My dear son Stephen, my only boy, after an illness of four months, this day fell asleep in Jesus. My heart is bruised, almost broken, and yet greatly comforted. It is the Lord, He has done it, and Holy is His name.

This was the second year of his ministry; for the year past he had been growing rapidly in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The Lord did not forsake him in his last sickness, but gave him great peace throughout. The last few hours were the most triumphant I ever witnessed. His soul was full of the glory of God. O, what heavenly words he uttered: "Not a cloud, all is well." "I shall go from this bed to a crown." "Is the sun setting? *mine* is just *rising*." Language fails to describe the scene of glory. God was almost seen by mortal eye. He fell asleep sweetly, without a sigh or groan.

How precious did the religion of Jesus appear in that dread hour! My God! sanctify this great bereavement to me—to his mother—his sisters, and may we meet in heaven.

He was a youth of great promise—a good son, loving and trustworthy—a fine scholar and an eloquent preacher. O, how many hopes are crushed!

Sleep, my dear son, until the voice of the Son of God shall call thee to arise to immortality and eternal life. Earth looks less than ever—Heaven nearer and dearer. Crowns of glory shine out before the eye of faith, gemmed with stars of light, won by all-conquering faith. O, for eternal Life!

April 12.—Preached three times. O, how hard to persuade men to go to Heaven in the way of the Gospel! Could they have Heaven hereafter, and the world and sin now, then they would willingly go, I suppose. But to give up the world and sin is not so easy; and most people will risk the loss of Heaven, rather than part with their sins and embrace the Saviour.

April 15.—My birth-day—fifty-six years old. Thirty-one of these years I have been traveling as a pilgrim through the land, endeavoring to win souls to Christ. But how little I have done, compared with what might have been accomplished, had I been more zealous and faithful. A sinner saved by grace! When I get to Heaven, which I hope to do, no one will shout louder, or with more cause, “Worthy is the Lamb!”

May 14.—Conference met in New York—nearly three hundred preachers present. Owing to the severe labors and responsibilities of the past two years, together with the affliction which it pleased the Lord to lay upon me, I found my health fail-

ing. I could not sleep, and my nervous system seemed seriously affected. I felt it to be my duty to ask to be left without an appointment for one year; but a rule of the General Conference made this impracticable, and my friends obtained for me a Supernumerary relation. I was not well pleased with this, but concluded to let it stand: so I was returned to the St. John St. church, New Haven, Conn., with a young man as assistant. The object was to give me an opportunity to travel and recruit my health. Whether I shall do it or not, is yet uncertain. I wish to be in the path of duty, and in some way to be useful.

Our friends received me back again with great cordiality and affection, and I can but hope the arrangement will prove for the best; though it is a little mortifying to *half break down*. But one cannot always be young. I have, through grace, labored hard and unceasingly for thirty-one years in the itinerant field. I do not speak boastingly, I have only done what was my duty.

I have never desired to shun labor, and my will is the same as ever, but I am obliged in some measure to relax my efforts. God grant me grace to be submissive, and not murmur at any of His dispensations. My chief aim now should be to get ready for Heaven. O, for a pure heart, and a single eye, that the whole body may be full of light!

November 18.—The Minutes of the Conferences for 1846, have just come to hand. Thirty-six of our preachers have been called from their labors

to their reward during the year. But the Minutes present a decrease of members which it is painful to notice. Why is this? It cannot be the want of laborers, for there has been during the year an increase of two hundred and fourteen ministers, traveling and local.

Have the preachers labored in vain, and spent their strength for naught? What is the cause of so great decline of religion in the churches, as we have witnessed for some years past? This is a grave question and one of vast importance. That such is the fact, no one, who has carefully reflected upon the subject, can for one moment doubt.

Now, there is never an effect without some cause. To remove the effect we must ascertain the true cause. It appears to me that we are not to seek for it in one single thing, but in several combined, which together produce this disastrous result. I hold it as an axiom that, generally, as is the ministry of the Church, so will be the membership—"like priest, like people." When the ministry are evangelical in their preaching; deeply experienced in the work of God's justifying and sanctifying grace; holy, zealous and faithful in their own lives; diligent and persevering in their high calling; when they preach Christ and Him crucified, fully declaring the whole Gospel and nothing but the Gospel; the Gospel in its power, freeness and fullness; when they give themselves wholly to this one work of bringing sinners to Christ, and building up believers in

their most holy faith; when they are filled with the spirit of burning love to God and man; when they are diligent in their pastoral visitations among their flocks, and in all the private and social duties of religion; when they prudently and yet faithfully administer the discipline of the New Testament—when all these things exist in the ministry of the Church, then, and then only, may we expect to see the people, as a general thing, spiritual, zealous, humble, and devoted to God's service. For then they will be fed with bread from Heaven, and it will make them strong in the Lord and in the power of His might—then there will be prosperity, and the power of God will be made known in the conversion and sanctification of souls.

Now then, let us examine the subject by these tests; let us see if we have not been drawn away from our calling. Many things, of late, have occurred to distract and disturb the mind; and the ministry, we fear, instead of standing firm, as faithful watchmen upon the walls of Zion, and attending constantly to their own proper work, have been drawn away by the sweeping flood of other and opposing influences.

Some may have been drawn into the arena of political strife. Some have been so intent on interpreting prophecy to fix the time of Christ's second advent, or opposing those who were thus engaged, that they have lost sight of the necessary preparation to meet Him at His coming. Others have followed Joe. Smith, and lost sight of

Christ. Some have been so occupied with the idea of the bodily emancipation of men, as in a great measure to overlook the slavery of sin and the emancipation of souls. Others have been so full of church polity—names, forms of church government, constitutional questions, Church divisions, and other controversies about things merely circumstantial, as to forget personal piety, charity, faith, kindness, forbearance, brotherly love and the bond of perfectness.

Some have preached philosophy in place of the Cross of Christ, and have expected to convert men by argument and reasoning, instead of the power of the Holy Ghost. They have been more intent on making nice sermons, than on arousing the sleeping conscience. Hence some so far forget or ignore the influence of the Holy Spirit, as to *write* their sermons for fear of misplacing a word: as if the salvation of a soul depended upon a smooth, well-turned sentence! So they give the people a cold, stale essay, instead of a warm, powerful appeal to the heart and conscience, direct from the fullness of an overflowing soul.

Some, to gain knowledge, have neglected social, private and pastoral duties, until they have become cold, formal and uninteresting; and the poor sheep are starved with their dry, monotonous, wire-spun discourses, with scraps of Greek and Latin, or windy bubbles of bombastic, high sounding words. Then come world-mindedness, a fear of future starvation, a distrust of God's care and Providence,

anxious concern about support; seeking for rich stations and good circuits, or listening with eager ears for a louder call. Then comes the love of popularity, fear of offending the rich with the plain, blunt truths of God's word; until these and other carking cares, freeze the soul, and a mere formal duty is performed to fill up the time, or to secure a support. There is no zeal for God, no labor of soul for the salvation of men, no faith that works by love and purifies the heart, no power in preaching, and consequently little success; no souls are converted, no sinners saved. In churches thus ministered to you can soon discover empty seats.

The members soon fall into the same state of lukewarmness. Prayer-meetings are thinly attended, classes are neglected, brotherly love and Christian fellowship are lost, and jealousy, bitterness, and other evil passions are engendered. Probationers not being watched over, are dropped off and lost to the church—perhaps to Heaven. While we sleep, the devil sows his tares, and they spring up a luxuriant crop that chokes the word. I ask, is it not so? In view of these things, is there not cause for self-examination? Am I the man?


I speak to wise men; judge ye of what I say. If these things are so, should we not humble ourselves before God? Should we not repent in dust and ashes? How great and fearful is our responsibility! How many souls have already perished through our neglect! What a fearful account awaits the unfaithful minister at the bar of God!

O, brethren! let us come back to our one holy calling of preaching Christ in spirit and power, and of saving souls from death. Leave other matters to other men, and God will return to us with His blessing and grace; the Spirit shall again be poured out upon us, upon our ministrations, and upon our people.

Let us come back to the example of our fathers. Let us study Wesley more closely; imitate his activity, his zeal, his self-sacrifice, his perseverance. Let us remember how the fathers of Methodism in this country traveled, preached, labored, prayed and suffered. They sowed the good seed and went home to God, and we are now reaping the harvest. O that the mantle of our Elijahs might fall upon our young Elishas. We must, brethren, we must come back to first principles, to primitive preaching, primitive self-sacrifice, primitive experience, primitive labors, primitive discipline, or what will all our learning profit us? We must lose sight of the lesser things—of ease, of wealth, of suffering, of popularity, of vain speculations and vain controversies. If we cannot draw others from the wrong, let us keep ourselves in the right. Let us look only to Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. His blood must be all our plea, the Alpha and Omega of our hearts, our lives, our preaching. Then may we hope for prosperity. It is the power and spirit of religion that we need; it is this that our people need. O, for the descent of the Holy Ghost! Amen.

1847—1852.

Fifty-Seven years of Age.—Conference in Allen St. Church, N. Y.—Appointed to Bridgeport, Conn.—Tribute in a New Haven Paper.—State of things in Bridgeport.—A Sick Family.—A Trip South.—Hard at Work.—Success.—A Silver Pitcher.—Fragment on Future Punishment.—The General Conference of 1848.—First Session of the New York East Conference.—Presiding Elder of New Haven District.—The First Quarter.—Conference of 1850.—A Great Trial of Faith.—“Without Jesus, I perish.”—Brave Words about Rum-Selling.—Third Quarterly Tour.—Sixty-One Years of Age.—Conference of 1851.—Returned to the New Haven District.—Death of Dr. Olin.

PRIL 15.—I am this day fifty-seven years of age. God has been pleased to make me an humble instrument of good to others; but I can lean upon nothing which I have done or suffered, for salvation or acceptance with God. I desire to consecrate my life, my time, my talents, my influence, my *all*, anew to the service of my Divine Lord. There is nothing on which my thoughts so often dwell, as the meeting with my God, face to face. O, what a day! To dwell in eternal glory, or to be banished into eternal perdition! No covering, no dissembling there. There must be no spot, no stain, all must be purity. Thanks be to God, the blood of Jesus cleanses from *all* sin. The saints in Heaven have white robes, but they were once unclean: the Blood of the Lamb has washed and made them white, and His Blood can make the foulest clean. O my God, wash me in this fountain!

June 5.—Conference was held in Allen St. Church, New York City. A deficiency of about three thousand members was reported, which is sufficient to humble us, and cause sorrow and self-examination. The appointing power kept all their matters close to the last. Being unwell, I asked, and obtained permission to leave before adjournment. I was appointed to Bridgeport, Conn.

[The following tribute appeared at this time, in one of the New Haven papers. It was written by the Editor, who, though a member of another Christian denomination, was a frequent attendant on his ministry.

“REV. HEMAN BANGS.

“This faithful clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church preached his farewell sermon yesterday, from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. ‘Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.’

“The sermon was full of affectionate admonition and powerful argument, addressed to those who are members of the Church, and those who are not.

“Mr. Bangs has secured a strong hold upon the regards of Christians of all denominations in this community, by his consistent and arduous labors in the field to which he was appointed. He commenced with a very small company—less than one hundred, who met in ‘The Old Museum’ on Olive St., as the second M. E. Church. The congregation multiplied rapidly, until the room was filled. It was then proposed to build a church; and although the means were limited, the work was undertaken, and the result is the beautiful church on St. John

St., where the Society now meet. The little congregation has swelled to a great multitude, and the membership has 'increased in numbers daily.'

"While Mr. Bangs himself, would be slow to claim much credit for what has been accomplished, yet it is nevertheless a law of Providence, that no great good shall come to man unless he strives for it; and this clergyman's labors have been sufficient to crush some half dozen men of ordinary strength of body, and energy of mind.

"As a preacher, his style is peculiar to himself in its most essential particulars. He has but one fault—that of using occasional expressions and comparisons, which seem not in keeping with the solemnity and earnestness of his manner in other respects. But whether this is a fault, there will probably be some difference of opinion.

"His sermons, are rarely or never too long or too short. There is no repetition of the same thoughts or language; but he is always at home with his subject—beginning, continuing, and ending as one who has so much to say—no more and no less; and who has well pondered all he has to offer—never giving up the main point for new ones, however attractive they may promise to be. Extemporaneous speakers are too often tempted to pursue a different course, and thus lose themselves and their subject in chasing after their passing thoughts.

"Mr. Bangs' eloquence is of the masculine order; strong, bold and majestic. But we do not mean to intimate that his success here has been wholly, or chiefly owing to this cause; but rather to his unwearied labors in every form, under the guidance and blessing of a Higher Power. The earnest prayers of his own people, and of many, very many other Christians, will follow

him to the end of his journey of life. May it be a long one, and may he be instrumental in turning thousands more into the path in which he has already urged so many to tread."

* * * * *

July 2.—After much toil in packing, moving, and unpacking, I am now among my people; who, as far as I can see, are pleased, and received me cordially. My body is almost worn down with fatigue, and my mind is sorrowful on many accounts. I enter upon the labors of my new station with great diffidence and trembling. I see the field in which I am to work, and everything looks as though hard toil was before me. The members are few, the church in debt; religion low, house out of order and needs repairing—no Lecture-room nor Class-room; no place for business meetings; the people scattered—some in town, some out. O, for a heart to pray and trust in God! I desire now, before I appear to the people in the pulpit, to consecrate myself anew to God, and gain a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. Lord, if Thou hast sent me here; if I am in the way of Thy appointment, come with Thy poor unworthy servant, and assist him by Thy Holy Spirit.

September 15.—I have labored for several months with some satisfaction, and I trust profit. The congregation is filling up. One sinner was awakened and converted under a sermon on Faith.

One of my daughters from the South, with two grandchildren, has been with us during the sum-

mer. For seven weeks we had a house of sore affliction—all the family being sick. Sometimes we almost despaired of life; and yet, in the midst of the whole, God was very kind in raising us all to health again. What reason we have to praise Him, and dedicate ourselves anew to His service! Our friends were full of sympathy and kindness; and our good Doctor Judson was as attentive as a brother, morning, noon and night. May the Lord reward him in that day when He makes up His jewels!

December 31, 1847.—I have been absent from my home nearly eight weeks. My daughter wished to return to her home in the South; but how could she go alone with two little children? It seemed impracticable, and I saw no other course than to accompany her myself. Providence opened the way, by providing me with the means, and giving me Bro. G. S. Gilbert to fill my place until my return. So I concluded to go, and we sailed from New York for New Orleans on the 11th of November. With fine weather, and favorable winds, we reached Jackson, La., about one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, on the 25th. Here I have two daughters living, with their husbands; and five grandsons. After visiting the country and the children for about three weeks, I started for home by way of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. We reached Wheeling, Virginia, on Sunday morning, Dec. 26th. I attended service in the morning, and preached for them in the evening. The

next morning was as cold as I ever experienced—so much so that while dressing I froze the end of one of my fingers. I made the rest of my journey by coach and car, and this day reached home, finding my family in good health.

I have traveled about five thousand miles without accident. Thus has my kind Heavenly Father watched over me by day and by night. May I never forget His loving kindness! I have passed through and around about twenty-one of these United States—have seen all sorts of people, of all colors and conditions, and have come home contented.

Our own climate is cold, but healthful, and gives all the necessities of life. We have blacks but no slavery. At the South this is one of their greatest social evils. I pity them: it is an incubus upon industry and prosperity. But they have the slaves, and how can they rid themselves of the encumbrance? This is the grand question. But I think the South will work out the problem of negro emancipation; though it may be a long time first. Two principles, generally directly opposed to each other will, in this matter, finally free the slaves—self-interest and benevolence. Many are now doing much for the religious instruction of their slaves; and in several of the States they find that free-labor is more profitable than slave-labor. Very many masters feel deeply on this subject, and would be glad to see their people free, if it could be accomplished. They are making very laudable

efforts for the cause of education, both in common schools and in the higher institutions of learning.

Monday, January 17, 1848.—We have commenced some extra efforts to promote the cause of religion, and the Great Master is pleased to own and bless our labors. Several have already found the Lord, and many Christians have been much revived. Yesterday was a day of God's great power. He made His word quick and powerful.

February 21.—Our meetings still continue. About forty have professed faith in Christ—some notable instances of divine power and mercy. The congregations have greatly increased, our Sabbath School is much improved, and many of the members are revived. But there are still members who have not been reached, because they seldom attend; and many poor sinners remain unmoved by all that has been done. I am ashamed of myself that I have no more faith and power; yet God has greatly blessed my own soul. But I am easily discouraged; I mourn over it. If I had sufficient faith I could remove these mountains.

Monday, 28.—Yesterday was a day of toil—preached three times to large and attentive congregations. Was much worn down in body, but humbly trust good was done in the Name of the Lord. This evening, three were at the altar for prayers, and though the evening was stormy, the meeting was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Tuesday, 29.—There were six at the altar for

prayers to-night, and one lady found peace. Among the number was a veteran in sin; a sea-captain who has been convinced of sin for weeks, but bowed his knees for prayer this evening for the first time. I pray God he may persevere until he finds mercy.

Wednesday, March 1.—My desire to-day is to please and serve God. I have some unpleasant duties to perform. May the Lord give me wisdom and strength! To guide and govern the flock of Christ is no easy nor unimportant task: to warn the unruly, to comfort the feeble, to guide the inquirer, to build up the believer, to administer discipline—O, how much grace and wisdom are needful!

Monday, March 6.—Yesterday's labor of preaching three times, and administering the Communion, makes my bones weary to-day. The work of awakening seems to have come to a stand-still; and yet a gracious influence pervades the large assembly. A noted Universalist has been converted recently; his experience is very clear; he joined Class yesterday.

During my last pastorate in New Haven we succeeded in building a commodious house of worship and a convenient parsonage. When I went among them there were but eighty members. I left them with two hundred and fifty, and a full congregation. The Trustees desired to testify their appreciation of my labors. They well knew I would not accept money, for they

had tried that. So, after I had been here some weeks, they surprised me by the presentation of a Silver Pitcher. Although I had labored for them beyond my strength, it was not for money, nor with the hope of any earthly reward. Yet it was very gratifying to my feelings to know that my efforts to serve the Church were thus highly appreciated by my brethren. I am grateful, but feel utterly unworthy of the honors and blessings God has, through His people, conferred upon me.

I record this incident to the honor of that grace which makes men love one another.

* * * * *

The moral government of God is not a despotic government—one of caprice; but a government of moral laws. Man has ever been considered and treated as a free, moral, intelligent, consequently a responsible agent, under the control of law. God has connected obedience to His law with happiness, and disobedience with misery.

On this principle He has proclaimed a day of Judgment, when every man shall receive according to his works. Now, as the works of men differ in this life, so must their treatment be different at the Judgment-Seat of Christ. He cannot condemn the just, nor can He justify the ungodly. As many live wickedly and die in their sins, so many must be punished in the next world.

To say that God wills that all be saved does not prove that none will be punished, any more than the fact that a good government wills that all its

people be happy, is proof that there are no bad subjects of that government. God wills that all men be saved by coming to a knowledge of the truth; but many obstinately resist the truth, therefore cannot be saved.

It is said that God is love, therefore He cannot punish His creatures. This argument proves too much, if it proves anything; for it is against facts. It would be equally against suffering in this life, as it would be against punishment in the next. Human suffering has ever existed, and now exists everywhere. Look at the Deluge, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and of Jerusalem—the overthrow of cities by earthquakes, the ravages of malignant diseases—at the squalid poverty and wretchedness of thousands of human beings. Yet God is love. But God is just, also, and hates sin and punishes the sinner.

Again—this argument overturns the foundation of the Christian system; for if all men are to escape punishment because God is love, why did Christ die? If it was needful for Christ to die in order to save men, then it follows that they are not saved on the ground merely that God is love.

But it may be said that God's love was the cause of Christ's dying, and that His death secures the salvation of all men. I answer, it was indeed the love that God had for us that caused Him to give His Son that we might be saved; and Christ did die for all men; but it does not necessarily follow that all men will be saved.

The death of Christ made the necessary provision for the salvation of all men; but His death was not intended *absolutely* to save any one adult (the question is not now concerning infants) from future punishment. The Gospel is to be preached to persuade men to avail themselves of the provisions made by Christ; but only those who repent and believe this Gospel are *personally* benefited by the death of Christ.

See Christ's own words: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Repentance and faith are, then, as necessary to the salvation of a sinner, as the death of Christ was necessary to make provision for his salvation. But, as there are many who live and die without repentance and faith, so there are many who will be punished in the other world.

The death of Christ, then, shows that men are not saved merely because God is love. The necessity of repentance and faith shows conclusively that men are not saved merely because Christ died for them—nay, more; the death of Christ will be the grand reason why the unbeliever should be damned—for "this is the condemnation" (the reason of it) "that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." "If" says Jesus, "I had not come they had not had sin; but now they have

no cloak for their sin." The following are a few of the direct proofs from Scripture showing the punishment of men in the next world. Mark ix. 43-50; Romans ii. 1-12; John v. 28, 29; 2 Thess. i. 7-9; Matt. xxv. 46.

Friday, May 12, 1848.—Our General Conference is now in session in the City of Pittsburg, Pa. Grave matters are before them, and vast interests depend upon their acts and decisions. I have many fears and some hopes. I will not turn prophet, nor judge beforehand. This I know: if they are governed by the love of God and souls, they will do right; but if they suffer selfish, worldly influences to govern; and follow human policy, no one can foretell the evil that will result. They may throw the church and the nation into a flame of controversy which years may not quench. O Lord, arise for the defence of Thine own cause, and save Thine heritage!

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July 1, 1849.—The last year has been spent as Presiding Elder of the New Haven District. God in His great mercy has been wonderfully gracious to me. We have had general peace, some prosperity, and my health has steadily improved. Labor does not hurt me, and riding agrees with me.

It is six weeks since I returned from Conference. It was our first session since the division of the New York Conference. Business progressed rapidly and pleasantly, so that in seven days our

work was done, and we started for our fields of labor. I am returned for the second year to the New Haven District.

August 23.—Have finished my first Quarter's appointments on the District—have attended twenty-nine Quarterly meetings, and preached fifty sermons. My health of body improves, but my soul does not prosper as I desire. I have had, by God's grace, some liberty in declaring the Gospel of truth, and humbly trust some good has been done. But my desire is to go to Heaven myself, as well as to direct others in the way—to feel in my own soul what I hold out to others as their privilege—to live, in all things myself, as I teach others to live. But alas! how far I come short. I am humbled before the Lord. How much imperfection and how little purity of heart! Wash me, Saviour, in Thy cleansing blood!

October 24.—For some weeks past have had great liberty in preaching Christ, and God has set His seal upon the word. At Waterbury, on the 7th, we had a fine rain without; and while the earth was being watered with the beneficial showers, the Lord poured His grace upon us within, and the word was made a two-edged sword. So, also, at Middlebury the power of the Lord was present to heal and bless. My own soul was greatly refreshed. I could hardly sleep all night for praising the Lord.

June 1850.—Conference, after a very pleasant session of nine days, adjourned May 30th, and the preachers left for their several fields of labor—

some pleased and some displeased—some blaming Bishop and Presiding Elders, when, perhaps, they might be more profitably employed in blaming themselves. Some seek fat places, and are unwilling to make sacrifices for Christ.

My appointment is for the third year on the New Haven District. What is before me the Lord only knows. My business is to improve to-day, and take no anxious thought for the morrow.

June 27.—For two weeks past my dear wife has been very ill; and now the prospect of recovery is doubtful; yet I must leave home. This is a great trial of faith, to leave a sick wife with whom I have spent, very pleasantly, thirty-nine years of my life; one who has cheerfully wandered with me from place to place. But I must leave all in the hands of a good and faithful God, and go on my pilgrimage. We shall soon get through. O, that it may be safely! Notwithstanding all my unfaithfulness and unworthiness, the Holy Spirit is drawing my heart upwards. The world appears of small importance, comparatively. To enjoy the approbation of God is to me the first consideration. As my race is almost run, I must arouse myself, and run the faster. O for the Holy Ghost to sanctify me and fill my heart, that every word and every work may be according to His will. I have had much forgiven and should love much. If I am so happy as to reach Heaven, I shall sing loudly of Redeeming grace.

September 3.—I have finished one round on the

District since Conference—preached fifty-nine times, besides the administration of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, Love-feasts, Quarterly Conferences, and Prayer-meetings; and laid the cornerstone of one new church. I have labored in much weakness, and with many imperfections. Now I commence my second tour. Lord, wilt Thou go with me, and make my feeble labors a blessing to the people?

September 30.—A most beautiful month! Our congregations have been large and our meetings interesting. God's goodness is unspeakable. What should I do if there were no Saviour, no Atonement, no arm mightier than my own? Surely, those who make so little of Christ, cannot have such views of their own vileness as I have, nor have such a heart to contend with; or they would not expect to prepare themselves for Heaven by their own power or holiness. Alas! without Jesus, I perish; He shall have all the glory of my salvation.

October 9.—Is it not time for all who have any love for the good of society, who feel any regard for their fellow-men, who love social order and social happiness, to become *temperance men*? Is it not time for all temperance men and temperance women too, to arise and shake themselves from their inactivity, and work efficiently and perseveringly in the cause of humanity? Never before in this State, or perhaps in any other State in this Union, have we had such fearful evidence of the destructive power of strong drink, as we have now

before our eyes. Four persons murdered within one year! Two men have already been hung, three more are now in prison, awaiting the awful hour of their execution; and three more in jail awaiting their trial for murder—and all this destruction of human happiness and human life, of body and of soul, is through the direct agency of strong drink!

If this does not arouse the community to do what they can to suppress the traffic, I know not what will. All possible pains are taken to secure the murderers, and have them punished—which is well enough. But the men who sold the liquor to these murderers, we suffer among us, and treat them as good and honest citizens.

It is time to see to this matter. What shall we do? Do!—why stop the accursed trade—prohibit its sale as a drink. No man needs it, no man is the better for it. As total abstinence is the only safe course for the drinker, so the only safe course for the community is to prohibit the sale of alcohol as a drink. You might as well undertake to regulate a fire in the woods, by law, as to regulate the sale of liquor by law. It has been tried in all manner of ways. Law after law has been made, but what good has been effected? Just none at all. Why do not men open their eyes, and see the thing just as it is? Because they are blinded, either by their appetites, or their love of money, or their fear of losing political eminence.

I hear men say, you will break up our business in which we have invested our capital, and deprive us of our gains, and of our living, and you have no right to do it! But if your business is destroying the lives of men, and the happiness of society, you have no moral right to pursue it, however gainful it may be to yourself—and if you are so vicious, and so hard-hearted that you will not leave it off voluntarily, then we must make it unlawful to sell it at all, and *compel* you not to destroy the peace and happiness of your neighbors. The law is not made for a righteous man, to enable him to do well, but for bad men, to prevent their doing harm to themselves and to others.

Are there not already many things wholly prohibited by law, by which men might make money? Are not gambling-houses, lotteries, houses of ill-fame thus forbidden? Could any of these receive license? Now, strong drink is the mother of all these abominations, and shall we so severely condemn these beautiful children, and try to drive them out of the land, and suffer the old mother of all to remain among us, to breed more and more of her detestable offspring! No, no—kill the old serpent, and most of the young vipers will vanish!

Rumselling is the great manufacturing business by which wretchedness, pauperism and taxation are poured in upon us like a flood. Let the good men of this State arise, and put up the legal dykes that are to stop this overflowing scourge.

Send men of the true stamp to the Legislature to make our laws—men who will not fear to do their duty.

Freemen of Connecticut! see to it at the next Spring Election. Not indeed to make Temperance a mere political question, not to form a separate Temperance party; but to bring this great moral question to bear with all its force and importance upon political men, and political parties. Let them know that they cannot have your votes, unless they have the names of Temperance men of the true stamp upon their tickets. In most of the Senatorial Districts and Towns, and probably in the State you hold the balance of power—use it faithfully, prudently, and firmly, and that power will make political demagogues tremble, and will tell upon the character of the next Legislature.

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December 4.—I have just commenced my third quarterly tour around the District. I have had some conflicts, both within and without. But most of the time, through the abundant grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the time has passed both pleasantly and profitably. Some places that have been dry and unfruitful for several years, have been blest with showers of refreshing from the hand of the Lord.

I find that, in general, where the preachers take hold in good earnest, and go into the work with all their hearts; there, the work of God revives—showing evidently, that God expects us to use the

appropriate means and where those means are used, there He sheds His blessing upon the people.

My own heart is reviving, I feel that I have more moral power, more confidence in God. My place is in the dust. Lord, keep me humble.

April 15, 1851.—I am this day sixty-one years of age. For thirty-six years I have been a wanderer, striving to bring sinners to Christ. I have seen hundreds and thousands converted—but in this I will not glory, only in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. But O, the many, many imperfections I now see and deplore in my past history! Lord, keep me unto the end! Make my last days my best. Take me, soul and body, and make me wholly Thine.

May 22.—I have finished my work on the District for the year. God has given me good health—not a real sick day during the year. What cause for gratitude! Within a few weeks past, God, by His grace, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, has powerfully strengthened my soul. I feel my heart panting for purity. I desire to spend, and be spent for Christ and souls.

One week more, and Conference comes. May the good Lord be with us and direct all our deliberations and decisions.

June 7, 1851.—I have just returned from our Annual Conference. We had a laborious, but an unusually harmonious session. The Cabinet labors resulted in the general satisfaction of the preachers. But some were disappointed. How can it be

othewise, unless each one makes up his mind to give himself wholly to the work of God, and seeks nothing but His glory and the salvation of souls—going cheerfully to any part of the work where he may be needed.

I find myself returned to the District for the fourth year. A very responsible, but not a very desirable place. I hope God will give me grace, and health, if it please Him, to go through the duties and labors of the year, so as to be useful to the people. I need Heavenly illumination.

July 24.—The Lord has been very gracious, enabling me to perform my labors to this date. With one exception, I have preached three times every Sabbath since Conference, besides attending to the other duties of my office. I am willing, nay, I love to labor for God and souls. My heart's desire is that the work may revive all around the District. Last year, more than eleven hundred were converted. O, for two thousand this year!

August 19.—A great and good man has fallen in our Israel. Dr. Olin left this world of tears for the land of eternal joys on the 6th inst. What will become of the University? Who will fill his place? These are questions much easier asked than answered. But God will provide.

Monday, November 10.—This day finishes my second tour around the District. I have had my trials and my conflicts, but the blood of Christ has been my healing balm, and the Holy Spirit has been my Comforter.

1852—1861.

A Hiatus in the Journal.—Delegate to the General Conference at Boston.—Annual Conference at Hartford, Conn.—Two Years. Presiding Elder of N. Y. East District.—Conference in Brooklyn.—Stationed at Norfolk Street Church, New York City.—Agent of the Wesleyan University.—Origin of the Wesleyan University.—Conference of 1855.—Two Years at Allen St. Church, New York City.—Delegate to the General Conference at Indianapolis.—Annual Conference of 1857.—Two Years at Centenary Church, Brooklyn.—Re-appointed Presiding Elder of N. Y. East District.—Sketch of a Sermon on Religious Unity.—The Old Hive of Methodism.—A Terrific Storm.—“Snug Quarters, at Bro. George I. Seney’s.”—“Old Age will come.”—A New Church Enterprise at Harlem.—Severe Illness.—Great Peace and Patience.—This is no Time for Idleness.—Holiness the Strength of the Ministry, and the Glory of the Church.—Re-union Services at Allen St. Church.—“The Saviour of All Men.”—Prosperity of the Churches in New York.—A Comprehensive Wish.—Second Avenue Church.—Mamaroneck, the Banner Church.—Conference at Stamford, Conn.—Re-appointed to the New York East District.—Beekman Hill.—What he dislikes.—Oliver Hoyt and Brothers.—A Day of Inward Trial.—“Our People moving Up Town.”—Camp-Meeting at Sing-Sing.—Party Politics ignored.

HERE the record stopped. For what reason I can hardly say—perhaps because it was so barren of incidents. But whatever was the cause, I now regret it, and to-day, July 15, 1859, I will begin anew. The outline of events during the last eight years, I must give from memory, as well as I am able.

In May, 1852, I attended the General Conference in Boston. We had a long, laborious, but

peaceful session. One Bishop had died, one had resigned—four new ones were elected.

Our Annual Conference sat in Hartford, Ct., in June, and my time on the New Haven District having expired, I was appointed to the New York East District, which I served two years. We had some trials; but on the whole they were happy, prosperous years.

At the Conference held in Brooklyn, in 1854, under the plea of *necessity*, I was removed from the District and stationed at Norfolk Street Church, New York. My family were living in New Haven, and my wife, at the time, too sick to be removed. This the Bishop knew, and said he did not expect me to move them. I informed him that I could not take proper charge of a church in New York, and live in New Haven. He thought I could, and I yielded. I had been there but five months, when the Bishop—(not the one who presided at the last Conference,) desired me to leave, and take an Agency to raise an endowment for the Wesleyan University. I said if he would give me a written discharge; provide for Norfolk St. Church; and the preachers of New York and Brooklyn unanimously agreed that it was best for me to make this change, I would consent. The preachers unanimously decided I ought to take the Agency, and I consented to accept, and fulfil its duties until the session of the next Conference. I was more successful in raising money than I expected, and completed an endowment of \$100,000.

Who first suggested the *idea* of the Wesleyan University? The late beloved Wilbur Fisk, D. D.? No, not he. The venerable Laban Clark, D. D.? No, not he. Heman Bangs? No, not he. Who then? I answer, it was the gentlemen then holding the responsible office of Trustees of the Part-ridge Military Academy, located in Middletown, Connecticut.

In 1827 I was stationed in Middletown. The status of religion was low, and the Society few and feeble. They had no parsonage, and gave a very light support to the pastor. They had a small, old, brick church, cracked from gable-end to watertable, with old shutters never painted—in fact, nothing inviting about it, inside or out.

I went to work in the name of the Lord. The first thing was to get a parsonage. Over the kitchen, I had a room finished for prayer and class-meetings. In this room we commenced operations, and God was pleased to own our labors, and pour out His Holy Spirit. The room was soon too small, and we had to take to the old church. This was also filled—and now we began to talk about a new church.

Great difficulties were to be met and overcome. Some said, the undertaking was like building castles in the air—others, we have no money. Some were in favor of free seats; some desired pews.

At this time we had no houses of worship on the west side of the Connecticut River, fit to be called

churches, except the one in New Haven. Our Bishops, Conferences, people and Discipline, were all directly opposed to pewed churches. None had yet been built with pews to sell or to rent.

It was, as may be supposed, under these circumstances, a bold innovation for a young man like myself to build the first pewed church. I had to suffer much in consequence; but I found I could not build a free church, and there was fair prospect that one with pews could be built. I thought I had rather have a pewed church than none at all; so I determined "to cross the Rubicon" and make the effort. I did so, but had a heavy task. I had to do all the preaching; attend to all the social meetings; perform all the pastoral work; obtain all the subscriptions for the church; make all the plans and contracts for the building; collect all the money, and see that the builders were punctually paid.

The Banks had pledged themselves not to let us have a dollar, and we had little credit with men of money—but God opened the way, and the work prospered. Every payment was punctually met, and on the first day of January, 1829, to the great astonishment of friends and foes, our new and beautiful church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, by Rev. Dr. Fisk. As soon as it was opened, it was filled to overflowing: we had a glorious revival, and scores were added to the church.

In the spring following, my two years had ex-

pired, and I must leave. The wealthy men of the town had become my warm friends. About this time the Academy under Captain Partridge, having been unsuccessful, was given up: the Trustees who had been witnesses of our work said, if these Methodists can accomplish so much with such means, they can, if they will undertake it, build a Literary Institution. We will offer them the Academy property as an inducement to establish a College in Middletown.

I had left for Conference, but they wrote to me through a friend and made the offer. Rev. Laban Clark was my Presiding Elder, and I showed him the letter. This was the first intimation Bro. Clark had of the project. He laid the letter before the Conference, and they appointed a Committee, consisting, I think, of Laban Clark, Heman Bangs, John Emory, Samuel Luckey, and Nathan Bangs, to negotiate with the Trustees of the Academy.

Bro. Clark saw them first, and a proposition was made that the Academy property should be valued at \$33,000—that the Conference should raise \$100,000 as an endowment, and then they would make over to us in fee their entire property.

I was at this time stationed in the City of New York. When I heard of Bro. Clark's proposition, I said, we cannot do that. To raise money, at that time, for literary purposes was no easy matter; and I said, they must reduce it to \$66,000. To accomplish this, I went to Middletown, called

together the Trustees of the Academy, laid the subject before them, and they readily acceded to my amendment. All they desired, they said, was a permanent Institution of learning.

The University was not yet a fixed fact. The Committee must report to the Conference. The New England Conference was invited, and did unite with the New York Conference.

When it was ascertained that a movement of this kind was being made, several places began to compete for the location of the College. Bridgeport and Troy became strong competitors. Bro. Clark was for Bridgeport and Bro. Luckey for Troy—I was steadily for Middletown. However, it was good policy to get as many, and as large bids as possible.

Bro. Luckey being my colleague in New York, I proposed that he should go to Troy, stir them up, and see what he could do there; and I would work Middletown. He went to Troy, and soon after, I wrote to Middletown stating these facts, and adding that they must raise an additional sum of \$ 20,000, or they might lose the Institution. I suggested that the Town of Middletown should raise \$ 10,000, and the other \$ 10,000 should be obtained by private subscription.

My letter came in good time. On the day of their Town Meeting, the subject was at once brought before them, and they adjourned to a certain day to consider the matter. At the appointed time they met and voted \$ 10,000 out of

the avails of their Stone-Quarry, and raised \$ 8,000 by personal subscriptions.

This decided the matter. When the Conference met, and the Committee reported, they voted to locate the Institution at Middletown.

This is a true history of the commencement of what is now called the Wesleyan University.

Of the early struggles and arduous labors in which I was engaged for its endowment, I need not speak.

At the Conference of 1855, I was appointed to the charge of Allen St. church, New York City. My wife's health was so far improved that she could be removed, though with difficulty. Here we spent two pleasant, and I trust profitable years. Never shall I forget the members of the Allen St. church, and their kindness to me and mine. God bless and prosper them!

In the Spring of 1856 I attended the General Conference at Indianapolis.

At the Conference of 1857, I was stationed at Centenary church, Brooklyn. This was my first appointment on Long Island. Here I suffered much from bodily infirmity, but the people were very kind and forbearing. A goodly number were added to the church, and through the blessing of God, we left them in a state of temporal and spiritual prosperity.

This Spring, 1859, I was again placed upon the New York East District, and removed my family to New Haven, Conn., as I own a house here, and

the District provides no house for the Presiding Elder.

The people and preachers have received me with great cordiality and affection, which is a great comfort to my poor heart. O, that I were more holy, that I might be more useful! The responsibilities are great, but the Master is faithful.

Sunday, July 17.—This morning, preached in the Twenty-Seventh St. church. Had some liberty in discoursing on Religious Unity, and its benefits. Unity, not of name, not of thought, not of form, not of creed, not of organization; but of affection, of heart, of motive or purpose.

In order for men to have this Unity, they must love God, and in order to love God, they must be born of God—know God, as their pardoning Father. The being born of God is a work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore is alike in its nature in all who receive it. It begets love to all men. God is love, Christ is love, the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of love; and wherever He lives and reigns, there love reigns, and enmity and hatred can have no place. Men's judgments may differ, but their hearts will agree.

To preserve this Unity, we must observe. I. To keep the love of God burning in our hearts. II. We must not expect too much of each other, nor judge hastily, nor rashly. We all have our imperfections, and need the mantle of charity; so we should be ready and willing to throw the same mantle over the failings of others. III. We

should speak as well of each other as we can in truth. When we can say nothing good of an absent brother, the better way is to say nothing at all. Do as you would be done by. IV. Pray for each other. V. Keep up an interchange of friendly associations. How good and how pleasant is such unity! Its benefits are illustrated by two significant figures. Its pleasantness, by the oil of the Sanctuary, and its goodness, by the dew of heaven.

Sunday, July 31.—Preached in John St. church. This is the old hive of Methodism. Here I was stationed in 1821; and again in 1828. What a change! Then, "John Street" was the stronghold of our church in New York City. Strong and wealthy men were here; the largest house of worship in the land was here; here were hundreds and thousands converted. But now, there are few left. Many are in Heaven, many have removed to other places. It is as truly Missionary ground as Germany. The large house has been taken away, and a small one built, with the rest of the old site converted into stores. The congregation is mostly composed of visitors and strangers coming to the City on business. Yet God is here still. They have a regular pastor who preaches to them every Sabbath. They keep up class-meetings, the sabbath school, and a daily prayer-meeting is held at noon. God bless old John Street! We hope the consecrated spot will never be forsaken.

Monday, September 12.—Explored the City, in

the neighborhood of Harlem, in search of a site for a new church. On One hundred and Sixteenth Street, east of Second Avenue, four lots were purchased, and preparations are to be made immediately for the erection of a temporary building. It will cost about \$4,000. A class of from forty to fifty members will be formed at once. Brother Fletcher, of Twenty-Seventh Street church, will take charge of them for the present.

Saturday, September 17.—A tremendous storm of wind and rain. Much damage was done to trees, buildings and shipping—a real north-easter, equinoctial storm. I traveled about fifty miles in the cars. At the Depot where I stopped, no people, no carriage. To hold an umbrella was out of the question, so I had no alternative but to be patient and wait. After about two hours a carriage came—it seemed as though the wind would take away carriage, horses and man. But through the mercy of our kind Heavenly Father, we came safely to our snug quarters at Bro. George I. Seney's, Mamaroneck. No meeting that night; but the Sabbath dawned beautifully. The clouds were cleared away, the wind was lulled to sleep, the sun arose in splendor, and the air was warm and balmy as summer. God is seen in all His works.

Sunday, 25.—Preached at Mount Vernon in the evening. Quite an interest here among the children. Seventeen forward for prayers at the Sunday School prayer-meeting in the afternoon; and in the evening several found peace in believing.

Monday, 26.—Returned home, and found all well. I find that three sermons and Sacrament on the same day, make my flesh cry out for rest. Formerly I did not mind it, but I cannot labor as I could once. Old age and febleness will come. But I have abundant reason to thank God that I am able to accomplish so much at sixty-nine years of age.

Yesterday was a day of much comfort to myself, and I trust some good to others. To God be all the glory in Christ Jesus.

Monday, October 10.—Was quite ill last week, but came to New York and attended to my appointments yesterday. This morning felt better than usual; went to Harlem to form a new Society; appointed them a preacher, and set on foot the building of a new church.

November 14—Since my last entry have been very ill. After a night of awful suffering in Harlem, the 10th of October last, I was carried to the cars, and reached home almost as nearly dead as alive. I have been confined to the house ever since. I had a kind and skillful physician, good nurses, and the attentions of dear friends. How sweet is Christian sympathy! How it has led me to love my brethren! But the best of all, God has been with me, and given me great peace and patience. Christ was my Rock and my salvation. I could trust Him with all my heart.

I am quite recovered, and hope soon to be in the work of my beloved Master. O, may I be more

humble, more holy, more zealous for God and souls.

December 29.—I have attended most of my appointments; but not having fully recovered my strength, I have to use caution, and spare myself. Last Sabbath the Lord was very good, and carried me through the labors of the day without much harm—Lovefeast, preaching three times, and administration of the Lord's Supper. So I thank God and take courage. Though I cannot labor as I could once, I must not grow weary, nor desist from work. This is no time for idleness. The church needs faithful laborers; the world must be conquered for Christ. Sin, Satan, and politicians are all combined against us. O, how should we pray for the peace of Jerusalem!

Saturday, December 31.—Preached at ten o'clock in the evening at Seventeenth St. Church. A social meeting followed, which lasted until the New Year came in. But why is there no more power attending the word? Is the salt without the savor? Have we lost the vitality of religion? O, my soul, take timely warning! I have not all that melting fervor and love I ought to have, nor as much as I have felt at many former times. The thought makes me shudder. Drawing near the end of my race, shall I grow tardy when I should increase my speed? I do love Him, but my love is too faint, too cold. Holiness is the strength of a minister. Without close communion with God, he is weak in himself, and his ministrations will be feeble,

no matter how eloquent or truthful his words. Holiness is the glory, the power of the Christian church, no matter how numerous, how wealthy her members, nor how splendid her places of worship. God is holy. To have sympathy with God, we must be like God; hence the commandment, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." We have lost this likeness by sin; hence the sinner is estranged from God. Christ came, that He might recover us, and bring us back by His own blood; redeem us from all iniquity, and by His Holy Spirit change and regenerate our natures, that we may be like Him, and so be brought into sympathy with God. Then we love Him because He first loved us, and hold communion with God through Jesus Christ, our great High Priest; and from Him continually draw vitality and power, as the living branch from the vine.

Sunday, January 1, 1860.—The old year, 1859, is now in eternity. It has carried its record on high, of sins committed, duties neglected, sufferings endured, joys and sorrows experienced, and mercies received. O, what changes have been made in social and civil life! How many, who felt that their foundations stood sure, are now mere wrecks! O Time, thou terrible traveler, how dost thou hurry us on! Thy wheels never weary, never stand still. God of love, help us to work while the day lasts!

Preached in the morning at Ninth St. church. In the afternoon attended the re-union services at the Allen St. church—a very pleasant time. At

night preached in the Seventeenth St. church on Christ's kingdom, John xviii. 36. I. It is an inward and spiritual kingdom. II. It is not maintained by physical force, nor by carnal weapons, but by the word and spirit of God. III. It is a universal kingdom—it does not meddle with civil governments, nor the civil relations that exist among men, but is designed for all nations, and people of every tongue. IV. Its perpetuity—it is an everlasting kingdom. It will continue through time and eternity. Christ is absolute King, the fountain of all power and authority. His government is by the law of love. His subjects are angels, infants, and converted men and women.

Monday, January 8.—Preached in the Twentieth St. church, from 1 Timothy iv. 10. “The Saviour of all men.” I. He saves all men from the covenant of works, as a covenant of salvation, and has placed them under a new covenant, the covenant of grace; the conditions of which are suited to man in his sinful state. II. He saves man from total deprivation, restores to him free agency, and gives a measure of true light to guide him in the way of life. III. He saves all men from the *guilt* of original sin, and thereby secures the eternal salvation of all who die in infancy. IV. He saves all men from excuse. If they are not eternally saved, it is their own fault. “Especially of those that believe.” Universal salvation is unconditional; special salvation is conditional. Universal salvation relates to Adam, as the head

and father, and representative of the human family; special salvation relates to the pardon of our personal sins and their consequences, and re-establishment into the favor and image of God, and ends in eternal blessedness in Heaven.

January 29.—In the evening preached in the Willet St. church. The power of the Lord was present. The good work is reviving in most of our churches in New York; souls are converted every day in the week. I have not seen in this city more general prosperity for the past ten years. Congregations are large, and very attentive to the word. Ride on, King Jesus! until all Thy foes are subdued.

January 30.—Returned home, and found all well. O, where on earth is there a place like home, in the bosom of one's family! Blessed hope of a Home in Heaven, in a house not made with hands! Yet here, when duty calls, home and friends and all earthly comforts must yield their claims. We must forsake all for Christ, and suffer with Him, if we would reign with Him.

I take pleasure in the prosperity of others. Nothing delights me more as I pass around among the churches, than to hear the people speak well of their pastors. Would that they were all as strong as Samson; wise as Solomon; meek as Moses; full of fire as Isaiah; full of love as St. John; as powerful in reasoning as St. Paul; as full of fervor as St. Peter—and as successful in winning souls as all of them put together!

March 13.—At Harlem—a new appointment, but very promising. We have a Sunday School of over one hundred children; fifty members; a board of Trustees elected; a site purchased for a church; a Quarterly Conference organized; and a Missionary secured for six months. At the next Conference they will be placed on the Minutes as the Second Avenue Church. They are putting up a temporary chapel in which to hold meetings, until they can build their church edifice.

March 26.—Attended Quarterly-meeting at Mamaroneck. Here they have built a beautiful church; and bought a comfortable parsonage. I preached for them on Sunday, and took their annual collection for the superannuated preachers. It was a blessed time, and the people gave a collection that did them honor—perhaps the largest ever taken at one time, in one place, for such a purpose, in these United States. It was over five hundred dollars! God bless them!

May 9.—Our Conference opened its session in Stamford, Conn., April 10. Bishop Simpson presided. I was returned to my former field of labor.

We have organized a new Quarterly Conference at Beckman Hill, on Fiftieth Street. I gave the charge for the present to Bro. Dunscombe. Here is to be built a new church, lecture-room, and parsonage.

May 21.—Met the District Stewards; a friendly meeting. They generously added to my allowance, without any suggestion on my part. Indeed,

after opening the meeting by singing and prayer, I left them to themselves, and they made their own estimate. This is as it should be. I dislike to hear a preacher whining about his salary, and hanging around the committee, as though he cared for nothing but his bread and cheese! I wish to leave all this thing to the people.

June 18.—Quarterly-meeting, Saturday and Sunday, at Darien, and Stamford. Things look promising. I stayed with Bro. O. Hoyt, a noble man, with a lovely family. God has wonderfully prospered him and his brothers. They are all wealthy, and all liberal. They use their money in doing good: this saves them from the curse of covetousness. God bless and prosper them, in soul and body!

June 20.—A day of sore trial from within. I fear my heart deceived me; I was not as strong as I thought myself. O God, what a weak, miserable creature is man! I cry unto Thee for help; leave me not. I am humbled before Thee. Pardon my follies, and give me grace to stand, and having done all, to stand. God is a consuming fire. How could a sinner approach Him, had he not a Mediator, like Jesus Christ the Righteous.

July 22.—Preached in Forsyth St. in the evening—a barren time. What a falling off in this old church! Our people, like the rest of the Protestant population, are moving up town, and to the surrounding country; and the lower Wards of the city are as much Missionary ground as China or

Hindoostan. Unless the church see to it, an awful day will come for New York.

August 21.—I took charge of the Camp-meeting at Sing Sing—a blessed good meeting. It was good from first to last. The preaching was powerful, the prayer-meetings lively, the singing full of spirit, and the order excellent. But Friday was the last, great day of the feast. The services were full of the power and glory of God. About one hundred were converted during the meeting. God is good. How He does sustain me! I feel, after all my toils, as fresh and vigorous as I did twenty years ago. To God I owe it all.

November 6.—The day of election for President and Vice-President. There has been great excitement in reference to the election.

From pure motives I have ignored politics, so far as parties are concerned. Since I became a minister of Christ, my only business has been to save souls.

November 7.—The struggle is over. The Republicans have elected their candidate.

There is great fear that the United States will be divided, and that the South will secede. But God reigns, and the Union of these States will be maintained. There is yet too much good sense and patriotism in the country, for this folly. Our prosperity depends upon our Union. The South and the North cannot live without each other. But there are foolish men in both sections who delight in strife, and the great bone of contention is Slavery.

1861—1863.

Second Visit to the South.—Louisiana Conference at Baton Rouge.—At Port Gibson.—Rev. Dr. Breckenridge.—Interview with Rev. Dr. Butler.—Physical Condition of the Slaves.—Danger and Folly of Secession.—Beware of Rash Judgment.—Return Trip.—A Day of Fasting and Prayer for the Nation.—Ultraists North and South.—Confidence in the Liberality of the Church.—Conference of 1861 in Brooklyn.—Re-appointed to the New Haven District for the Fourth Time.—Substitute for Presiding Elders.—Trip to Louisville, Ky.—Effects of the War.—Camp-Meeting at Milford.—“So Much of Self, so Little of God.”—A National Fast.—“Seven Meetings a Day.”—State of the Country and of the Church.—Characteristic Perseverance.—“A Train of Cars Stuck Fast in a Snow-bank.”—Record of the Year.—Conference at Waterbury.—Returned to New Haven District.—Death of Dr. Nathan Bangs.—Not Convinced.—Meeting of the District Stewards.—Union Armies before Richmond.—“Gathered into the Heavenly Garner.”—A Week of Horrors!—Religious regard for Christmas-Day.



ANUARY 1.—On the twenty-first of November last, in company with my wife, I started for a trip to the South, to visit our children. We left New York City on board the Steamship “De Soto,” Captain Johnson, bound for New Orleans, via Havana. The officers of the boat were gentlemanly, the waiters polite, and the stewardess most kind and obliging. Any one who has taken a sea-voyage with a lady-companion will appreciate the importance of such qualifications.

I was invited to preach on the Sabbath, but was at that time too sick to have public worship, though we had prayers in our state room, night and morning.

We reached Havana on Monday, the twenty-sixth. It being after sun-down, we were not allowed to enter; so came to anchor near the guard-ship, at the mouth of the harbor, under the frowning batteries of Moro Castle. At sunrise, the anchor was weighed, and we steamed up the beautiful harbor. About five, P. M., of the twenty-seventh, we left behind us this Queen of the Antilles, and bent our prow towards the Crescent City, where we arrived Friday the thirteenth, about seven, A. M.

We made no stay in the City, but left the ship immediately for a Steamer up the River to Baton Rouge, the residence of my son-in-law, Prof. Magruder. Nothing can be more beautiful than this "coast" of Louisiana, above New Orleans. Rich, cultivated plantations of sugar-cane, and fine mansions with their villages of negro-quarters, greet the eye on either side of the noble River. The whole country seems a lovely garden, not a hill, or a stone to be seen. We arrived at our destination about one o'clock, on Saturday morning, December the first.

Before leaving New York, some of my friends expressed fears that I might meet with hard usage at the south. But their fears were groundless. The Louisiana Conference assembled the week after my arrival. Bishop Early, and the preachers

received me as a Christian brother, and in every place, and by all the people with whom I associated I was treated with much kindness and warm-hearted friendship.

A beautiful Methodist church had just been erected in Baton Rouge, which was dedicated the day after our arrival. They invited me to preach in the evening. I did the best I could, with my head rolling and pitching like the ship I had just left. They had preaching every night, and every day, at eleven, A. M., during the session of Conference, and the Bishop held a Conference prayer-meeting for half-an-hour, at half-past eight in the morning. A glorious revival was the result. The house was filled every night: such a time had not been witnessed before in this place. More than fifty professed conversion, and joined the church.

On Friday, the fifteenth of December, I left Baton Rouge for Port Gibson, Mississippi, the home of my son-in-law, the Rev. B. Jones. I seemed to have arrived in the season of dedications. The Presbyterian church of this place was consecrated on the seventeenth, by the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, President of Oakland College, Miss. His sermon, and prayer for the Union, did me good. I felt like giving a Methodist shout, and told him so.

Hearing I was in town, one of their deacons waited upon me with a request that I would preach for them in the evening, to which I cheerfully con-

sented. The Lord helped me to speak the truth in love—the sermon was long and loud enough to have been a good one. On the afternoon of the same Sabbath I preached to the blacks in the M. E. church. I enjoyed it much, and they seemed to feel “mighty” well, too. When service closed, they all came up to shake hands with “ole massa.” Some of them, I was told, thought “ole massa” did not use enough big words, but talked to them too much as if they were little children.

The pastor of the Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Butler, was very sick. On Tuesday, he sent one of his deacons with a request for me to visit him. I found the old soldier near his end, but on the wing for glory. We conversed very sweetly for a while; he then asked me to pray. He responded fervently, and at the close gave a hearty “Amen,” and said, “Brother, I love you.” I never had a more delightful, or more profitable interview with a sick man. He is the father of his people—the only pastor they ever had, having been among them nearly forty years, and is greatly beloved.

The following Sunday, I received word that Dr. Butler was dying, and desired to see me, but I was sick myself, and unable to leave the house. About one o’clock, he left his weeping family and flock, for his home in Heaven. How precious the religion of Jesus, that robs death of its sting, and opens the gate to immortality!

As to the physical condition of the slaves at the South, I believe they are as well off as the free

blacks of the North—better fed, better clothed, better housed, and do less work. They appeared to be a very happy people: the care and expense all devolves on their masters and mistresses. I am told that the laws of Louisiana and Mississippi are very severe in protecting the slave.

A great change has come over the public feeling, both North and South, within the last twenty-five years. The extreme measures of the North on this subject have driven the South into the opposite extreme. Heretofore, there were thousands at the South who considered Slavery an evil; but a necessary evil, which they knew not how to remove. But now, so far as I could learn, they have come to the conclusion that "the institution" is right and Scriptural, and the best state possible for the blacks. I will not stop to argue the point at all; I merely state the fact. The movements of the ultraists of the North have been productive of only evil to the master and slave; exasperating the former, and causing them to restrict the privileges of the latter. But the Methodists are doing a good work among them. Many missionaries are employed on the plantations, who are supported by the planters themselves. Some are paid by the Missionary Society; and some congregations of blacks in New Orleans are self-supporting. I conversed with a brother preacher who is constantly laboring among them, and he gave a thrilling account of his mission.

As far as I could learn, there is but one opinion

on the subject of secession: all are for secession, differing only as to how, and when. Most were for immediate and separate action; while others—a much less number—were for co-operation with other states, and waiting until such co-operation could be effected.

They believe that the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, demonstrates a combination and determination in the North, to use the power of the general government to crush out their institution. Whether this be true or false, right or wrong, they sincerely believe it: hence the haste and determination for secession.

I endeavored to reason with them on the danger and folly of secession—that no State had, or could have, the right to secede at pleasure—that such a doctrine would destroy all republican or confederate governments. Their treaties with foreign governments would be worthless; their obligations for debts would be valueless; no nation would fear or respect such a government. I asked, if a Southern Confederacy was formed, from whence would come the money to keep its machinery in motion? Taxation would test faith, patience, and patriotism. If one State considered herself too heavily taxed, she might declare her determination to secede, and no objection could be made. She has the right, and can slide into independence. Another may follow her example, and so on to the last. Such a Confederacy would be no better than a rope of sand.

Again—I told them—you cannot have a peaceful secession. Civil war, with all its horrors, will follow. What could you do? Remember you are surrounded by free States. On the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—on the West, free Mexico—on the other side of the ocean, England and France, both against you; in fact, the whole civilized world against you.

Again—your slave property would be wholly insecure, for there would be a rush of negroes to the free States, and no fugitive slave law to offer you even the shadow of protection. You must sustain an armed police from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Are you able to do this? Consider well two questions—What shall we lose? What shall we gain by secession? Stay in the Union and fight your battles: you can do it better here than out of it. *Now* you have the sympathy of millions in the North; but if you secede, you lose all.

In this way I endeavored to reason with my brethren at the South. They heard me patiently. No one returned an uncivil word, but I fear that few were convinced. Indeed, they were not in a state of mind to reason calmly. I told them they were just like the ultra-abolitionists of the North.

I love my Southern brethren. There are as warm and true-hearted Christians there as anywhere; and they are as honest in their view of things as ourselves. We must beware of rash judgment. God will judge us all in the last day.

Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a

fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for my church and my country! Shall I live to see this beautiful structure, which my fathers assisted to raise with their blood, scattered to the winds? As long as I live, will I pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and the Union of these United States.

On Thursday, the twenty-fifth, I left my dear wife and children, and started for home. Came up the River to Vicksburg—there took the cars, riding night and day, fourteen hundred miles, to Philadelphia, where I spent the Sabbath. Heard two good sermons from Brothers Hodgson and Cookman, and on Monday morning left for New York—thence to New Haven. Thus have I been preserved from harm and accident during the entire journey. Thanks to my Heavenly Father for all His undeserved mercies!

January 4.—A day of fasting and prayer for the Nation, by appointment of the President of the United States. Is there not a cause? Are we not a wicked people? There is corruption in high places—bribery, false and profane swearing, drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, forgetfulness of God, and dishonoring of Christ. O, for a universal and hearty National repentance! This may turn away the wrath of God.

January 21.—This morning attended Preacher's Meeting, and heard what pained my heart—a Methodist preacher publicly declare that he could not pray for the Union of the States, because slavery existed in some of them. O, fanaticism, how

it blinds the mind! The ultraists of the North, and the ultraists of the South, are alike in spirit—both would destroy the Union if they could. God grant that they both may be disappointed.

January 31.—I try not to be anxious about the future. I have given my whole life to the church. I have begged thousands for others, but never a dollar for myself. Have helped to build about forty churches and twelve parsonages; and now, when old and grey-headed, will the church let me starve? I have ever placed full confidence in her liberality, and will not hastily throw away that confidence. I have taken very little pains to provide for the future: what little I have, was mostly saved before I traveled. All of my children have been educated, my debts have been punctually paid. God has been very good to me; I will still trust Him. Blessed, ever blessed, be His holy Name.

April 16.—Our Conference sat this year in Brooklyn, N. Y. I received my appointment on the New Haven District for the fourth time. This removal from the New York District, after only two years service, was occasioned by a law decision of the Bishops, that a Presiding Elder could not travel the same District more than four years in ten. The Discipline does not say this in so many words, but this was their construction. I think the law contemplated a different thing, viz. that after a Presiding Elder had traveled a District full four years at one time, *then* he should not be re-

turned to the same under six years. This would be four years in ten; but they would be four years in succession, not four years at different times, as in my case. But it is some consolation that I am removed from legal cause, and not from disaffection. The preachers and people, so far as I know, ardently desired my return. Why should a living man complain? Were I as able to endure labor and hardships as I was formerly, I should care nothing about it; but this District is more laborious than that of N. Y., and I fear my strength will not prove adequate to the task before me. Yet I will, by God's grace, try and do the best I can, and leave all to the direction of Divine Providence.

May 25.—My labors and preaching are equal to any two preachers on the District, and yet many think the office a sinecure—it is certainly a thankless one. Yet some one must fill it, while our present church economy continues. But why could we not substitute Chairmen of Districts, in the thickly settled portions of the work? Let the Chairman be a pastor, and have his support from the church he serves, and the other places pay only his traveling expenses. This would leave a great many good men for the Pastorate, and save a large amount of money, in the aggregate. We shall probably come to this before long. Many of our preachers get but just enough to keep soul and body together; and hardly that, in some places. How, then, can they spare any for the Presiding

Elder? Yet the laborer is worthy of his hire. There should be less preaching or more pay. Several of these small places should be put together and formed into a Circuit, with one preacher in charge, who should supply the appointments with local Preachers, as far as practicable. Who will do this work? It is the business of the Bishop to arrange the Districts and appoint the preachers. The Discipline makes no one else responsible. The Discipline knows nothing of Presiding Elders as Cabinet Officers, or Counsellors of the Bishop. If they are indispensable in stationing the preachers, why not legalize their duties, and put them in the Discipline?

July 17.—Started for Louisville, Ky., to meet my wife on her way home from the South, where she has been spending the winter with our daughters. I was absent less than one week, traveled more than two thousand miles, and rested two days and a half. Thus the Lord took care of us, and no evil was suffered to befall us. I spent a Sabbath in Louisville, and preached in the Fourth St. M. E. Church.

July 29.—Religion is at a low ebb, business prostrate, people sad and discouraged. This horrible war absorbs everything—time, money, industry, thought, conversation, and life itself. God have mercy upon us!

August 12.—Camp-meeting at Milford. Large attendance, good order; some conversions, and great good done for the churches. I labored

under great bodily affliction, but came home feeling better, both in body and mind, than when I went.

August 30.—Rode to Bristol, and lodged with Bro. F. W. Smith, an old friend, whose father was my Presiding Elder more than forty years ago.

September 15.—Preached three times—in the morning at St. John St. church, New Haven—in the afternoon at George St.—at night in the First church, besides walking three or four miles. The walking is more laborious than the preaching—but the latter was blundering work all day. When through, after a review of the day, I was mortified—ashamed of myself that there had been so much of self, and so little of God, of power, of the Holy Ghost. What is all human effort without God's Spirit? It does not tell;—none are awakened, none converted. God be merciful to me a sinner!

September 22.—After preaching three times, administering the Sacrament and riding about fourteen miles, felt as fresh as when I commenced the day. This is the Lord's mercy to an old man of seventy-one!

September 26.—To-day is a National Fast. May it be kept, as a guilty Nation should keep a Fast, with broken, penitent hearts, confessing our manifold sins and transgressions. O God, help us, for vain is the help of man! Five hundred thousand men—brothers, Christians—in bloody conflict with each other, and when or how it will end, God only knows!

October 24.—The first hard frost of the season. We have had a glorious Fall; the fields are as fresh and green as in June. The Lord has dealt bountifully with our land; our granaries are full: yet wretched man is butchering his fellow-man. Horrid work! We are a highly favored people, but unholy and ungrateful. We receive the gifts, and forget and insult the Giver: hence God has a controversy with us.

November 3.—Seven meetings a day make busy work, but for the people's good I do it. There are so many appointments and so few Sabbaths, that they can have only week-day visits, which are of little value, or I must make three appointments for the Sabbath. Then there are so many young, unordained preachers, that I must administer the Sacrament, or the people do not receive it at all. But God, thus far, has given me health and strength for my day.

December 26.—Last week was taken quite ill in the night; obtained some relief before morning; but a day or two after, the attack was renewed, and I was obliged to send for the Doctor, and be confined to the house for a week. Lost three appointments on the Sabbath, which was a great grief to me. But I am the Lord's prisoner, and have no right to complain.

December 30.—Yesterday attended Love feast at nine in the morning—preaching at half-past ten, then rode in an open wagon six miles and preached at one o'clock, administered the Lord's Supper,

and held Quarterly Conference: then rode eight miles in an open wagon which broke down, and I had to borrow another. Preached at half-past six in the afternoon, and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper. Slept tolerably—up early this morning and started for home. Arrived safely and found all well. Thank God, I suffered nothing in health, though my physician objected to my going.

December 31.—Traveled forty miles to assist a brother at his Watch-night service; but he had not the courage to appoint one; so I had my trouble for naught. O for a little zeal!

January 1.—This day opens the year 1862. The country is in a horrible state of confusion and war. The church is cold, religion is prostrate. Great God, have mercy upon us, or we perish by our own folly! God never changes. He will do right, and Eternity will settle all these questions. We have sinned greatly as a people. We have received much, and improved little. Would it be any wonder if God should take away our talents, and give them to a people bringing forth more fruit?

January 7.—Rode fourteen miles in a little jumper not much larger than a hand-sled—no box, only a low seat—cramped as though in a boot—the road rough and hubby—snow dry as ashes. It was a hard time for man and beast—then took the cars twenty-four miles, and arrived home about nine in the evening.

January 19.—Awful weather, traveling terrible—slippery as glass. I fell flat once—broke no bones, but wrenched several muscles. At ten in the morning preached to about twenty. Rode six miles through sleet and rain, and preached at half-past one, to about thirty. Administered the Lord's Supper, and had a precious season. Rode six miles further, and preached at six o'clock to about thirty people.

January 20.—Still stormy: no stirring on foot without danger of falling at every step. Rode three miles and took the cars for home—rain, rain; but, through the goodness of God, arrived without accident. Received little money, but what of that? I do not labor for money. I must do my duty; if the people do not do theirs, they must answer for it. I labor just the same for those who pay little, as for those who pay much. If God shall say to me "Well done," it is enough.

February 21.—Started for my appointment, fifty miles distant, by cars. The messenger to take me on, not arriving, and it being near dark, I plucked up courage and walked through the snow, carrying my carpet-bag three miles—a feat I have not performed for many years; but I received no other harm than wearied limbs.

February 28.—Started for Granby in the midst of a terrible storm of wind and snow. We went on tolerably well for about twenty-four miles, when we came up to a train of cars stuck fast in a snow-bank. They had left New Haven eight or nine

hours before us. After pulling, and blowing, and shoveling, they started, and we went on four or five miles; when finding it impossible to make further progress, we concluded to turn about and return to New Haven. Two engines were attached to the train, and we started again, ran three miles,—stuck fast in a snow-bank, and could neither go forward nor backward. After toiling until midnight, they gave it up, and we had to remain all night without food, and with little sleep. Daylight finally dawned—some went on to the Station-house and started a gang of shovelers and another engine; and by their help, by noon, we had made three miles. Here more shovelers were obtained. Two hundred men, I presume, were working on the road; so, after being stuck, and shoveled out two or three times, we arrived at the end of our journey about three o'clock in the afternoon, having been twenty-four hours in traveling forty miles. I had five miles further to ride through the snow, and no messenger had come for me; but a stranger accommodated me with a ride part of the way, and I then found a brother who consented to take me the remainder: so I finally arrived safely—preached to less than twenty people, and had a sweet and profitable season. The people treat me with respect and kindness in every place. How pleasant is this Christian fellowship! It repays me for all my toils and privations.

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April 9.—Our Conference commenced its session

in Waterbury, Conn. We worked hard in the Cabinet every afternoon and night until ten o'clock, and the last night until two o'clock in the morning. I think that little is gained by these night sessions, when one is fatigued, and the mind is clouded. This stationing the preachers is both a delicate and a difficult business. Every place must have a preacher, and every preacher must have a place. Do the best you can there will be hard cases, and some will feel aggrieved. I am returned to the New Haven District.

April 28.—Yesterday, commenced my regular work on the District by preaching twice in New Haven, and in the evening at Fair Haven. The church in the latter place is in a prosperous state. So it is in every place where the preacher is truly alive to God, and devoted to the great work of his calling.

May 5.—On Saturday, received a telegram announcing the death of my brother Nathan. To-day, started with my daughters to attend his funeral, my wife being too unwell to leave home. He died in the Lord, after a ministry in the church of sixty years. He was my last brother: now, only one sister and myself remain out of a family of fourteen children. O God! prepare me so to live, that my last end may be like his. We shall meet again!

What a company of preachers from the New York Conference will meet in Heaven! More than one hundred have died since I entered the

ranks. I am now the oldest effective member except one. How soon must I follow!

June 8.—Attended a Lecture by a minister-soldier from the Army. He could not get a chaplaincy; so he joined the ranks as a private, and is now promoted to a lieutenantcy. But he did not convince me that ministers of the Gospel are called to assume carnal weapons. Let every man be faithful to his own calling. Let the dead bury their dead; but let Christ's ministers follow Him.

June 23.—The District Stewards met and lessened my allowance from what it was last year. Never mind, you are an old man! Yes, I am advancing in years, but I have grown old in the service of the church. You are worn out! Not quite yet; I do more labor than any preacher on the District; but if I am, I have worn out my life in the service of the church, and I do not regret it. I never starved to death yet, and perhaps I never shall: at any rate, I shall never starve by anticipation!

June 30.—Took the cars at Simsbury, and reached home about ten o'clock—found all well. Have been absent nine days, and held twenty meetings—feel as comfortable in mind, and as well in body, as when I left home.

July 4.—A day of sorrow instead of gladness. Our armies before Richmond are driven back, and thousands of men killed and wounded. Horrible slaughter of human beings! A dark cloud hangs over our poor, bleeding country.

August 25.—Returned home and found my wife

suffering more than usual with rheumatism. But her and my suffering-time will soon be over. God grant that we may find rest in heaven.

August 27.—Buried the body of a lovely young lady about twenty years of age, who died happy in the Lord—the daughter of an old friend whom I received into the church about twenty-five years ago, and who died two years since. God gathers my spiritual children into the heavenly garner before me.

September 1.—Preaching and Quarterly Conference at Kensington. A dark, cloudy night, heavy rain, and strong wind, with thunder and lightning. But few out; yet I preached as long and as loud as though there had been a house-full.

The past week has been a week of horrors. The war rages with unabated fury. Probably thirty thousand precious souls have been hurried into eternity during the week, and apparently no ground gained. The excitement is such that scarcely any thing else is thought of or talked about, but enlisting, and the war. Nearly one half of the fighting men are called to arms in this horrid civil war, and more than a million are actually engaged in this work of carnage. God of mercy! pity, O pity our nation!

December 25.—Christmas Day. During my whole life I have felt bound, in duty and gratitude, to keep this day religiously, and attend Divine service somewhere. When I have charge of a church I always have it opened; but to-day all our churches

are closed; so I was obliged to attend the Episcopal church. Their service is interesting but cumbersome—they read and sing many good sentiments; but where, O where is the feeling, the power!

1863—1865.

Sad Feelings and Reflections.—Almost a Rest-Day —Conference in Brooklyn, N.Y.—Re appointed to New Haven District.—Record of Work on the District.—The Patriarch, Laban Clark.—Death of Rev. Dr. Kennady—Re-union Meeting in Brooklyn.—The Richest Reward a Minister can have.—Sickness of his Wife —Family Reminiscences.—Personal Recollections of Bishop Asbury.—Want of due Care in giving License to Preach.—Politics in Jeroboam's Time, and Now.—Forty-Nine Years in the Itinerant Ministry.—Returned to New Haven District.—Fidelity to Principle.—A Week's Work —Death of Mrs. Nathan Bangs.—What made them to Differ.—A Full Dose and a Cure.—Camp-Meeting at Plainville —Death of his Wife.—Fifty-Three Years of Married Life.—“Her First Sabbath in Heaven.”—A Token of Christian Friendship.—Trip over the Catskill Mountains.—The Week of Prayer.—Thoughts about Heaven.



JANUARY 1.—Spent most of the day at home. I feel very sad. The country involved in a bloody war, the church full of politics, and very little religious interest. What will become of us? Is God pouring out His vials of wrath upon us for our sins? We deserve it: we have had great blessings, but we have been unthankful and unfaithful. Nothing can save us but confession, repentance, and faith in Jesus Christ.

February 8.—Almost a rest-day, but I was quite unwell with a bad cold. Preached in the morning at Hanover; then administered the Lord's Supper came back to Meriden, and preached in the afternoon. It was very muddy, but the house was filled with listening hearers. At both of these places the Lord is reviving His work. There were fif-

teen at the altar for prayers this evening. Just in the midst of the meeting there was a cry of "fire," which broke up the assembly. A large brick block was burned; nothing was standing in the morning but some of the outside walls. But the flames were so bright as to be seen seventeen miles each way, and aroused an alarm of fire both in Hartford and in New Haven.

March 15.—At nine in the morning held Love-feast—a house full of brethren, and of the glory of God. At ten, preached longer than usual, but God helped me. I spoke plainly, and the hearers felt the power. Administered the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants, and baptized five; so we had four hours' continuous service. Rode several miles and preached to a school-house full of serious persons, and baptized fourteen. About fifty have been converted on this Circuit.

March 31.—To-morrow I leave for Conference, which sits in Brooklyn, L. I. O how I am afflicted at the thought of the appointments! The Bishops know, and can know, but very little how the people and preachers feel. The Presiding Elder has no legal power, and yet he must bear all the blame. It is a cross; as such I take it up. I hope that God will overrule all for the best.

April 8.—Our annual Conference closed yesterday, after a session of seven days. I was returned to the New Haven District, and entered immediately upon my work. O Lord, give us prosperity this year!

June 8.—Returned from a tour of four days, having preached five sermons, held four Quarterly Conferences, one Love-feast, and administered the Sacrament twice. In some places things look hopeful, but in others dark enough. O God, come to our help!

September 11.—Have finished my second tour around the District. Only ten conversions reported. Lord, he'p us!

September 13.—This day commenced my third round on the District. My heart feels a weight of responsibility. Preached, in the morning, in the First church, New Haven, from 2 Corinthians v. 20. God gave liberty and clearness. It is a little remarkable, that though I have been preaching for nearly fifty years, I never preached on this subject before. So He enables us to bring things new and old out of the treasury of His word.

October 13.—Quite unwell—obtained help from the preacher, who filled my appointment at Middlefield, and I came on to Middletown, and stopped with my old and valued friend, Laban Clark, the patriarch of the Conference, now in his eighty-sixth year; feeble, but cheerful and happy, waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

November 18.—Day before yesterday, a telegram informed me of the death of a much beloved brother minister—yea, more than a brother, a son in the Gospel—the Rev. John Kennady. In 1821, he was awakened on New-Year's day, in the old John St. church, New York, while I was preach-

ing. I took him into the church, and afterwards married him to his now sorrowing widow. He has been a very popular preacher for about forty years. He was stricken down in the pulpit with apoplexy, while preaching, and survived only a few days. The funeral services were attended in the Washington St. church, Brooklyn. Bishop Janes delivered the funeral discourse, and I added a few words. The entire service was very solemn and affecting.

December 12.—Went to Brooklyn to attend a Re-union meeting of pastors and members of the Centenary church. This church was dedicated by Bishop Soule in 1840. But few of the first members are now living; and of the pastors, only three besides myself are still in the work. On Sunday I preached from 1 Peter, i. 8. God was pleased to give me great freedom and liberty of speech. He blessed the people, and my own soul also was refreshed. In the afternoon we had a general Love-feast, and a blessed good one it was. Heavenly love filled the souls of the dear children of God, and many spoke with much power. The day was stormy, but the attendance was good. Several pastors of adjoining churches were present and took part in the exercises. In the evening, Bro. Iuskip preached a rousing sermon to a crowded house. Two professed conversion in the prayer-meeting that followed, and quite a number rose for prayers, at the close of the meeting.

January 1.—My heart is oppressed. I do not

feel that liberty and nearness to God I so much desire. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him."

January 11.—Feel as comfortable after yesterday's hard labor as could be expected. God gave me one soul last evening, and one on the evening of the 3rd. This is the richest reward a minister can have for his labors—the salvation of souls.

January 13.—My wife is very sick, but we hope she may recover. Such is her age and feebleness, we can hardly expect to live together here much longer. We were united in holy wedlock August 20th, 1811; so, we have lived together fifty-two years, four months, and fourteen days. We have had ten children—six are in heaven, the remaining four are all members of the Methodist church. But this terrible war divides us. Two are in the South, and two with us. O, may we all meet in heaven!

January 22.—Finished reading Strickland's "Pioneer Bishop." Asbury was a wonderful man—a man for the times. Where are any like-minded to be found? What would our young men say to, traveling five thousand miles a year on horseback, with a salary of eighty dollars, and all their library in a pair of saddle-bags! What would those poor fellows do, who must write and read their sermons or they cannot preach at all, if they had to eat, read, write, sleep and preach, all in the same room! I saw Bishop Asbury once in Albany, at

the last New York Conference he attended. I was received on trial at that Conference, and my two brothers, Joseph and John, were ordained deacons. He was then a venerable man. I shall never forget how he prayed God to keep the Methodist church from conforming to other churches. Alas! for us, we are fast going after them. I fear we are losing the spirit of self-denial, seeking the fattest stations, reading sermons, making bargains with the people before Conference, and shunning labor. We must have all things well prepared for us; a good church, a good parsonage, a good salary, or we will not go. If we go, it is grumblingly, instead of cheerfully enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus; building churches and parsonages, and gathering congregations by visiting from house to house; praying, exhorting, and saving sinners. As things are now shaping, the Itineracy cannot long continue. I have no new way to heaven; no new way of saving souls. I must go on in the old way, and inquire for the old paths.

February 2.—Started early, and rode fourteen miles in a wagon, over a rough road; then took the cars and arrived home about two o'clock—found wife more comfortable.

February 6.—Spent the greater part of last week with my sick wife. Came to Middletown to-day, and held Quarterly Conference. Here is our Wesleyan University, and many of the young men are professors of religion and local preachers. But the official brethren are not as careful as they

should be in giving license to preach, to these young men.

Is there not danger of losing our regard for Methodist usages? Is the fault in preachers or people? Little by little we slide away from the old paths. The Discipline is little read and less enforced: thus we are gradually undermining the foundations; and unless we reform, the superstructure will fall to the ground.

April 4.—Returned home to prepare for Conference. Thus one more year's work on the District is done. How good God has been to me! I have enjoyed good health all the year, and have attended all my appointments without interruption. The state of religion is more promising now than last year; but our country is in a terrible condition. O God, we look to Thee! Have mercy upon us!

The kingdom of Israel lasted two hundred and fifty-four years from its separation from Judah, in the reign of Rehoboam, to its destruction under Hoshea, by Shalmanezar, King of Assyria. It had seven distinct dynasties from Jeroboam to Hoshea, but never had one pious king.

Politics drove Jeroboam from the worship of the true God. For politics he sold himself and his whole people to the devil. In the present horrible war, politicians would rather see their country ruined than their party defeated. They cry "loyalty," "loyalty," but would not have the war cease on any account. They sell their country, send hundreds of thousands to bloody graves, make

myriads of widows and orphans, to enrich themselves.

The kingdom of Judah fell, after it had existed four hundred and sixty-seven years from the death of Saul, its first king; five hundred and eighty-eight years before the birth of Jesus Christ, and one hundred sixty-six years after the founding of Rome. Zedekiah was its last king. What a history does this kingdom present! It had several good kings. While they served God, He protected them against all their enemies; but when they forsook God, He forsook them. So it will be with any man or any nation.

April 15.—My Birth-day. Seventy-four years of age. Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage; yet grace, mercy, and goodness have followed me all my life. Forty-nine years have been spent in the Itinerant ministry. I have, thank God, never sought my own ease or glory. I never, but once, intimated where I thought I ought to labor. Twice, I have been justly grieved with my appointments. I never endeavored to influence an estimating committee in fixing my salary, but once—then I told them their estimate was too high. I dreaded large salaries, lest men might enter the ministry for gain, and its power and purity be lost.

At Conference, I was returned to the New Haven District. This may be my last appointment; though, thanks to my Heavenly Father, I feel as vigorous and as willing to work as ever. But I

live by the day, making little calculation for the future. O how I adore and love my Saviour, Jesus Christ! I owe all to Him. He is my all. If I suffer with Him, I shall also reign with Him.

I have the misfortune (if it is a misfortune) to differ from the majority of my Conference in reference to church and state policy; so I am a reprobate in regard to their gifts. I am content. I cannot sacrifice principle to gain favor.

A perfect hurricane is now passing over us, but better days will come, I trust. At any rate, in Heaven we shall find rest. There is a Day of Judgment coming, when every man shall receive according to his works.

April 17.—I did not preach to-day, but heard two sermons—a treat I have not enjoyed in a whole year.

May 16.—Have been absent a week—traveled about one hundred miles, preached eight sermons, held two Love-feasts and five Quarterly Conferences, and am in better health than when I left. How good is the Lord! My soul! humble thyself in the dust before Him.

May 25.—Attended the funeral of my beloved sister-in-law, the widow of my brother Nathan. She died in much peace. I shall soon follow. God grant I may be ready!

May 30.—Home again for several days. I am making garden. To have vegetables, you must hoe and dig, and keep down the weeds. So, in religion we must constantly cultivate the graces of

the Spirit, or the roots of bitterness will spring up and trouble us

Take the parable of the "Talents"—what made the men to differ, when the proprietor came to reckon with them? There was no intrinsic difference in the talents; there was no difference in the time and opportunity for improvement. It was not the number of the talents: the man with the one, was not required to bring the product of five. What then made the difference? The first two improved what was given them; the other neglected his trust. He did not throw it away nor waste it; he buried it, when he should have put it to proper use. God gives to every man as it pleaseth Him, and then demands a right use of what He gives. Man's condemnation will be founded on neglect, and be in proportion to the blessings neglected.

August 8.—For a whole week I have been ill. Weak and weary I have traveled on; but have not preached until yesterday, the brethren kindly doing the preaching for me. But yesterday I determined to take a full dose, divided into three parts. In the morning, Love-feast, preaching and Sacrament; then a ride of seven miles in an open wagon, under a hot sun: this was the first part. In the afternoon, preached, administered the Sacrament and held Quarterly Conference: this was the second part. Then rode seven miles further through the sweltering heat, preached and administered the Sacrament, and rode two miles to lodge.

I have thus taken the entire dose, and am cured. I awoke at four o'clock this morning, rode nineteen miles, and reached home feeling quite well, yet weak. I have now a three days' rest.

My dear wife is failing rapidly. O, God! sanctify all Thy dealings to our good.

August 16.—Yesterday, left home for Camp-meeting at Plainville. Fine weather and a blessed good day. Heard three appropriate sermons, and gave three exhortations.

August 17.—Made arrangements for the day, but hearing my wife was not as well, I left for home, and found her much worse.

August 20.—On Wednesday, I returned to the Camp-meeting to make arrangements for my Quarterly-meetings over the Sabbath, that I might remain at home with my wife. The brethren kindly consented to fill my appointments, and I returned yesterday morning; but my dear wife had expired about ten minutes before my arrival.

The doctor had told me she could not live long, but I had not thought she could pass away so soon. O, how it grieved my heart that I was not with her! She fell asleep in Jesus like a child in its mother's arms. She has suffered much and long, but is now at rest. She loved the church, the prayer and class-meeting, and always attended to family worship in my absence. She has been a faithful companion in all my travels, and never embarrassed me in the performance of my itinerant duties

It is fifty-three years this day since we were married. How lonely I am! But I rejoice in hope. I cannot be far behind her. I feel, if possible, more than ever like living for God and Heaven. My faith in Jesus, and in His holy religion, is strong this day. We shall meet again.

August 21.—A sad day for me, but it is her first Sabbath in Heaven—a Sabbath begun, never to end. A great loss to me, but great gain to her.

August 22.—This day committed the body of my dear wife to the grave. “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust”; there to rest until the dead shall be raised incorruptible, at the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, when it shall come forth like His glorious body.

She looked very natural and lovely in her narrow house. Gone to be with Jesus! Shall I grudge her to Him? No, no; I am lonely, but He has a higher claim than I. Farewell, until we meet at the resurrection of the just!

August 26.—I am deeply affected by the kindness of my brethren, especially the Rev. John E. Searles, through whose agency it was done. He brought me the bill for the expenses of my wife’s funeral, receipted in full. God bless him, and the generous donors! Such friendship is sweet to the Christian heart.

August 27.—My children, from constant nursing and watching with their dear mother during her sickness, need rest and change. I think it my duty to take them into the country, and have made

arrangements to be absent one week. We shut up the house, and start to-morrow for a trip over the Catskill mountains. I have a sister living there. We are all that are now left of my honored father's large family of fourteen children. My wife was the last of her father's family of ten children.

My dear ones are mostly in Heaven before me. I am sad and cast down, but not destroyed.

September 7.—Returned last evening from my trip over the mountains, leaving my daughters for a longer stay. I found my only sister alive and well, waiting for the coming of her Lord. We shall probably never see each other again till we meet in Heaven.

October 5.—I am lonely. My only solace is the Throne of Grace: thither I flee as my only refuge.

My temporal affairs are not what I desire. By the fault of others I am in debt, and it troubles me. By the blessing of God I have educated a large family of children without debt, and without hindering my ministerial and itinerant labors; but now in my old age, when almost unfit for further toil, I am burdened with cares. But I wait the openings of Providence. Lord, give me Thy support!

January 3.—This is called the "week of prayer." All denominations unite, and meet in the different churches. This evening, not having any appointment of my own, I attended. There were three short prayers, an account of the Missionary work

of the Baptist church, and an exhortation. The church was well filled, and a Christian spirit prevailed. O, we need prayer, mighty prayer, and a holy struggling with God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

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Heaven is a *place*. So it is everywhere represented in the Bible. Jesus says: In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am, ye may be also. John xiv. 2, 3.

To show what kind of place it is, it is represented as a City—a City which hath foundation—whose Builder and Maker is God. It must, therefore, be worthy of its Divine Architect. No conception can be formed of its magnificence. It is represented as a City of gold; houses of gold, streets paved with gold, walls of jasper, and gates of pearl.

Its size. According to the measurement of the angel, it is fifteen hundred miles long, fifteen hundred miles wide, and fifteen hundred miles high. What a prodigious number of apartments there must be in each of these golden mansions!

The inhabitants of the place. They are called a family. We may divide the family into two classes. 1. The Aborigines of Heaven are the Angels. These are numerous, but their number is fixed—without increase. 2. The Emigrants who have all come from Earth—they are men and women saved by grace, and infants. More than one half were brought here in infancy, to be educated in Heaven.

The honorable position of these classes. They are round about the Throne: that is, they form circles, and the inmost circle is assigned to the "elders:" showing that the Redeemed in Heaven have a more honorable place before the Throne than the angels.

The inhabitants of Heaven are unlike the inhabitants of any other city or country. No matter what land they come from, or what language they once used, now, they all speak one language and one sentiment! There is, therefore, no misunderstanding among them, but perfect harmony and agreement.

They are dressed in uniform—all robed in white. Not a spot on one of their garments, showing us that they have no sin inward nor outward. Once they were black with sin, but Jesus has washed them in His own blood, and by His own Eternal Spirit has cleansed away all their filthiness.

Heaven abounds in the most excellent productions. Its rivers are wide, deep and clear. Its trees are all fruit-bearing trees, and the fruit ripens every month. Its climate and atmosphere are so pure that none of its inhabitants are ever sick, and none of them ever die. The soil is self-producing and self-sustaining, so that no manual labor is required of its inhabitants. Indeed, so perfectly satisfying is the first draught of its waters, and the first taste of its fruits, that the inhabitants never thirst nor hunger afterwards. So perfect is their rest, that they never grow weary, therefore never need sleep nor night.

1865—1867.

Methodism in New Haven.—“All is Well that God Sends.”—Rather dear Honors.—Appointed to New York East District.—Assassination of President Lincoln.—Rest and Recreation.—Second Avenue and Beekman Hill.—A Member of the Missionary Board.—Death of Rev. J. B. Hagany.—New York Preachers’ Meeting.—Surplus in the Missionary Treasury.—At Mamaroneck; “Home with Bro. Stiles.”—Temperance and Politics.—Extreme Cold and Exposure.—Funeral of Mrs. F. W. Smith.—Cowper’s Homer.—A Tedious Day.—Conference at Brooklyn; a Criticism.—Returned to the New York East District.—The Body Sick, the Soul Saved.—A Visit from his Daughter R.—Advice to Preachers and People.



SUNDAY, January 8.—A day of labor, but a blessed good day to my soul. Preached twice in New Haven, and once in Fair Haven. This ends my official work in this city. I have been their stationed pastor seven years, and their Presiding Elder ten years. I have seen them increase from a few to a multitude. They had but one church in the town when I first came among them; now they have five.

My labors yesterday brought on an old complaint from which I have been free for eighteen months. God of love, give me patience, while the old tabernacle is breaking down. I am Thine, living or dying. I must work while the day lasts.

March 19.—Love-feast in the morning at nine o’clock. God was there and blessed His people. At ten, preached from Eph. v. 1. God gave me unusual liberty, and owned His word. The people

thought it was one of the best Quarterly Meetings they had ever enjoyed. Rode three miles and preached in the Congregational church, by request of the pastor. The congregation was large, and the Lord helped me.

March 20.—Slept soundly—up at five, took the stage and returned home. Have been troubled with rheumatic pains; but all is well that God sends. Found all well, and a house full of visitors. O, how I miss my dear wife! Patience—give me patience! God is good; glory to His Name!

April 3.—I have now finished my four years of hard labor on this District, and leave it in peace and prosperity. I have been treated with great kindness by the people and preachers. The war has raged the whole time, and we have not witnessed the spiritual growth we have desired; but still our labor has not been in vain in the Lord.

My expenses, beyond my allowance, have been over three hundred dollars each year; so I have paid, in the four years, twelve hundred dollars for the support of the Presiding Elder! Rather dear honors!

April 12.—Conference is over. We had a short and pleasant session. The surrender of Lee and his army, without the shedding of any more blood, produced great joy.

The New York District is my field of labor for the coming year. Lord help me!

April 15.—The President of the United States has been assassinated, and the assassin has escaped!

This awful event has filled the nation with sorrow. What will be the end! Our poor bleeding country!

April 16.—Preached in Green St. church, New York. The whole city is in mourning, almost every house is draped with emblems of grief.

April 19.—Mr. Lincoln is buried to-day. Business is suspended, churches open, bells tolling, guns firing, flags at half mast. Never in this land was such a day of universal sorrow.

What course will now be taken by the new President, God only knows. We hope for the best. But our country is in a terrible condition. Some cry for vengeance—the entire destruction of the South. Some are for milder measures. The people are the strength of a country. To destroy them is to weaken our own hands. I hope wise, Christian counsels will prevail.

May 6.—To-day, entered upon my regular work, after two weeks of rest—an unusual thing for me.

May 13.—Have spent four days pleasantly with my family, and in making garden. I have put my seeds into the ground, and now look to Providence for the increase.

June 11.—Visited two appointments which I started five years ago—one with six persons, the other with one female, and a few Sunday School children. Now they have at Second Avenue, a fine church, good congregation, and a flourishing Sunday School. In the evening came down to Fiftieth Street, called “Beekman Hill,” from the original owner of the estate. Here they have made

a fine beginning. The main church edifice is not yet built, but they have a fine chapel worth now \$30.000. God bless them! I shared the hospitalities of my dear friend Bro. Dunscombe, and the amiable family of his father-in-law.

June 15.—Attended a pleasant Strawberry Festival in the home of Bro. Oliver Hoyt, my good friend in Stamford. He makes it annually for his Sunday School

June 21.—Attended the meeting of the Missionary Board. I had been an active, punctual member of the Board since 1821; but five years since they left me off the roll. I was too troublesome to some, because I wished them to spend more money at Home, and less on Foreign Missions. But a vacancy occurring, they again elected me one of the Vice-Presidents.

June 27.—This day one of our strong men suddenly fell into the arms of death. Rev. J. B. Haggan, as he sat at his desk writing, fell back in his chair, and died without a word. Lord, help me to be ready!

July 19.—Eleven months this day since my dear wife took her leave of earth, and went up to Heaven. O, may I be ready to follow her to the better land!

September 23.—Quarterly Meeting at——. How can preachers content themselves with empty seats!

September 25.—Attended the Preacher's Meeting. An interesting debate on the question: "Why the same power does not attend our preaching, as attended that of the fathers?" The plain reason is,

we do not possess the power. We have more of the man, and less of God. We expect to convert sinners by logic, and not by the power of the Holy Ghost. Lord, have mercy upon us!

October 9.—I never saw such a preachers' meeting as we had to-day. It was a glorious meeting. If such a spirit prevails, and spreads among the preachers, I shall look for such a revival as we have not seen for years. In one church, sixty were said to have been converted in one day!

October 18.—Attended the meeting of the Missionary Board. A very remarkable circumstance: instead of being in debt, the Treasurer has more than \$300,000 on hand! So wonderfully do our people respond to the calls of benevolence. Hasten the day, O Jesus, when the whole world shall be filled with Thy glory!

December 25.—Came home for a Christmas dinner with my children. Rather dreary holidays: no wife, no service in our churches. I am sad—cast down; but not quite destroyed.

December 29.—Quarterly-meeting at Mamaronck. God has greatly blessed this people with temporal and spiritual mercies. They have become wealthy, and at the same time are liberal; and, best of all, keep the power as well as the form of religion. After meeting, rode home with Bro. Stiles. He is one of God's noblemen. God bless him and his!

January 1, 1866.—Up early—leave the compliments of the season, and start for home, arrive

safely, and find all well. Spent the rest of the day with my dear children.

In the evening attended a Temperance meeting. Considerable smoke, but not much fire. I love the cause of Temperance, and was the first to begin the battle in this State. I had almost every body against me—ministers, church members, rum-sellers, rum-drinkers, and politicians. It went on well for a number of years, until they carried it into politics; then, down it went. I learned this: that when ministers undertake to guide politics, they make bad work of it; and when the State and politicians undertake to reform the morals, and guide the religion of the people, they make bad work of it, too. Every man attend to his own proper work and calling, is my theory.

January 8.—To-day is said to be the coldest, except two, in eighty-seven years. Yesterday I preached in the morning, and then braved the north-east wind, and crossed the water from City Island, in an open boat. The spray dashed upon us, freezing as it fell. Wind and tide were against us; but we finally landed safely, rode three miles before we reached a fire; warmed ourselves and lunched, and then rode two miles further to attend the dedication of a German church at Mt. Vernon. The sermon was preached by Bishop Janes, and we raised money enough to pay off the entire debt. This morning started early for home; but O, how cold! Men came into the depot with frozen noses, ears and cheeks. I went to New York and

attended the funeral of the wife of a brother minister; then started for my evening appointment, but the cold was so intense that I feared to ride in an open wagon five or six miles; so I kept on home in the cars, where I arrived, through God's mercy, without having been frozen.

Wednesday, 31.—Went more than twenty miles to-day, to attend the funeral of an old friend, the wife of Bro. F. W. Smith. She was a good woman, and died in great peace. A number of ministers were present, and a large audience assembled at the church. I addressed them. It was a solemn and melting time. So we go. My turn will soon come. I have nothing to plead, but Jesus died for me.

February 27.—Have been reading, lately, Cowper's Translation of Homer. It is surprising to see with what reverence the heathen regarded their gods; yet they were of like passions with themselves. They confidently believed in the existence of souls, and the identity of men after death; but they had no idea of the resurrection of the body, or of an eternal, self-existing God: these are subjects of a Divine Revelation. They knew nothing of any way of pardon for sin, or of salvation from sin. This knowledge comes only by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

March 25.—A stormy day. Went through snow and mud, and preached in the morning—then to Upper New Rochelle in the afternoon. Few out, but God was present. Rode to New Rochelle,

and preached in the evening. A most tedious day. Slept but little, yet rose in the morning in good spirits; went to New York and attended Preacher's Meeting—returned to New Rochelle and held Quarterly Conference in the evening. How wonderfully the good Lord sustains me!

March 28.—Preached at West Chapel St. Mission in New Haven—the nucleus, I hope, of a new church.

March 30.—State Fast, and Good Friday. Heard Bro. S. read a very good sermon; but I do not call *reading*, preaching.

April 4.—Our annual Conference commenced its session in the Washington St. church, Brooklyn, Bishop Scott presiding. Some things were done in the Conference which I think were unbecoming a body of clergymen: stamping with the feet, and clapping the hands to express approbation of sentiments of a strictly partizan character.

April 21.—I am returned to the New York District, and commence my labors with Quarterly Conference at John St. church. I am almost worn out with constant fatigue, but try to keep going.

Sunday, July 1.—A day of labor. Rode seventeen miles, preached three times, held one Love-feast, two Quarterly Conferences, and administered the Lord's Supper. When all was ended, felt as fresh as in the morning. So kindly does my Heavenly Father deal with me, His unworthy servant. It was, upon the whole, a time of power. I had unusual liberty all day; my heart was happy

in God. I awoke in the night to praise Him.

July 18.—The great labor and intense heat of the last few days have had their effect upon my body, and I have been quite unwell. On Saturday went to New York, hoping to be able to meet my appointments; but at night was smitten with cholera-morbus. I was very sick; but everything that kindness could dictate was done by Brother and Sister Brown; to little purpose, however, as I grew worse, until Friday, when they helped me to the cars, and I arrived home without serious inconvenience. My excellent Doctor Foote, under the blessing of God, arrested the disease. But I am very weak, and obliged to keep the house, and pray and worship at home. My sickness has done me good. Some of the time I have been very happy, and could praise God with a full soul. My confidence was childlike; I could fully trust myself in the hands of my long-suffering Saviour. I am saved; I feel it. What a wonder! Such a sinner, such a salvation, such a Saviour! I thought: Have I now grace to die by? The answer was: No, you do not need it now; you are not dying. You have grace to live this moment, that is all you need. O how comforting! My soul rested and was content. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength ever be."

November 3.—My dear daughter R., from Mississippi, has been spending the summer with us. This day I accompanied her to the Steamer bound for New Orleans. I fear I have seen her for the

last time. Poor child! no one will ever know what she, and others at the South, have suffered during the war.

December 25.—Christmas—a day I have ever observed religiously; but our own churches are all closed, so I was obliged to worship at St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

Our economy of spreading the Gospel by itinerant preaching is peculiar to the M. E. Church. No other denomination of Christians, since the days of the Apostles, has adopted this plan. They have their special missions, but ours is a general missionary work. All our preachers, in the regular ministry, *must* remove their residences once in every three years, except Presiding Elders—and they once in four years.

Every one must see that such a plan requires mutual patience, forbearance, self-denial, and sometimes a sacrifice of interest, both among the people and the preachers. Without this we can never go on harmoniously and efficiently.

When a preacher is sent among the people, if he should not be the man of their choice—for we cannot all have our choice, especially when two or more places choose the same man, as often happens—they should not say, we will not receive him, nor judge him rashly from his first sermon. They should take time. I. Receive him kindly; meet him at the boat, or depot; provide for him and his family a suitable repast on their arrival. II. See that a comfortable parsonage is provided for

their use; that it is nicely cleaned and furnished, at least with all needful heavy furniture. III. Call upon him with their wives as soon as convenient. IV. Pray for him. V. Give him a fair, impartial trial. Some men improve very much upon acquaintance. They may be much better pleased with their pastor at the end of the year, than they were at the beginning. VI. Work with him in the prayer-meeting and in the Sabbath School; introduce him among the brethren, and the congregation. VII. They should speak as well of him to others as they can in truth; and if they can say nothing good, say nothing at all. One unkind word may create a prejudice that would destroy, or very much lessen his usefulness. VIII. Let the Stewards see that a comfortable provision is made for the support of the pastor and his family. They should not delay this, for a preacher needs help, generally, when he first comes to his place, having spent all his ready money in moving. He is among strangers, and should not get into debt. He should have money to pay down for everything he buys. They should not wait for their pastor to call on them to make his wants known. He has, or ought to have, too much delicacy for this. They should make suitable inquiries about his wants, and do this when he first arrives among them. If they have no church funds in their hands, advance it, or borrow it. It is better for them to borrow, than for the preacher who is a stranger. They should foresee this, and

provide funds beforehand. This they might always do, if they would only begin right. Some put off their payments six months, or until nearly the end of the year. This is all wrong.

They should not do things niggardly nor sparingly, as if they grudged the Lord every dollar they gave Him—for what is given to Christ's ministers and to His cause, is given to Him. Let them do things, then, generously, liberally, promptly—allow their minister to live as well as themselves, and not attempt to starve him into humility and piety. "Muzzle not the ox, that treadeth out the corn." If they starve their oxen they cannot plough. "Does God take care for oxen?"

One can readily conceive how much a preacher is encouraged by this liberal course of his flock; and it costs them no more money, even, in the end. Then, should God pour out His Holy Spirit, and convert a hundred souls among the people the first year, O, how they would love their preacher!

The preachers have their trials, I know; but they expected them when they entered the itinerancy. If they are patient, and endure unto the end, they shall have their full reward for them all: "for if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

I. When they hear or know of their appointment, they should not say—unless the case be a very peculiar one, for I know all rules have their exceptions—"I will not go;" nor speak against the

place, the people, nor the Bishop who sent them. II. They should not ask what the church can give for a support, but leave this until they come among the people. A place may be made better, and be able and willing to do more, before the year is out, than at the beginning of the year. They should go, trusting in that God who feeds the ravens, and makes the lily beautiful. III. They should not consider their being sent to a place as any mark of disrespect or degradation. IV. They should go to their work as soon, and as cheerfully as possible. They can hardly appreciate the good effect produced on a people by the prompt and cheerful appearance of the preacher among them. V. They should be of good courage—manly courage—trusting in God; not gloomy, looking only on the dark side of things. VI. When they arrive among the people they should utter no complaints, and say as little about money for themselves, as possible. They should let the people see that they are after their souls, and not their money. VII. They should preach, not *read*, to the people—preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven—preach into them, into their hearts. VIII. They should be punctual; never be behind the hour appointed at any meeting. Meet all the classes once a quarter. Attend to all the interests of the Sabbath School—the Tract, Bible and Missionary cause. IX. They should devote every morning to reading, writing, praying—in a word, to study. Every afternoon, visit from house to house; make

themselves acquainted with every family, every man, woman and child in their charge, as soon as practicable. Notice the children, learn their names, give each a kind word of advice. Visit not as a neighbor merely, but as a pastor. Pray wherever they visit, if allowed. The Shepherd should know his whole flock, every sheep and lamb. X. Should they be sent to a place where there is no church, nor parsonage, stir about, and if possible, build both. If they cannot build both, start the church first. Should there be a church and no parsonage, get one built, and see that it is well furnished with heavy furniture. Should the place be poor and hard, put forth the more strength, and patience, and faith, and love—enrich it, elevate it; make it fruitful with their toil and labor, their tears and prayers.

Then the people will see that they are the very men for them, and they will not have to go begging an appointment, or a better one; for the people will be after them from Dan to Beersheba! They need not sound their own praises abroad, nor publish how great things they *have* done or *could* do, if they only had a chance. Their works will speak for them with a trumpet tongue, and the best places in the land will be open to their acceptance.

But, if they are drones, and wish to shun pastoral labor, and hard study—read their sermons, and care more for their salary than for the souls of their flock, they need not expect the people to

petition for them : the people do not want them. Let them be ministers of Christ, men of one business, wholly given up to the work of saving souls, or return to their former calling. Eternity is just beyond, and Heaven will be a full reward for all the toils of Earth.

1867-1869.

A Happy Week.—Conference at New Haven.—Fifty-Third Appointment.—North Long Island District.—Seventy-Seventh Birth-Day.—“Three Pulpit Sweats.”—Love for his Master’s Work and Wages.—“What the devil took, the Lord restored.”—Funeral of John Sudlow.—Crossing the Sound.—Suffering but Resolute.—Heart Discoveries.—“A Tough Tug.”—His Last Appointment.—Dedication of “St. John’s,” Brooklyn.—One Day’s Work.—Death of his Daughter R.—“The Work must be Done.”—Advantages of Temperance.—Meets with a Serious Accident.—“Too Sick to attend my Appointments.”—Death of Schnreman Halstead.—Smitten down again with Illness.—Kindness of Bro. E. L. Janes.—“Our Betsey.”—Faint yet Pursuing.—Last Official Labors.—A Review.—Takes a Superannuated Relation.—Fifty-Four Years of Active Service.—An Unexpected Gift.—Tribute from Rev. Dr. Curry.—Resolutions by the Conference.



ANUARY 4.—This has been a happy week. God has made my cup to overflow. When I look at my unworthiness, and His goodness and forbearance, I am lost in wonder, love and praise. All, all, comes through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. May I be His now and forever! Yesterday visited the pastor of the German church, and baptized his little child. I love very much to baptize little children, because they belong to Jesus, and He loves them, for they are of His kingdom.

April 9.—Conference has just closed. It met in this city, and I had the pleasure of entertaining the Bishop and other preachers.

I was appointed Presiding Elder of the North Long Island District. This is the fifty-third appointment I have received from the Bishop. I thought seriously of retiring; but the brethren seemed to think it best for me to continue, and I yielded.

April 14.—Commenced my labors on the District by preaching in De Kalb Avenue church, Brooklyn. In the afternoon administered the Sacrament to a large number of communicants.

April 15.—My seventy-seventh birth-day. O how many imperfections mark my past life! Yet, how long-suffering and kind has my Heavenly Father been. I am ashamed and humbled before Him. A sinner saved by grace.

April 25.—Laid the corner-stone of a new church on Tompkins Avenue. Took a severe cold, and suffered much with headache and chills.

April 27.—Not well, but attended Quarterly Conference at Carlton Avenue, and lodged with my dear friend Brother John W. Hartt.

April 28.—Took three pulpit sweats, and felt better.

April 30.—Returned home yesterday, slept sweetly, and awoke with the name of Jesus on my lips, and love and gratitude in my heart.

It takes me about an hour and a half to go from the upper part of Brooklyn to the New Haven Depot in New York. Living so far from my District makes me much travel; but I cannot well change my residence. Both preachers and people have

received me with much cordiality and friendship. God is very good. To His name be the praise!

June 11.—I love my Master's work and wages as well as I ever did. I am wonderfully sustained. O how unworthy to be so cared for by my precious Saviour. Why am I thus spared, while younger and more holy men are taken? God knows best.

September 6.—Took passage on board the steamer Continental for New York. During the night was robbed of my watch, and all the money I had with me. Thank God they could not steal my faith!

September 9.—Three sermons, one Love-feast, one Quarterly Conference, and one Communion service—rode ten miles, and was no more weary than when I commenced in the morning. O how kindly the Lord treats me. I seldom have more liberty in preaching than He gave me yesterday.

October 14.—A few weeks since I was robbed of my watch and money, and to-day my dear friend G. I. Seney, with some others, presented me with more money than I lost, and a fine gold watch in place of my silver one! So what the devil took, the Lord restored, with good interest. God bless those kind friends!

October 17.—Attended the funeral of my dear friend John Sudlow. There was a very large attendance and the services were deeply interesting.

October 18.—In the morning left home for Bridgeport, from whence I crossed the Sound in a little clam-boat. The wind died away, and it was mid-

night before we reached the other side—twenty miles across. I never spent a more uncomfortable night; the boat was so small that I could neither stand, sit up straight, nor lie down. I was so stiff in the morning I could hardly walk. At five o'clock I sought the house of the preacher at Stony Brook, who received me kindly. At eight, started for my appointment, weary enough.

October 20.—Lovefeast at nine; at ten, preached from Romans iv. 25. God owned the word. Administered the Lord's Supper—rode five miles, and preached at three o'clock; then held Q. Conference, rode five miles, and preached again—held Q. Conference, and felt better at the close of the day than at the beginning.

January 14.—Returned home. The weather is extremely cold; it affects me more than formerly, yet I go forward, trusting in the Lord.

February 18.—To-day was seized with such pain in my right knee that I can scarcely walk. Am obliged most of the time to lie on my back. What is to come I know not, but the will of the Lord be done. I am His, in pain or ease, life or death. By His grace assisting me I will not complain.

February 21.—This day the Lord has shone more clearly into my heart, and O what a discovery is made! Though, through grace, I endeavor to walk circumspectly and keep a watch over my tongue, that my conversation shall not offend; yet I see so many imperfections in my heart, I feel myself utterly unworthy. What avails negative righteous-

ness, unless the whole heart is holiness to the Lord. O God! my only refuge is Thy grace; my only covering is the Blood of Sprinkling. Without an Almighty Christ, I am lost. O, who that has a correct view of sin and of himself, would deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the Atonement of His precious blood. He is my Saviour. He loved me and died for me. He is my all; I will trust in Him. He will take away all my sins, and cover all my imperfections. This is all my hope. My prayer shall be unto the Father through Him.

Five times, each day, do I bow my knee in secret before His throne, and cry for mercy. Lord, help me a poor sinner—save, now, I beseech Thee.

March 2.—Terrible storm of snow, sleet and rain. Started early and wallowed through the snowbanks, covered with sleet, about a mile to the cars. A tough tug it was, but the Lord strengthened me. After several delays from snowbanks we arrived in New York. Here the snow was worse than in the country—streets blocked, no cars running. Trudged along, as best I could, from Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry to the Dépôt at Twenty-Seventh Street. Took the cars and arrived home about three in the afternoon. A day of hard toil. Thanks to my gracious God, found all well at home.

April 13.—Conference is over, and I am returned to my old charge. Lord, help me, or I fail!

April 23.—Dedication of St. John's Church—a splendid edifice, complete in every part. May

God fill it with his glory. The District is in a promising state, religiously and financially.

May 24.—The Lord gave us a good day. Showers of rain without, and of grace within; the earth and souls were watered. Three sermons, two Quarterly Conferences, one Sacrament, and a ride of twelve miles, completed the day.

June 4.—To-day learned of the death of my daughter R—, living in Mississippi: a dear, good child. She gave her heart to Christ in her girlhood, and never looked back. Her death was sudden but peaceful. Heaven is now her home. There are gathered the mother and seven of the children.

July 12.—The heat is oppressive, but the work must be done. Three sermons, three Quarterly Conferences, one Lovefeast, and a ride of eleven miles in an open wagon, under the hot sun, made up the day; and a good day it was. Glory to His holy Name, that I am permitted to labor for Jesus and souls.

July 16.—The week past has been the hottest known for years. Many have died from the effects of the heat; but I believe true temperance people have little to fear. Intemperance will bring its own sorrow; but let beer, whisky, brandy, wine, and too much ice-water alone, and you can brave the sun.

August 5.—Have labored hard, but felt well until Saturday, July 25th, when I was thrown to the pavement while stepping from the horse-cars in Brooklyn, and very badly hurt. Thank God it

was no worse. Lord, help me! I do love Thee. Thou knowest it is in my heart to do and suffer all Thy will. Thou hast seen best in many ways to afflict me, but not more than I deserve: therefore I will praise Thy holy Name, and patiently await my deliverance, and my reward.

August. 28—Left for Amityville: on the way was taken ill—this is the third attack of illness within a few weeks.

August 29.—A night of sickness and pain—worse in the morning, and too sick to attend my appointments. The preacher, Bro. Landon, thought I had better return home, and kindly consented to take my place. They brought me to the cars, and I arrived home safely about midnight, though completely exhausted.

September 1.—Much better, but weak and good for nothing. Well, if I am to be laid aside, so be it. I am not my own. The Lord knows I am willing to work when I am able. He can do without me.

September 13.—Have been confined to the house until yesterday, when I returned to my appointment. To-day have preached twice, administered the Lord's Supper twice, held two Quarterly Conferences, and rode ten miles— but in the evening very nearly fainted, and could not attend Church.

October 7.—Sad news. An old, and very dear friend, Bro. Schureman Halsted, is dead. I am requested to attend his funeral. This makes eleven or twelve times I have been called to attend the

funerals of particular friends in New York and neighborhood, within a few years.

October 9.—Took an early train for Mamaroneck. A solemn, happy funeral; the largest I ever saw in the country. Bro. H. died as he had lived, in the faith.

October 26.—I arose much refreshed after yesterday's labors; but in the afternoon was smitten down again with illness. Made out to crawl to Flushing and hold Q. Conference; but then had to give up. Dear Bro. Janes consented to take my work, and I came home feeling somewhat better.

October 31.—Yesterday had a relapse; but God has seen fit to give me a little respite from pain, and through the tender care of my excellent nurses I am more comfortable this morning. My soul has been kept in wonderful peace.

November 23.—For three weeks past have suffered much—have been confined to the house, and under the care of my dear Dr. Foote. Rest and quiet are strictly enjoined. I have lost three Sabbaths—a heavy cross; but my brethren have been very forbearing and kind, and have helped me in filling my appointments. I have enjoyed sweet peace and communion with God.

On the 16th our Betsy died in great peace. She had been a faithful domestic in the family during forty-seven years. We miss her sadly; but our loss is her gain.

January 3.—Unwell, but took a long walk, preached three times, and administered the Sacrament. Weary in body, but happy in God.

January 23.—Feeble, under the Doctor's care. He objects, but I must try to go. Came to White-stone, but too unwell for meeting.

January 24.—Not able to go to Church, the brethren came to my lodgings, and we held Quarterly Conference. Rode in a close carriage to Flushing, to the home of my nephew Lemuel—unable to go further. How kind they all are! God bless them!

February 19.—I have been very feeble all the week—have not had a comfortable night's sleep in five weeks; but Jesus is my life and my portion; in Him will I put my trust. I rejoice in one thing; God is saving souls on the District. There are powerful revivals in several of the charges. I am willing to wear out in His service.

February 21. Quite unwell, but go on as best I can. The Lovefeast, one Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, two Quarterly Conferences, two sermons and a ride of six miles, were the labors of the day. The Lord was very good, and the brethren very kind.

February 22.—After a sleepless night I traveled over one hundred miles, and reached home weary, but happy.

March 12.—Attended Quarterly Conference for Northport and Centreport, and found both charges in a prosperous condition.

March 13.—Preached once, and administered the Lord's Supper; but was too feeble to do more.

Bro. H. filled my place. This day finished my active labors on the District—perhaps for life. Brother T. fills my three appointments next Sunday, which is the last for the Conference year. My health is permanently broken, I fear, and I find it requires more grace and courage to give up work than to labor.

I have received and filled fifty-four appointments—imperfectly, at best, but honestly, I think. Nine years I traveled Circuits; two and a half years I labored for the Wesleyan University; twenty-four and a half years I served in City churches, and eighteen years as Presiding Elder. In connection with my colleagues, I have taken more than ten thousand persons into the church. To God be glory in Christ Jesus!

April 17.—At Conference, I asked and received a Superannuated relation. It was a great cross, but I believe the Master approved. My brethren, preachers and laymen, showed me great kindness, both by word and deed. They presented me with \$3,000—an entirely unexpected gift. The Lord reward them for their generous deed. I have always trusted the Lord and His people, and shall do so while I live. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits! Heaven is my home—Jesus my precious Saviour.

[The Editor of the "*Christian Advocate*," thus refers to this event.]

"Those who were present at the late session of the New York East Conference will not readily forget his appear-

ance before that body. He sat in the altar, at the left hand of the Bishop, and when his name was called, at the head of the ministers of his District, he arose and requested that his case might be passed over till he had represented his brethren. After that had been done, he presented his own case. He said he had reached the end of the fifty-fourth year of his ministry, and the eightieth year of his age, and finding himself disqualified by physical infirmities for further duties, he must ask of the Conference to be returned superannuated. It was evident to all that coming to that decision had cost him a very severe struggle. His remarks on that occasion very clearly indicated the undiminished energy of his mind. He referred to his long life in the ministry with great humility; told of his early struggles and conflicts when first impressed with the conviction of that duty; of the completeness of his devotion to the work when it had been entered upon; of the privations endured by both himself and his family; of the kindness of his brethren, both of the ministry and the laity; of his reluctance to leave the work, and yet his cheerful submission to the will of God in this, as in all things.

“As he there stood among his younger brethren, he appeared to our fancy like some old, worn, and battle-scarred warrior, laying down his arms, and ungirding his armor for the last time, after a thousand conflicts and victories. Though his humility would have forbidden him to consciously appropriate these words of the great Apostle, yet his story, and all the circumstances of the case, spoke them out too plainly to be misrepresented. They said in him: “I have fought a good fight; *I have finished my course*; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” The

scene was, indeed, a triumph, and such a one as it is very seldom the lot of any mortal to enjoy."

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Conference.

"*Resolved*, That this Conference hears, with profound regret, that it has become necessary, on account of ill health, for its venerable member, Heman Bangs, after an effective ministry of fifty-four years, to retire from the work.

"*Resolved*, That this Conference will ever bear in honored recollection the integrity, the devotion, the Christian purity of character, the wise counsels and blameless example of our retiring brother. (

"*Resolved*, That he will be followed to his retirement by our sympathies and our prayers, that the Father of us all will gently smooth his way to that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

1869.

Feeble in Body, Mighty in Faith.—Contented to go or stay.—
The Last Entry in his Journal.—The Closing Scenes of his Life.—
Tributes to his Memory from the Press.—His Funeral.



APRIL 27.—I begin to feel that I am an old man. I can hardly realize it. My sight is tolerable, my hearing as good as it ever was, but my hand shakes, my limbs tremble, and I am feeble all over. Yet I am contented. I had sweet intercourse with Jesus this morning. I endeavor to search my own heart; but how deceitful it is! Yes I find I love God, and have no ill-will towards any man. The Lord is so merciful that I wonder and adore. Glory to Jesus, my King, my Saviour, my God! He is all and in all. I believe in His full Divinity, in His perfect Atonement for the sins of the whole world, and that His blood cleanses from all sin. I believe in the Holy Ghost, as the third person in the Holy Trinity. He is my Sanctifier and my Comforter: on this Rock I build; here I rest all my hopes, and dismiss all my fears.

Sunday, May 16.—Attended church this morning, but I have had a week of extreme feebleness.

I am alone at home, but my soul is in communion with Christ, and how sweet and precious it is! Sometimes I long to depart and be with Christ; but I cry for patience, and so become contented to go or stay, as God wills. For my dear daughters I would live; but my days of active usefulness are over. I must now glorify God by suffering. My dear Christian brethren are very thoughtful and kind to me. They seem determined to supply all my wants. This is God's method of doing good to man, by man; and my heart is filled with gratitude to Him and them. I am very happy this hour—four P. M. Amen

August 4.—I have written nothing for some time. My health is very feeble; but I live, and why should a living man complain? I do not complain, but I cry continually to God for patience. God knows what is best, and I submit all to His will. I am a poor unprofitable sinner. No righteousness of my own, no labor, nor work, nor suffering can I plead. *But Jesus died for me.* I believe it, I feel it; I build all my hopes of salvation and Heaven upon it, and I find it a Rock immovable. I am saved by grace, through faith.

* * * * *

The above is the last entry in his Journal.

In the month of September, he made a journey to the West. Though very feeble in health he enjoyed the trip, and the meeting with dear friends and kindred, all of whom were deeply impressed by his sweet spirit, and Christian conversation.

After his return home, for a few days, he appeared to be invigorated by the journey, and resumed his usual cheerful, active interest in all that concerned the comfort of the family. But soon beginning to fail more rapidly, he remarked one day to his daughters, that they had better prepare for the end, saying:

“The Lord may see fit to spare my life for some time yet; but I think I am failing. I am not anxious either way; but it will do no harm to make all necessary arrangements.”

He then gave directions respecting his funeral; requesting that Bishop Janes officiate; and named the brethren whom he desired should serve as his pall-bearers. He said:

“I wish laymen to carry me to my grave. Make no display about my funeral. Don’t eulogize *me*, but glorify Christ as much as you please.”

He was deeply affected; and, as he finished his directions, exclaimed with a burst of tears:

“I’m saved, I’m saved, I’m saved—not, I *shall* be saved, but I *am* saved!”

At another time, after a severe attack of suffering, which exhausted him greatly, he said in reply to the remark,

“How much you suffer!”

“It is all right, all right; the earthly tabernacle is dissolving. Prepare yourselves for the end, for it is coming rapidly.”

To each friend who came in to see him he had an appropriate word of greeting or reply. A brother minister remarked:

"There is a little interest on the subject of religion, in two or three of our churches."

He replied with emphasis :

"There ought to be *a great deal* of interest in the churches."

To another :

"Preach *Christ*, He is all and in all."

His greeting to a young friend noted for his musical tastes, was :

"There's music in Heaven, James,"—and again, as he gave him a farewell kiss :

"There is no hypocrisy in death."

To another, who inquired :

"How are you to-day?"—He answered :

"On the borders!"

Rev. Mr. Watkins, pastor of the First Church, who visited him frequently during his illness, thus writes :

"During a deeply interesting interview I had with him one Sunday afternoon, after referring to the emaciated condition of his body, I asked :

"But how is your soul?"

"It triumphs, it triumphs!"—then raising his voice :

"God lives in me, and I live in God: soon I shall live with Him forever. I am so unworthy! I see nothing but imperfection in myself. But O, the blood! the atoning blood! it meets my case."

A few days later I remarked :

"You must feel great satisfaction in reviewing your work now, and thinking of the numbers you have won to Christ, do you not?"

Never shall I forget his reply :

"I have done nothing—the *Lord has used me.*"

"My dear brother;" I continued :

"Do not the truths you have preached in the pulpit, and spoken at the bed-side of the sick and dying, comfort and support you now?"

"Yes—the principles I have inculcated stand this test. I have, perhaps, mistakenly added to, or taken from them. I may have covered their meaning with my poor words; but so far as the truths themselves are concerned, I have nothing to take back."

The last connected sentence he was heard to utter, was: "Glory! His presence is with me."

About six o'clock, on the evening of the 2nd of November, he fell asleep in Jesus.

["*The Methodist*," thus refers to the event:]

"So died Heman Bangs—died as he lived. Simple-hearted, sincere, cheerful, devout, he was himself to the last. He wished for no labored eulogy; he needs none. Though he has vanished out of our sight, he lives in the hearts of a host of friends, and in the history of a Church which he was permitted to see grow from weakness into marvellous power. We shall miss his genial face, his stalwart frame, his quaint and stirring sentences. A standard-bearer has fallen; be it ours, who still wage the battle, to grasp the colors and hold them aloft, as he did.

"In person, Heman Bangs was tall and commanding. His countenance blended in its expression rigid integrity and sweetness of spirit. The hard lines of persistent

determination were softened by the out-beaming of an amiable temper. Though ever positive, both in opinion and action, he was exceedingly gentle and patient.

"He retained to the last the old-time costume of the Methodist preacher; yet his mind was not antiquated. He was fresh, progressive, and forward-looking to the end. A champion of education, though not cultured himself; an earnest, self-sacrificing, heroic man—strong in simplicity and truth, he has won a crown of immortality."

[The Editor of one of the daily papers of New Haven, writes:]

"We remember well his first settlement in New Haven, and how soon he won the esteem and love of all with whom he came in contact. His cheerful look and kind word; his sympathy for all in affliction; his firmly grounded faith in the religion he so earnestly taught, and so faithfully exemplified, made him a bright and shining light in his sacred profession.

"He was remarkable for moral as well as physical courage. No gilded sophistry could deceive his judgment; no popular frenzy unsettle his views of what he believed to be right; and no earthly power impose silence on his tongue, when conscience bade utterance to duty.

"We were a lad of fifteen years when we first met him, and the good impression he made upon us has grown stronger with each succeeding year, until we came to believe him one of the purest and best men that ever lived."

[The details of the funeral are thus given by one of the City papers:]

"The funeral of the late venerable Heman Bangs took

place at the First Methodist E. Church, New Haven, on Friday, November 5th, at two o'clock, P. M.

"At half past one, short services were held at his late residence, conducted by Rev. L. S. Weed. The funeral cortège then proceeded to the church, where a procession of clergymen was formed, headed by the pastor, who read, as it moved down the main aisle, the first portion of the Burial Service—"I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c.

"The bearers, selected by the deceased, were Messrs. Geo. I. Seney, William H. Stiles, John French, Thomas Rushmore, Oliver Hoyt, Harold Dollner, Edmund S. Driggs, and Jonathan Purdy, of New York City, and Elias Gilbert and Charles J. Allen, of New Haven.

"The pulpit and chancel were draped with black, and upon the table were a beautiful cross and crown of white flowers. The services commenced with a Chant by the Choir: 'Give me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, that I may be certified, how long I have to live,' the Scriptures were read by Rev. Dr. Bacon, and Rev. J. B. Merwin; and the Hymns by Rev. Messrs Roche and Hatfield, followed by a prayer of wonderful pathos and power, by Rev. Charles Fletcher.

"Rev. Bishop Janes then delivered an eloquent Address on the life and character of the deceased. When the large number of friends present had taken a final look at the loved remains, they were carried to the family burial ground in Evergreen Cemetery."



A MEMORIAL
OF
OUR MOTHER.

‘Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.”

LONGFELLOW.

NOTE.

THE following pages were prepared a few years since for private circulation among friends. It is thought fitting that the two lives, which for more than half a century blended in loving companionship, should be thus commemorated in this Memorial Book.

MRS. SALLY BURRITT BANGS



AS the daughter of Philip and Rachel Burritt, and was born in Danbury, Connecticut, August 3, 1789. Her earliest maternal ancestor of whom any knowledge has been preserved, was Col. John Read, who removed from Boston, Massachusetts, to Connecticut, in the first part of the last century. Having purchased from the Indians a large tract of land, embracing what is now called Reading, he became one of its earliest settlers, giving his name to that township. He died in 1786, aged eighty-five years, leaving several children, among whom he divided his large estate. His son William, noted for his piety and benevolence, married Sarah Hawley, of whom many interesting incidents are related. She was a woman of much force of character and rare social qualities, which made her an agreeable companion even in extreme old age. As an illustration of her activity, it is said that when eighty-four years of age she would frequently spin "two run" of flax in a day!—an accomplishment better ap-

preciated a hundred years ago, than in these modern times.

Their daughter Rachel married Philip Burritt. Of his lineage but little is known with certainty, save that his maternal ancestors were named Burr—"a Puritan family which had flourished in New England for several generations, and had given to those provinces clergymen, lawyers and civilians of some eminence." His mother was a sister of President Burr of Princeton College, New Jersey.

The family of Philip and Rachel Burritt consisted of ten children—seven sons and three daughters—all of whom lived to mature age. The subject of this sketch was the eighth child and second daughter. One by one her brothers and sisters passed away, leaving her, at last, the only survivor of the household.

Among her papers, examined since her decease, was found a Journal, commenced in the year 1815, and extending to a few months previous to her death—a period of forty-nine years. It contains many interesting reminiscences of her youth, and gives a beautiful insight into her Christian life, revealing the workings of a strong yet sensitive nature, through a long and eventful pilgrimage. Such extracts from its pages will occasionally be made as serve best to elucidate her character.

In her childhood her parents removed to Delaware County, New York. She thus refers to this early period of her life, giving some glimpses of the strictness of paternal discipline in that primitive time.

“My parents were not professors of religion, but attendants upon the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, belonging to what was then called the Half-way Covenant—that is, were not communicants, but had their children baptized in that church. They were very strict in training their children—we were not allowed to crack a nut, nor go into the orchard to pick fruit on the Sabbath. When not at church, we must stay in the house until sunset, then the Sabbath ended.

“My parents were both awakened under the preaching of Rev. Jesse Lee, and decided to join the Methodist Church the next time he came to Reading, where they then lived. But upon his second visit to the place something prevented their attendance; he afterwards left for other parts of New England, and they did not join. My father said that Mr. Lee preached the Gospel—a free salvation. He disliked the doctrine of Election and Reprobation, as it was taught in those days; he said it hardened his heart. In after years he became a Universalist, believing the doctrine of Universal Salvation more consistent with the Divine character than Calvinism. In his last illness, however, his Universalism failed him, he was in great distress. I was young, but I well remember his agony. He would walk his room, wringing his hands and groaning—‘No mercy for me—I am a great sinner. I have not prayed for myself nor my children. God will curse me, I deserve it. I have had light, but I have shut it out.’ In about two

weeks he obtained mercy. He sent for his Universalist friends, and told them their doctrine would do better to live by than to die by—it had failed him, and it would them. He besought them to seek religion, as he had done. It had a powerful effect upon them at the time; they knew him to be an honest man, upright in all his dealings. I have often heard it said my father's word was as good as his bond.

“As death approached, he called his children to his bedside and confessed his neglect of duty to them, having never prayed with nor for them, took each by the hand, begging them to promise they would seek religion. They all did so but one, (my younger sister,) and she was the first to obey the request; but they all soon after followed her example. I was fifteen years old the month my father died; his last words are yet vivid in my memory, I shall never forget them. At that time I had many serious thoughts, but being naturally proud and self-conceited, I would not yield to the conviction that I was a great sinner, and could never be happy until I was converted.

“About two years after the death of my father, I visited my grandparents, who lived in Reading, Conn. While there, I was taken very sick, and feared I must die. Mr. John R. Hill came to see me. I had thought him a good man, but a great enthusiast. He asked if I was prepared to die. I replied that I was a great sinner. He then knelt by my bedside and prayed most fervently. That

prayer reached my heart, and I then promised the Lord if He would spare my life, I would seek and serve Him. That vow, at the time known only to God and myself, I never broke. My views and feelings were changed. I sought the God of my salvation, but my troubled soul did not find peace.

“About a year after my return home, a camp-meeting was appointed in our neighborhood. At a similar meeting, held the year previous, while I was in Reading, several of my friends experienced religion, and I determined to attend this and see what effect it would have on my mind. The first day of the meeting, the sight of the tented grove, and the solemnity of the people, effected me much ; so deeply, that I left the place and went home. The next day I returned to what seemed to me the most solemn place on earth. A young man stood in a prayer-circle inviting sinners to repent, but my proud heart could not submit. A woman by my side fell under the power of God. I doubted her sincerity, but prayed in my heart, that if it were real, I might feel the same. In an instant my strength was gone ; a friend held me up, or I should have fallen. My brother came to take me away, saying I had fainted. I replied, ‘No, let me remain.’ Many fervent prayers were offered for me, and I found some relief. The next day all the family attended the camp-meeting, leaving me in charge of the house. Glad was I to be alone ; I knelt by my mother’s bed, and there consecrated myself to my Saviour, on the last day of

June, 1809. I had a clear witness of my forgiveness. On opening the Bible, it was all new—the letters seemed to *shine*, and how sweet were the promises! When the neighbors came past our house, returning from the meeting, I went out and told them how happy I felt.”

She suffered considerable persecution from her worldly friends and companions, on account of her religious profession, and especially for joining the Methodists—a people whose name at that time was a reproach, but she seems to have maintained unshaken her confidence in Christ.

On the 20th of August, 1811, she was united in marriage with Heman Bangs, the young man previously mentioned as exhorting in the prayer-circle at the camp-meeting.

In her Journal, this event is thus noticed: “We lived in the same neighborhood, and had been acquainted from childhood. He experienced religion at the first camp-meeting. My mother objected to my marrying him; her only reason was, she knew he would be a Methodist preacher, as all his brothers were. She lived to acknowledge that I had one of the best of husbands, and that she loved him as an own son.”

* * * * *

“We were prospered in worldly things, and had a pleasant home of our own, but my husband was wretched. He was avoiding his duty, and refusing to obey his Master’s call. But he did not reveal his feelings to me until three years after our mar-

riage, though I was to some extent aware of his exercise of mind. He finally told me he should be lost, if he did not give up all worldly anticipations, and become a Methodist itinerant—but he said, ‘You will not consent?’ I told him I would cheerfully give up all and go, I would be no hindrance, if no help. He was greatly relieved, as he had thought I would oppose him. We sold our property, his name was sent to Conference, he was received, and stationed on Delaware Circuit—the very place where we were brought up, and married, and moved from, three years and six months before. I joined the same class I had left.”

Her Journal notices their various places of appointment. There are no complaints, but it is evident that she feels keenly the frequent change of residence, the mingling with strange people, and the loneliness of those repeated absences when the husband is traveling the circuit, sometimes away several weeks. But all these trials incident to her new life, seem to have been met in the same spirit of cheerful self-sacrifice which characterized her first relinquishment of home and friends, and evidently bring her nearer the one Great Source of consolation. She records with much feeling the frequent revivals and outpourings of the Spirit, not only upon herself, but upon the various churches with which they are associated.

After five years of toil in the vicinity of their early home, the year 1821 finds them in the city of New York. Alluding to this change of residence,

she writes: "A great trial to us both, my husband prefers the country."

October 4th.—"Heard John Summerfield preach; crowds flocked to hear him; he is a lovely young man, and a remarkable preacher.

"We have excellent class-meetings. Bro. S—— is my leader; he has divided his class, and wishes me to lead one half. How can I? He speaks to a part, then asks me to speak to the rest. I dislike to refuse, so I have tried a few times. I do love the New York people; they are self-denying and deeply pious. I like *them* better than their *city life*."

"1824.—New Rochelle. The place of our appointment this year. I came a stranger to all; I am lonely, but live near the church; this is a great privilege.

"My dear little Steve has been very sick, near dying, but he is spared to us, we think he will fully recover. I will dedicate myself anew to my Heavenly Father. I do feel that in the restoration of this child my prayers have been heard and answered."

"La Fayette has arrived; there is great excitement; everybody goes to see and welcome him to our country."

* * * * *

"New Haven, Conn., 1826.—"We are settled in this beautiful city. All strangers, but we were received with much warmth and kindness."

"August 15th.—Many have been to camp-meeting on Long Island; a number of young people

were converted. My husband has appointed meetings in our house; great good has been done. Five experienced religion the other evening; it was a precious season."

* * * * *

"I must soon leave this dear people; I shall never forget them. May the Lord keep them faithful, and crown them in glory!"

At their next station, Middletown, Conn., she suffers a severe illness, being unable for six months to attend to the duties of her family. This trial seems to have been signally blessed to her spiritual advancement. She writes, "I was at first unwilling to be sick, my family needed my care. I wrestled and prayed until I obtained the victory, and I shall ever praise God for this affliction. I never before enjoyed so much of His love. Though a great sufferer I felt no murmuring. I was happy night and day."

"This is written in New York City, our next appointment. I have not been able to write for many months. I have spent the summer and fall with my sister, in Delaware County—the place where my parents moved when I was young; where I was educated, and brought into the liberty of the Gospel, and where I was married. No place seems so much like home to me as Delaware County. I have had many pleasant meetings with old friends. I visited the graves of my father and two brothers. Alas! some are dead, and some are far away."

"August 3d, 1830.—This is my birthday—forty one years of age! Many years of my life are gone, and much time wasted."

"Derby, Conn., 1831.—Appointed here from New York City. Not a house in sight of us—very lonely, but I intend to be happy and contented. We have buried our little Rebecca—sweet child! the fourth our Heavenly Father has taken from us—gone safely."

In 1832, her husband was appointed Presiding Elder of New Haven District, and they resided in Middletown, Conn. "I seem quite at home here—near the College. We have our eldest son with us, a great privilege! Class in the house, with Dr. Fisk for a leader—a good one, certainly. How I long to be more holy—more self-denying, like my Saviour."

"New Haven, 1835.—Appointed again to this lovely city—a place I like much—a pleasant people.

"1836.—We have had a great revival in the church. My good husband, and brother Gossling from the West Indies, have preached all winter. Bro. G. is an eloquent preacher."

In the spring of 1837 they were stationed at Hartford, Conn. Here she is called to suffer her severest trial—one so dark, that all past sorrows seemed merged in its shadow. Her eldest son, Aaron, had graduated with honor at the Wesleyan University, and through the influence of Dr. Fisk had been induced to go South as a teacher. After two years absence he returned home, to be present

at the marriage of his eldest sister. The summer passed pleasantly away in the midst of the happy family circle, so soon to be broken by death and separation—never again to be united on earth.

While returning South, he was lost in the wreck of the Steamer "Home," off Cape Hatteras, on the 9th of October, 1837.

The mother seemed to have some premonition of the impending trial. The faithful Journal tells the sad history. "My husband has gone to Camp-meeting at Bolton. My son Aaron has gone with him. The dear boy returned from the South this summer, having been absent more than two years. Since they left for the meeting, I have been praying for a blessing. This passage has lain with weight on my mind: 'These are they that have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' I cannot keep it out of my mind. It seems to me I can never be of that happy number, for I have never had any very severe trials, though an impression rests day and night with weight upon my mind that great affliction awaits me."

"September 28th.—My beloved Aaron left home to-day—a melancholy event to me; the rest of the family are cheerful, but I feel very sad."

When the mournful intelligence of the wreck of the steamer reached Hartford, and the name of the son was found among the lost, the parents immediately left home for New York—the father to proceed to the scene of the disaster, hoping to

recover the body of his son, the mother to remain in the city until her husband's return. Mingled with the bitterness of her grief, was the uncertainty respecting his future state. It is true he had professed religion from his boyhood, and the boy had developed into the high-toned, consistent Christian; but the grim messenger had met him suddenly, amid storm and dashing waves and the breaking timbers of the frail boat. Did his faith fail him, surrounded by the horrors of that awful night? How she longed for an answer to the question! How she struggled in an agony of prayer that her Heavenly Father would give her some token of the safety of her boy! She writes: "In great humility I asked this of the Lord. Having retired to my bed one night more composed than usual, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was sitting alone, when suddenly I was aroused by the sweetest music I ever heard. Looking up, to my surprise, my dear Aaron was walking toward me, with one on either side of him, neither of whom I knew. My son had never in his lifetime been a singer, but they were all three singing a tune called 'North Salem.' As they came up and stood before me, I said, 'Why, Aaron, we thought you were lost! He replied, 'I'm saved, mother.' They turned about and walked back to the place where I first saw them, then came towards me again, still singing. Now, thought I, I will say more to him. He looked me full in the face as I exclaimed, 'Why, Aaron, we thought you were lost.' 'I'm

saved, I'm saved, mother.' They walked back to the same spot, turned, and came towards me the third time, his countenance beaming with heavenly joy. I repeated the same words, 'Why, Aaron, we thought you were lost.' 'I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved, mother.' They then returned to the same place and disappeared. I slept no more that night. At first I thought his body was really saved, and that he would return with his father. But I at last concluded that it must refer to his spiritual state, and that my Heavenly Father had deigned to make it known to me in this way, in answer to my fervent prayers. His precious body was never recovered."

The funeral services were attended at his father's church in Hartford. Dr. Fisk preached the sermon from Job 14: 10. He thus spoke of his connection with the deceased: "Next to his parents, I have had more knowledge of this youth, and more immediate concern in his training than any other person. For about seven years he was under my care as a pupil, first in the preparatory school, then in the college. He professed to experience a change of heart when thirteen years of age, but subsequently lost his religious enjoyment. During the last year of his collegiate course he again found peace in believing, made a public profession of his faith, and has ever since, I believe, maintained a consistent Christian character. In some respects he was a pattern worthy of all imitation. In the rivalry and partisanship so common

in colleges, and which so often lead young men to be guilty of calumny and detraction of their fellow-students, he never would join in speaking evil of others. Neither did he seem disposed to throw off authority, or take offence at any instance of its exercise. But in this respect there is stronger testimony in his favor than mine. His afflicted mother informed me that she had no recollection of a single instance in which he ever disobeyed her. How honorable to a son is this maternal testimony! Young Bangs was modest and unassuming. He was not among the number of those forward youths of our day, who, as soon as they finish their education, nay before, as is no uncommon thing, consider themselves qualified to become reformers, and under the names of duty and conscience, array themselves against age and authority. This is one of the most unhappy and unpromising features of our day, and if encouraged, will go far towards unsettling all the principles of order, and shaking the foundations of society. Hence the loss of such young men as he whose death we deplore, is the more to be lamented. In short, he was an interesting companion, an affectionate, dutiful son, and a promising member of the community and church."

In allusion to the method of his death, Dr. Fisk remarked: "God hath commanded the stormy elements to inhume the youth in the bottom of the sea, so that like Moses of old, it may be said, 'the Lord buried him, and no man knoweth of his

sepulchre unto this day;’ nor will it be known until the earth and the sea give up their dead.”

It was not until the sad anniversary of this afflicting event that the mother was able to bow in submission to the rod that had so sorely smitten. The day was spent in fasting and prayer, and even until late at night she continued to wrestle with God for victory. At length, faith triumphed, and she was able to say from the heart, “The will of the Lord be done.”

In allusion to the events of the preceding twelve months—the death of her eldest son, with the marriage and subsequent removal of her eldest daughter to the South, she records—“a year never to be forgotten by a mother.”

Time passes, and in the course of two or three years, the changes of the itinerancy bring the family again to New York city. Here, a broken limb the result of a fall, confines her to her room for months and makes her a cripple for life. This was a sore trial to a person of her sprightly, energetic temperament, accustomed as she had always been to engage with cheerful, untiring zeal, not only in those duties especially incident to her position as pastor’s wife, but in every benevolent enterprise that claimed her attention. She is now led to wonder at the mysterious dispensation of her Heavenly Father, and to question *why* she is thus laid aside from her family and the church, when seemingly in the midst of usefulness. During the long, weary hours of pain and seclusion,

she is taught the lesson so difficult to learn, that God frequently calls His children to glorify Him by *suffering* as well as by *doing* His will. Hitherto, the command of God had been, "Put your shoulder to the burden; lift it up, and bear it on; work, and toil, and labor!" Now, He says by His providences, "Be still, bear it, and *suffer*!"

She is at length restored to her usual health, but never again is able to resume her wonted activity. Her movements must hereafter be assisted by the crutch or the carriage. She thus writes in reference to this affliction: "No one but my Father in Heaven knows what I have suffered. I cannot record it—but blessed be God, His grace is sufficient."

The domestic episodes of the next few years, are a visit from the eldest daughter, accompanied by her husband and children; and subsequently, the marriage and removal to the South of her second daughter. This sundering of family ties was a sore trial to the mother's heart, and continued to the last to be a source of sadness. She seemed sometimes, almost to envy those mothers whose families were settled around them, and thought they did not sufficiently realize how highly they were favored.

Nine years after the afflicting Providence which bereft her of her eldest son, she is called to mourn the death of her youngest, and only son, Stephen.

He had finished his collegiate course, and was preparing to enter upon the study of the law, when

he, like his father, hears the Master's voice calling him into His service, and laying upon *him* also, the burden of proclaiming the everlasting Gospel. Not disobedient to the heavenly call, he relinquishes the bright dreams of youthful ambition, and consecrates talents, acquirements, hopes of worldly distinction, all, upon the altar of Duty. But he is not permitted long to bear the Gospel message. After nearly two years of toil and sacrifice, he comes home to die; not like his elder brother, without warning, far away among strangers; but after months of suffering, surrounded by the endearments of home, with loving hands to minister to his wants, he passes away in holy triumph—his death a glorious ending to a brief life of twenty-three years.

The mother thus portrays her sorrow: "My dear and *last son*—yes, my beloved Stephen; he who was our joy and comfort, to whom we looked in our declining years, has gone to rest in the Paradise of God. It never entered my mind that the dear boy could be taken from us—he was all that we could desire. Such a death, but few ever witnessed; never shall I forget his countenance, it shone with heavenly radiance. What views he must have had of Heaven and Glory! To think of burying such a son! I cannot dwell upon it."

After this, her Journal is characterized by more earnest yearnings for entire conformity to her Saviour's will. Death seems less forbidding, Heaven very near, and her heart longs for the rest of that Eternal Home.

The severe attacks of illness from which she suffered at different times, served to test her Christian fidelity, but she cheerfully endured, so that she might be fitted to join those loved ones who had "passed on before," and who, to her eye of faith, seemed waiting to greet her coming.

New Haven, September, 1848. "We are again settled in this city—my husband being Presiding Elder of New Haven District. Each year seems like my last. I have almost outlived my usefulness, and am ready to go. My husband is absent most of the time, through heat and cold, wet and dry,—his labors are very arduous. How sorry I feel for him often, when he leaves home! While I am sitting by a good fire, he is traveling from place to place—but the last day will come, when his Master will say, 'Come up higher!'"

August 3d.—"My birth-day. Can it be that I have lived sixty years! How shall I account to my God in that great and final day! What a thought! This day I pray for grace to renew my covenant with Him, that in His strength I may live more to His glory. During the past six months, I have had frequent and sweet communion with my blessed Jesus. What can compare with the religion of Christ? What of more value than the favor of God? My heart burns with a longing desire to be cleansed and fitted for Heaven. What a wonder if I should reach that happy place!—I am so unworthy, so unprofitable."

Her lameness often prevented her attendance

upon the public services of the Sanctuary. This privation was a source of much sorrow, but she learned to solace herself in her retirement by the precious promises of the Scriptures, and her closet communions seem to have been full and sweet. She has been known, Sabbath after Sabbath, to spend the entire day in reading, without complaint of weariness. Her love of general literature, and her interest in the current news of the day, was remarkable in one of her age; and this fondness for reading seemed to increase as her physical infirmities prevented her engaging in more active duties. For the last three years of her life she never used spectacles, her eyesight being but slightly impaired. Her eyes, whose animated expression in conversation, those who knew and loved her well, cannot soon forget, never lost their brightness until dimmed by the shadow of death.

The summer of 1860 found her making preparations to visit her daughters at the South. It had been her hope for years to see them once in their own homes—a hope that she feared would never be realized. Now, circumstances seemed to favor her going, and though it appeared a formidable undertaking in her seventy-first year, still, despite feeble health and the infirmities of age, she anticipated the journey with all the vivacity of youth.

The latter part of November, in company with her husband, she sailed for New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi River, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

She remained South eight months dividing her time between the families of her two daughters, enjoying the loving attentions of children and grandchildren, and the kind hospitalities of their friends.

The following summer she returned home. Her visit was to her a source of unspeakable satisfaction; she was never weary of recalling its pleasant reminiscences—and when the storm of desolating war swept the land, destroying communication between the two sections of country, she could not feel sufficiently grateful to the kind Providence that had seemed to direct her going and her return.

She thus records her feelings after her arrival home: “I am home—in my own dear home, with my loved ones once more. What a journey for me to take, with my age and infirmities! But I endured it well—spent eight months with my children. How much comfort I enjoyed! A beautiful country, and kind, noble Christian men and women. I can never think of my journey, my visit there, and my safe return, without feelings of profound thankfulness to my Heavenly Father.”

The last entry in her Journal is December 6th, 1863. “This is a lovely Sabbath-day, the sun shines brightly. My family have gone to church. I am not able to go; so lame I cannot walk across the room. It is all well. My Saviour blesses me at home—He comforts my heart. Praise His holy

Name! He is good and merciful—how unworthy I feel to receive His blessings. I will take the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord.”

In March, 1864, she suffered a slight attack of paralysis. For a few days her mind was slightly clouded, and the power of speech impaired. These effects soon passed; and the mind resumed its wonted vigor, but the feeble frame which had so long battled with disease, gradually failed. Those who watched her with anxious love, saw the struggles of the brave spirit to bear up still—but all in vain. The dear hands, always busy about some labor of love, were now folded in weakness, and the weary feet were nearing their final resting-place.

During the last few weeks of life, her disease assumed the form of dropsy of the chest. For this complaint she had always expressed a peculiar dread, but by earnest prayer she sought Divine aid to enable her to bear this new trial. It was given according to the promise, “My grace shall be sufficient for thee.” Sad thoughts of her absent daughters filled her heart, and the longing to see them once more, often found utterance. But even this desire she, at last, calmly relinquished, and with trembling hand wrote to each a few lines of affectionate remembrance, assuring them of her trust in Christ.

With loving thoughtfulness, like one preparing for a pleasant journey, she talked with each mem-

ber of the family, dividing among them mementos of her affection, and leaving all needful directions respecting the disposition of her affairs. Then—she seemed “only waiting”—and as the days passed, to her the messenger appeared to linger; but to those who watched with aching hearts the failing strength and shortening breath, his shadow already darkened the household.

On Thursday, the 18th of August, her mind was wandering and her speech somewhat incoherent. During the night, she relapsed into apparent unconsciousness. Once when aroused by the question—“Is Jesus precious!”—the lips moved, but the tongue had lost its power of utterance. She thus continued until about ten o'clock on Friday morning, the 19th of August, when her spirit gently passed from earth to its *Rest in Heaven.*

“Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that Realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unrais'd for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the River.

“And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere:
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.

And sometimes, list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the River.

" *There* are our lov'd ones in their *Rest*;
They've cross'd Time's river—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live—can last—
They look for *us* their home to share;
When we in turn away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us *there*,
Beyond the River."



